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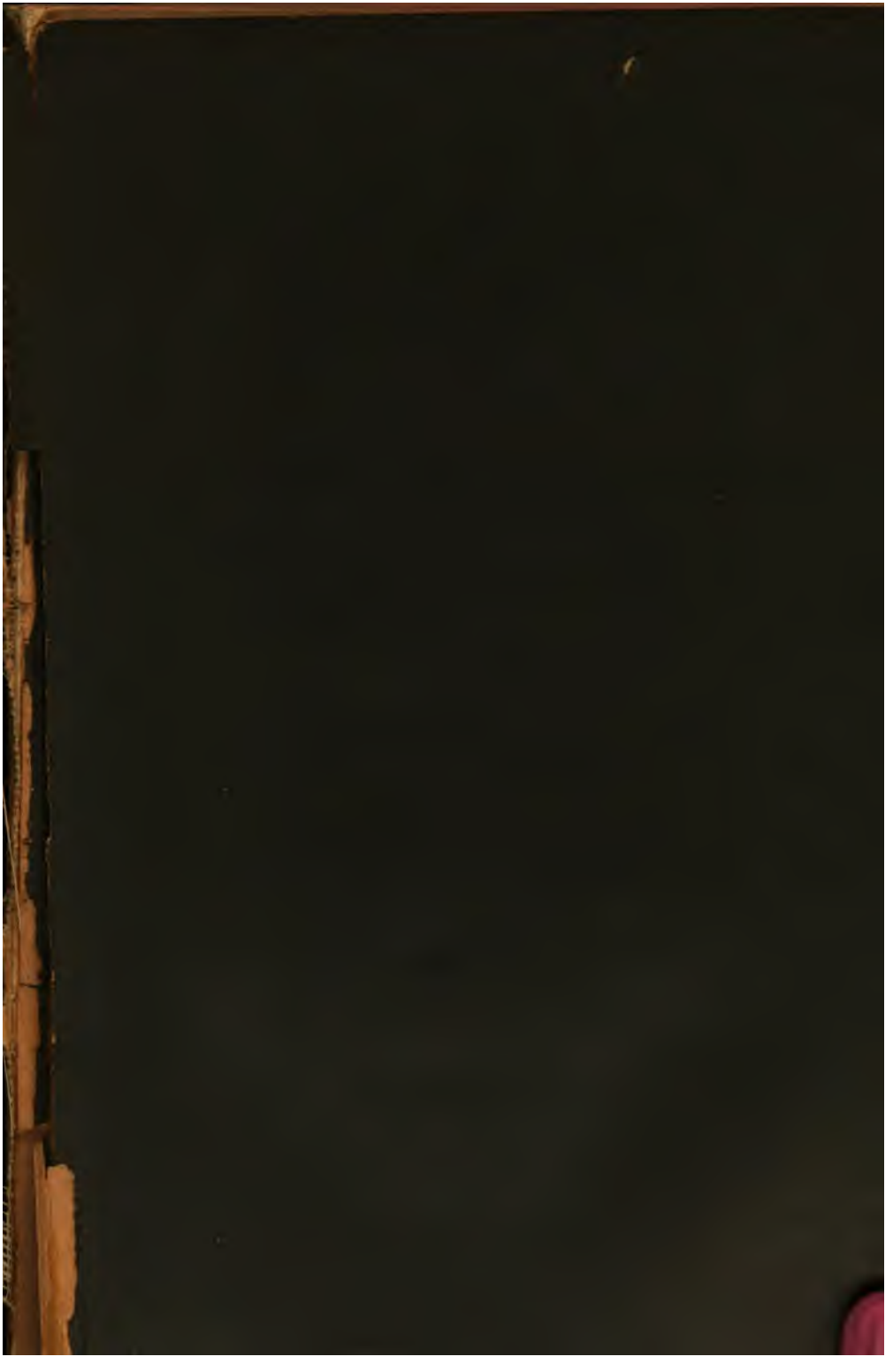

# TRANSACTIONS

OF

# THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

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## VOLUME XXV.

1901-1903.

# TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

# GAELIC SOCIETY

## OF INVERNESS.

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VOLUME XXV.

1901-1903.

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Clann nan Gaidheal an Guaillean a Cheile.

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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1907.

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# INTRODUCTION.

THE 25th volume of the Society's Transactions appears later than the Council could wish. The last volume appeared in 1904, over two years ago. The delay has been unavoidable. The contents of the volume will be some consolation for its lateness. Our Gaelic members will especially be delighted with Dr Henderson's edition of *Coise O'Céin*. This volume brings the Society's Transactions from November, 1901, to the end of 1903.

Contributions to the publication fund have been kindly given by Mr Dewar, M.P., of £20, and by Sir Robert Finlay of £5. The late Mr Mackay, Hereford, has left by his will seventy volumes to the Society of books not already included in the Library.

Since the last volume has appeared, the Society has lost several excellent members. Two of them have been Chiefs of the Society. Lochiel, the bearer of an honoured name and an honour to his line, died in November, 1905. Born in 1835, educated at Harrow, and trained to the diplomatic service, he was for the most of his life a leading figure in Highland affairs. For seventeen years he was M.P. for his county; he was the first Chairman of the Inverness County Council, an office which he filled till his death. He took a great interest in everything Highland, and he was Chief of our Society in 1884. The death in February last year of John Mackay of Hereford, in his 84th year, removed from amongst us "the noblest Roman of them all." He was born in Rogart in 1832, received an excellent parish school education, and went to England at the time of the great railway movement, and as civil engineer was engaged in many great railway undertakings here and abroad, finally settling in Hereford. For forty years he has taken an enthusiastic interest in the Highlands, and poured forth unstinted money in the advancement of the Highlanders and in

308265

the fostering of the Gaelic language. Our Society has benefited largely by his benefactions, the last of many book presents being recorded above. He was Chief in 1878, and contributed many valuable papers to our Transactions. *A chuid do Phàrras dha*! It is with extreme regret that we have to record the comparatively early death of Father Allan Macdonald of Eriskay. He was a storehouse of Highland folklore, which he ungrudgingly gave away to others to make literary use of; as an ideal parish priest, which he was, he is the prototype of Neil Munro's finest character in the "Children of the Tempest."

The literary output for the last two and a-half years has been unusually great, and it is with pleasure we hail so many Gaelic books. Rev. Mr Sinton has gathered into a sumptuous volume the "Poetry of Badenoch," with translations and historical facts. He is an ideal editor, and is himself not the least poet that Badenoch has produced. The Gaelic veteran, Mr Carmichael, has published the story of "Deirdre," with ballads, notes, and translations; it is a beautiful version of this well-known tale, gathered many years ago in the Isles. "Uirsgeulan Gaidhealach" is a series of Gaelic tales issued by the "Comunn Gaidhealach" (price 6d), intended mainly for educative purposes. In the same category is the little book of selection, also issued by them, entitled "Dain Thaghte"; and to this may be added Dr Macbain's "Higher Gaelic Readings," with grammar outlines. Mr Henry Whyte has issued a first book of "True Stories," translated from the English, and this volume contains an excellent account of the '45 Rebellion and the Wanderings of Prince Charles. A reprint of Mackenzie's "Beauties" allows that work to be bought at a reasonable price. Mr Mackay, publisher, Stirling, deserves the thanks of all Gaels for his many publications, great and small, Gaelic and English. He publishes for the "Comunn" a new threepenny monthly with the title of "Deo-Gréine," a Macphersonic name which has caused some heart-burning; but the magazine is good. The *Celtic Review* has now been three years in existence, and is a most satisfactory publication, where learning and light literature both have their place. Prof.

Mackinnon is publishing through it the famous Edinburgh MS., containing the Deirdre story and *Táin bo Flidais*. Mrs W. J. Watson (*née* Carmichael) makes an excellent editor.

There have been several English works published bearing on the Highlands. Two works on place-names have appeared. Dr Gillies has written on the "Place-names of Argyll," and Mr Matheson on the "Place-names of Morayshire." Neither work has quite approved itself to the experts in the subject. History is well represented. Mr William Mackay deserves well of the Highland historian and the lovers of history for his excellent edition of the "Wardlaw MS." (Scot. Hist. Soc.). It is an invaluable revelation of the Highlands—especially about Inverness—in the middle of the 17th century. The third volume of Clan Donald finishes this great work, which, of course, is by far the first of clan histories, as the history of our greatest, and, practically, our oldest clan should be. The "Book of Mackay" replaces the old and good work of Robert Mackay (Hist. of the House and Clan Mackay). The work is by Rev. Angus Mackay, Westerdale, and is a creditable performance. Mr W. C. Mackenzie has given us another popular work: "A Short History of the Scottish Highlands." The work is of the right size and price, but the book on this subject has yet to be written, for Mr Mackenzie, as in the "Outer Hebrides," ignores modern scholarship. Messrs Johnston have issued two handsome volumes entitled the "Tartans of the Clans and Septs of Scotland." The tartan portion is exceedingly well done, and the clan histories have been practically re-written. Some of these, such as the sketches of the clans Macbeth, Macduff, and Chattan, are valuable contributions to our knowledge of early and middle clan history. Dr Henderson has edited the autobiography of Evander M'Ivor of Scourie, a work of great interest. The Ossianic question has been again with us. Mr J. S. Smart published a work on "James Macpherson: an episode in Literature," in which he put the modern scholarly view in excellent language and form before his readers, the intention being no doubt to correct the aberrations of Mr Bailey Saunders and the Dict. of National Biography. But a stout opponent has appeared

in Dr Keith N. Macdonald, who has written first in the press and now in book form "In Defence of [Macpherson's] Ossian." The death of Mr William Sharp has revealed the identity of "Fiona Macleod." Under this name he wrote some highly poetic prose work, supposed to be Celtic and Gaelic. We warned our readers from the first against this new Macpherson (Vol. XX.). Two good works come from the Monastery of Fort-Augustus; one is Dom. M. Barret's "Calendar of Scottish Saints"—a very handy little book; and, second, Father Columba Edmond's "Celtic Church."

We can mention only a few books by Celts outside Scotland—Dr Joyce has issued a cheap form of his two-volume work on the "Social History of Ancient Ireland" (1903), a work of great value to all Celts. Windisch has at last, despite illness and difficulties, brought out his great work the "Táin bó Cualnge," with German translation, notes, and dictionary. Miss Hull is busy with her "Epochs of Irish History." Father Dinneen has produced a handy and excellent Irish-English Gaelic Dictionary, to which Mr Lane's work—"An English Irish Dictionary"—makes a fair complement. The Irish School of Learning issues a learned magazine *Eriu*, and Prof. Strachan has published there, and apart, some useful work. Prof. Rhys has been writing on "Studies in Early Irish History," and on the "Celtae and Galli," where he has allowed himself to come under the spell of Mr Nicolson's "Keltic Researches," a daring piece of amateur work (1904). Prof. Anwyl has turned aside from the "Welsh Grammar," which he has published, to write on "Celtic Religion," an excellent little piece of pioneer work. Of Celtic work on the Continent, we have no space to write; we might select Dr Grupp's *Kelten und Germanen.*

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The preceding pages possess a melancholy interest as being the last work of Dr Alexander Macbain. It is an open secret that for many years he wrote these Introductions to the volumes of the Society's Transactions: he lived to correct the

proof of the above, but not to finish the article. It was his intention that it should conclude with a sketch of the recent gratifying progress of the Gaelic movement, which gave none greater pleasure than it did to him.

Dr Macbain's untimely death is a blow that will be felt wherever Celtic scholarship is valued, but most nearly of all does it touch the Gaelic Society. Ever since he came to Inverness in 1880, he was one of the chief contributors to our Transactions, which indeed became the medium through which much of his best work was given to the world Not the least valuable of these contributions is the paper on Inverness-shire Names of Places contained in the present volume. His Introductions form in themselves a history of Celtic literature and activity for the period covered by them such as is not elsewhere obtainable. But it is in the Council and at the meetings of the Society that the full extent of the gap caused by his death will perhaps be appreciated most. There Dr Macbain was seen at his best. The Gaelic Society was dear to him; he was proud of its record and jealous for its reputation, and in counsel and kindly criticism he gave it of his best. *Is lom sinn as t'aonais* was the wording on the wreath we laid on his grave—a true word. He was our strong pillar, our most brilliant ornament, and his loss is irreparable.

Space forbids any attempt at appreciation of Dr Macbain's work as a Celtic scholar, nor is such really necessary. His fame is secure. Born in Glenfeshie, in Badenoch, on 22nd July, 1855, he was educated at Insch School, and afterwards at the Grammar School of Old Aberdeen. He entered Aberdeen University as second Bursar of his year in 1876, and graduated with honours in 1880. In autumn of that year he became Rector of Raining's School, Inverness. He received the degree of LL.D. from his University in 1901, and in 1905 was awarded a Civil List pension of £90 for his signal services to Celtic, and specially Gaelic, philology, history, and literature. He died at Stirling on 4th April, in his fifty-second year.

# COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-NIS.

## CO-SHUIDHEACHADH.

1. 'S e ainm a' Chomuinn "COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-NIS."

2. 'S e tha an rùn a' Chomuinn :—Na buill a dheanamh iomlan 's a' Ghailig; cinneas Canaine, Bardachd agus Ciuil na Gaidhealtachd; Bardachd, Seanachas, Sgeulachd, Leabhraichean agus Sgriobhanna 's a' chanain sin a thearnadh o dhearmad; Leabhar-lann a chur suas ann am baile Inbhir-Nis de leabhraichibh agus sgriobhannaibh—ann an canain sam bith—a bhuineas do Chaileachd, Ionnsachadh, Eachdraidheachd agus Sheanachasaibh nan Gaidheal, no do thairbhe na Gaidhealtachd; còir agus cliu nan Gaidheal a dhion; agus na Gaidheil a shoirbheachadh a ghna ge b'e ait' am bi iad.

3. 'S iad a bhitheas 'nam buill, cuideachd a tha gabhail suim do runtaibh a' Chomuinn; agus so mar gheibh iad a staigh:—Tairgidh aon bhall an t-iarradair, daingnichidh ball eile an tairgse, agus, aig an ath choinneamh, ma roghnaicheas a' mhor-chuid le crannchur, nithear ball dhith-se no dheth-san cho luath 's a phaidhear an comh-thoirt; cuirear crainn le ponair dhubh agus gheal, ach, gu so bhi dligheach, feumaidh tri buill dheug an crainn a chur. Feudaidh an Comunn Urram Cheannardan a thoirt do urrad 'us seachd daoine cliuiteach.

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| 4. Paidhidh Ball Urramach, 's a' bhliadhna. | £0 | 10 | 6 |
| Ball Cumanta . . . . . | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Foghlainte . . . . . | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Agus ni Ball-beatha aon chomh-thoirt de. | 7 | 7 | 0 |

5. 'S a' cheud-mhios, gach bliadhna, roghnaichear, le crainn, Co-chomhairle a riaghlas gnothuichean a' Chomuinn, 's e sin—aon

# GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

## CONSTITUTION.

1. The Society shall be called the "GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS."

2. The objects of the Society are the perfecting of the Members in the use of the Gaelic language; the cultivation of the language, poetry, and music of the Scottish Highlands; the rescuing from oblivion of Celtic Poetry, traditions, legends, books, and manuscripts; the establishing in Inverness of a library, to consist of books and manuscripts, in whatever language, bearing upon the genius, the literature, the history, the antiquities, and the material interests of the Highlands and Highland people; the vindication of the rights and character of the Gaelic people; and, generally, the furtherance of their interests whether at home or abroad.

3. The Society shall consist of persons who take a lively interest in its objects. Admission to be as follows:—The candidate shall be proposed by one member, seconded by another, balloted for at the next meeting, and, if he or she have a majority of votes and have paid the subscription, be declared a member. The ballot shall be taken with black beans and white; and no election shall be valid unless thirteen members vote. The Society has power to elect distinguished men as Honorary Chieftains to the number of seven.

4. The Annual Subscription shall be, for—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Honorary Members . . . . . | £0 | 10 | 6 |
| Ordinary Members . . . . . | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Apprentices . . . . . | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| A Life Member shall make one payment of . | 7 | 7 | 0 |

5. The management of the affairs of the Society shall be entrusted to a Council, chosen annually, by ballot, in the month of

Cheann, tri Iar-chinn, Cleireach Urramach, Rùnaire, Ionmhasair, agus coig buill eile—feumaidh iad uile Gailig a thuigsinn 's a bhruidhinn; agus ni coigear dhiubh coinneamh.

6. Cumar coinneamhan a' Chomuinn gach seachduin o thoiseach an Deicheamh mios gu deireadh Mhàirt, agus gach ceithir-la-deug o thoiseach Ghiblein gu deireadh an Naothamh-mios. 'S i a' Ghailig a labhrar gach oidhche mu'n seach aig a' chuid a's lugha.

7. Cuiridh a' Cho-chomhairle la air leth anns an t-Seachdamh-mios air-son Coinneamh Bhliadhnail aig an cumar Co-dheuchainn agus air an toirear duaisean air-son Piobaireachd 'us ciuil Ghaidhealach eile; anns an fheasgar bithidh co-dheuchainn air Leughadh agus aithris Bardachd agus Rosg nuadh agus taghta; an deigh sin cumar Cuirm chuideachdail aig am faigh nithe Gaidhealach roghainn 'san uirghioll, ach gun roinn a dhiultadh dhaibh-san nach tuig Gailig. Giulainear cosdas na co-dheuchainne le trusadh sonraichte a dheanamh agus cuideachadh iarraidh o 'n t-sluagh.

8. Cha deanar atharrachadh sam bith air coimh-dhealbhadh a' Chomuinn gun aontachadh dha thrian de na'm bheil de luchd-bruidhinn Gailig air a' chlar-ainm. Ma 's miann atharrachadh a dheanamh is eiginn sin a chur an ceill do gach ball, mios, aig a' chuid a's lugha, roimh'n choinneamh a dh'fheudas an t-atharrachadh a dheanamh Feudaidh ball nach bi a lathair roghnachadh le lamh-àithne.

9. Taghaidh an Comunn Bard, Piobaire, agus Fear-leabharlann.

---

Ullaichear gach Paipear agus Leughadh, agus giulainear gach Deasboireachd le run fosgailte, duineil, durachdach air-son na firinn, agus cuirear gach ni air aghaidh ann an spiorad caomh, glan, agus a reir riaghailtean dearbhta.

January, to consist of a Chief, three Chieftains, an Honorary Secretary, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and five other Members of the Society, all of whom shall understand and speak Gaelic; five to form a quorum.

6. The Society shall hold its meetings weekly from the beginning of October to the end of March, and fortnightly from the beginning of April to the end of September. The business shall be carried on in Gaelic on every alternate night at least.

7. There shall be an Annual Meeting in the month of July, the day to be named by the Committee for the time being, when Competitions for Prizes shall take place in Pipe and other Highland Music. In the evening there shall be Competitions in Reading and Reciting Gaelic Poetry and Prose, both original and select. After which there will be a Social Meeting, at which Gaelic subjects shall have the preference, but not to such an extent as entirely to preclude participation by persons who do not understand Gaelic. The expenses of the competitions shall be defrayed out of a special fund, to which the general public shall be invited to subscribe.

8. It is a fundamental rule of the Society that no part of the Constitution shall be altered without the assent of two-thirds of the Gaelic-speaking Members on the roll; but if any alterations be required, due notice of the same must be given to each member, at least one month before the meeting takes place at which the alteration is proposed to be made. Absent Members may vote by mandates.

9. The Society shall elect a Bard, a Piper, and a Librarian.

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All Papers and Lectures shall be prepared, and all Discussions carried on, with an honest, earnest, and manful desire for truth; and all proceedings shall be conducted in a pure and gentle spirit, and according to the usually recognised rules.

# GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

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# CONTENTS.


| | PAGE. |
|---|---|
| Introduction | v. |
| Constitution | x. |
| Office-bearers | xiv |
| Notes on the Family of De Moravia, or Moray (Part I.)—D. Murray Rose | 1 |
| Annual Dinner | 18 |
| Turus Ruairidh do'n Exhibition—Rev. John Macrury, Snizort, Skye | 35 |
| Place Names of Inverness-shire—Dr Alex. Macbain, Inverness | 55 |
| Sutherland Gaelic—Rev. Charles M. Robertson, Inverness | 84 |
| Fragments of Breadalbane Folk-lore—James MacDiarmid, Killin, Perthshire | 126 |
| Parish of Kiltarlity and Convinth (No. II.)—Rev. Archibald Macdonald, Kiltarlity | 149 |
| Sgeulachd Cois' o' Cein—Rev. Dr George Henderson, Eadar-Dha-Chaolais | 179 |
| Annual Assembly | 266 |
| Wardlaw Church and Clergy (I.)—Rev. C. D. Bentinck, B.D., Kirkhill | 274 |
| Thirtieth Annual Dinner | 296 |
| Notes on the Urquharts of Cromarty—D. Murray Rose | 308 |
| Annual Assembly | 321 |
| Scraps of Unpublished Poetry and Folklore from Loch-ness-side—Alex. Macdonald, Highland Railway | 328 |
| Early Monuments and Archaic Art of Scotland—Professor W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., Aberdeen | 340 |

PAGE.

Members of the Society—
Honorary Chieftains . . . . 345
Life Members . . . . . 345
Honorary Members . . . . . 346
Ordinary Members . . . . . 347
Deceased Members . . . . . 354
Society's Library—List of Books . . . 355

# TRANSACTIONS.

*5th DECEMBER, 1901.*

The contribution for this evening was by Mr D. Murray Rose, and entitled "The de Moravia Family."

## NOTES ON THE FAMILY OF DE MORAVIA, OR MORAY.

### PART I.

Family history has been a feature in the Transactions of the Gaelic Society, and it is proposed to-night to give the result of some gleanings in the genealogy of a race whose name looms largely in the early northern records. The pedigree of the Morays has had a strange fascination for antiquaries; and although cultured scholars have made a special study of it, yet comparatively little is known of the origin of this wide-spread and potent house. This is due in a great measure to the paucity of authentic documents relating to the dim and distant past. The perplexing mystery is that at the very dawn of the historic period the ancestors of the Morays appear on record as nobles of vast possessions. One of them bore the strange name of Freskin, and all we know about him is that he held estates in Moray and Linlithgow. From him descend families famous in Scottish story—the great houses of Sutherland, Moray of Duffus, and Bothwell. There is also good ground for suspecting that the illustrious Douglases —an able, wild, and unscrupulous race, whose grandeur and tragic history is unmatched in European annals—were of the same origin as the Morays. Freskin on this account acquired great importance in the eyes of students of family history. But all efforts to discover his parentage have hitherto been un-

availing. One can only say, in the words of Tiberius, that he "seems to be a man sprung from himself." It is now improbable that any one can tell us "who was the first mean man of the race that did raise himself above the vulgar." In the case of other great families genealogists seemed never at a loss; indeed they could trace pedigrees back to an ante-diluvian period, and, moreover, could tell us, with super-natural precision, the doings, marriages, and offspring of men who lived in Scotland centuries before Christ's time! It is to the credit of the Morays that they despised ancestry of such a kind. Like Lady Clara Vere de Vere, they could afford to smile at other claims of long descent, and remained content with the mysterious Freskin, a man who lived seven and a-half centuries ago. But Scottish genealogists unsatisfied with such a splendid lineage, wished to know this remarkable family "in the fountain—not in the stream." Above all, they particularly desired to know something of the worthy who in bygone ages lived to build—not boast a generous race. Little wonder then that so many conflicting surmises have been made respecting Freskin, who has been erroneously regarded as ancestor of all Morays. His exact position in the pedigree remains unravelled, so that it may be interesting to consider the arguments adduced as to whether he was a Sutherland, or Moray chief, or a Flemish adventurer.

The fact that Freskin held estates in Moray is discounted by his possession of Strathbroc, now Uphall, in Linlithgow, during the reign of David I. This is really the sum total of our knowledge regarding him, substantiated by charters. Some writers, Skene among the number, held a very decided opinion as to his being of native Moravian descent—thus confirming the traditionary origin assigned to him by the historian of the Kilravock Family. On the other hand, writers, such as the late Cosmo Innes, questioned this theory on the ground that Freskin's descendants "never either for profit, or honour, asserted such a descent, nor pushed their patronymic pedigree higher than this marked ancestor."[1] Freskin's possession of Strathbroc had great influence with Innes, for, he asks, "If they were of native, or Morayshire, descent, how do we find them having their earliest descent in Linlithgow?" Another point inclined this erudite scholar to doubt the Moravian theory. He found Berowald the Fleming as the neighbour and friend of Freskin's son—a circumstance which led him to

[1] Reg. "Episcopatus Moravienses," p. xxxii.

suppose that both families were recent settlers. Yet he cautiously declined to commit himself to the Flemish descent as advocated by the author of "Caledonia." Chalmers, he says, was "building it would seem on no other foundation than the peculiarity of the name, which he perhaps interpreted to mean a native of Frisia." Elsewhere he writes, regarding the theory of Chalmers, "I doubt whether he had any better proof than the sound of his name, which has a Frisican air about it. I think it is quite possible he might be a foreigner, or a Frieslander, but it is rather too much to state it as a certainty."[2]

Freskin's connection with Strathbroc is one of the problems awaiting solution; it is possibly a point which can never be elucidated. But having in view the troubled condition of Morayland at this period, it is not at all unlikely that the family temporarily lost their northern possessions, and had a compensating grant in the south. Indeed the tradition is that of the natives of Moray, the family of Freskin remained loyal, and were rewarded at "the dispersion of the Moravii." Historians tell us that a system of transplantation was vigorously pursued by the Scots Kings, and Fordun alleges that King Malcolm "removed all the inhabitants from the land of their birth . . . . and scattered them throughout other districts of Scotland, both beyond the hills and on this side thereof, so that not even a native of that land abode there." This is certainly too sweeping; the recent British operations in South Africa, with the aid of a quarter of a million men, and all modern resources, prove how tremendous such a task would be in remote times. But apart from this, the Morays were related by marriage to a Lothian family, and the point might be solved did we know the exact relationship between the Morays and the Lundons, as indicated in the "Register of Newbattle."[3] There John de Moravia appears as son of John of Lundon—proof that from this family there apparently sprung a race of Morays, though probably of illegitimate birth. Why a son of Lundon should be distinguished as "of Moray" may be matter for speculation. It, however, militates against the hitherto accepted theory that all Morays descend from Freskin.

The Freskin mystery deepens when we consider that his son Hugh was owner of Sutherland. The late Sir William Fraser, in his "Sutherland Book," writes, in relation to this

[2] "Sutherland Book," Vol. I., p. xxxiv. [3] P. 83.

point, that "Freskin may have held the territory, insecurely perhaps, but fortified therein by his large possessions in Morayshire, which were more under control. And this may account for the Morayshire lands passing apparently to the younger son of Freskin, the more extensive property in Sutherland being held by the elder. That the Norwegian Sagas, or historians, do not take notice of Freskin and his family does not affect the question, as they preserve to us no names of native chiefs, or rulers, except two who seem to have favoured the invaders."[4] Lord Hailes, who was familiar with the Sutherland pedigree, suggested that Freskin's family had a grant of Sutherland on the forfeiture of Earl Harold Maddadson. It is not clear, however, that Harold was forfeited at all.

In endeavouring to ascertain the origin of the family, it is impossible to overlook the evidence afforded by the surname of Freskin's descendants. This surely would give us the most reliable clue; in most instances it is held to indicate fairly accurately the original habitat, trade or profession of the founder of a family. But in the case of the Morays they are informed that their surname was assumed on account of extensive grants in the district. Hence the suggestion that their ancestors, being of a grasping nature, did not follow the invariable custom in Scotland and take the name of their particular estates. "De Duffus," or "de Strathbroc," had probably a less lordly ring than "de Moravia"; so Freskin's descendants grabbed the name of a great province! Yet, when we consider the insignificance of their estates compared with the enormous stretch of territory over which the ancient Mormaers and Earls of Moray held sway, the theory seems unsatisfactory. It does not suffice to say, like Cosmo Innes, that the family never claimed descent from the ancient lords of Moray, because none of the old pedigrees, if any existed, have come down to us. Indeed, it may be suggested that if one of the ancient barons were asked about his pedigree, he would probably reply in the words of the Duc d'Abrantes: "I know nothing about it; I am my own ancestor." But does the absence of such claims surprise one when it is remembered that, time and again, the rulers of Moray matched themselves in battle array against the royal house, with disastrous results? There was, without doubt, a potent reason for the assumption of the name of de Moravia, and it is only natural

[4] "Sutherland Book," Vol. I., p. 9.

to conclude that it commemorates the family connection with the ancient rulers of the province. The surname of the Rosses and others, who became known under their ancestral title, is a case in point. Had Freskin been of Flemish origin, or of other than the ruling stock of Moray, his descendants would become known as " de Duffus " or " de Strathbroc," just in the same way as the Innes, Brodie, Calder, or Dallas families derived their surnames from their lands.

These controversial points indicate some of the difficulties encountered in attempting the elucidation of the Moravian pedigree. It has perplexed genealogists in the past, and will probably continue to do so. But a matter which merits consideration, at this stage, is the appearance on record of a de Moravia who belongs to a generation earlier than Freskin. This " ancient of the olden time " was Alexander de Moravia, father of Murdac, who was father of Bishop Gilbert of Caithness and his brother, Sir Richard of Culbin. The Morays of Culbin, with the aid of the Registers of Dunfermline (p. 195) and St Andrews (pp. 109, 260, 340), can be traced to a more remote antiquity than any other branch. Every link in their splendid lineage is capable of proof, in the direct male line, back to about 1120, and taking the female line—that of Lascelles—it can still be extended four more generations! But the barons of Culbin were not descended from Freskin.

Alexander de Moravia must now become the centre of attraction to genealogists, on account of the close relationship which existed between his descendants and those of Freskin. It is somewhat curious that Sir Robert Gordon, in the original MS. of his " Earldom of Sutherland," should place an Alexander as first Earl of Sutherland. In the MS. printed in 1813, Alexander is discarded in favour of Walter as first, and Robert as second Earl. It is abundantly clear that Sir Robert, groping about amid so much uncertainty, found evidence of an Alexander as a remote ancestor, yet for some reason he substituted Walter, of whom there is no record. It may be a mere coincidence, but still a strange one, that Sir Robert should place Hugh Freskin as third of the family in possession of Sutherland, and it is impossible to resist the conclusion that in Alexander de Moravia [5] we have the real ancestor of the

[5] Alexander de Moravia may have been son of King Duncan II., who probably was Earl of Moray before he became King in 1094. King Duncan is held to be father of William Fitz Duncan of Egremont. English records prove that this William's father was Earl of Moray, so that Alexander de Moravia was doubtless identical with Alexander, nephew of King Alexander I.

great houses of Sutherland, Duffus, Bothwell, Culbin, Drumsargard, Atholl, and others.

Every genealogist who has written about the Morays agrees that Bishop Gilbert and his brothers were nephews of Hugh Freskin. The "Register of Dunfermline" makes it perfectly clear that they could only have been cousins. In a brochure on the "Ancestry of St Gilbert of Dornoch" the suggestion is made that Alexander de Moravia may have been father of Freskin as well as of Murdac. This seems the only feasible solution, yet it would be hazardous to adopt it on the evidence at present available. But we need not despair of obtaining satisfactory documentary proofs, seeing that a deed of the period, relating to Caithness, was recently sold in London. As an elaborate account of the Sutherland family has been lately printed, it would be out of place to deal here, save very briefly, with the most northerly branch of Freskin's descendants.

### Line of Sutherland.

Freskin,[6] so far as is known, had three sons, whose seniority has been matter of debate between Innes, Riddell, Stuart, and others, but the point may be regarded as settled. The sons were—Hugh, founder of the Sutherlands; William of Duffus; and Andrew, who is possibly identical with the Andrew de Moravia who appears in Border charters, and probably became ancestor of southern Morays whose origin is unknown.

Hugh, son of Freskin, was undoubtedly owner of Sutherland, and first appears on record about 1152 as witness to a charter of a Midlothian church. On more than one occasion he is a witness with his brother William, who takes precedence of him in the charter of Strathisla to the Abbey of Kinloss. Yet William's charter of Garntuly, or Gartly, may be held to be decisive on the question of seniority, for therein William styles Hugh "domino meo et fratre meo." This charter, confirmed more than two and a-half centuries after it was granted, has been overlooked by genealogists. It settles that William was the younger, and proves the value of heraldry in sometimes clearing an obscure point in genealogy. For heralds,

[6] The fact should not be overlooked that in the "Cartulaire de St. Bertin," p. 435, we find a witness, Tarold, son of Osbern de Freschenis, and that about 1131 we find mention made of William de Freschenis in Henry I.'s charter to the Abbey of St. George de Bocherville. But Freskin could not be son of this William.

with the seals of both branches before them, unhesitatingly declared that Moray of Duffus and Bothwell was junior to Sutherland, in spite of Riddell's assertion to the contrary. The deed is important for another reason, because it evidently dates from a period before Bishop Gilbert obtained Church preferment, there being no reference to his being an ecclesiastic. Gilbert afterwards became famous as a saint and performer of miracles, and obtained from Hugh Freskin a grant of the lands of Skelbo, Invershin, and others.[7] Such a lordly gift has hitherto been unexplained, but viewed in the light that they were probably sons of brothers—Gilbert representing the senior forfeited (?) line—the explanation is simple. Gilbert conveyed the barony of Skelbo to his brother, Richard of Culbin, who received confirmation thereof from King Alexander II. about 1235. It is these early writs of Skelbo which prove that Hugh Freskin was succeeded by his son and heir, William.

This William is accounted the first authentic Earl of Sutherland; but, strictly speaking, we have no direct confirmatory evidence, save that he is styled Earl in the record of his disagreement with the Bishops of Caithness. His son and heir, William, 2nd Earl of Sutherland, of the Freskin line, is referred to in the "Exchequer Rolls"[8] in connection with fines levied from his earldom. It may be that he inherited the old turbulence of the Moravians, although it is more probable that the Norwegians compelled him, in their southward expedition, to overt acts of treason against his sovereign. He came to an amicable agreement with the Bishop of Caithness regarding the lands in dispute between the Church and the Earl, and so satisfactory was the arrangement that he became a munificent benefactor of the bishopric. He lived through the stirring times of the struggle for Scottish independence, but did not act a patriotic part. Although he pledged himself to support the Brus claims to the Scots throne, he hesitated; and even took the oath of fealty to Edward. He also rendered assistance to the English officials in the north, as is proved by a letter of thanks "for his good faith and good will so often shown."[9] Edward was not one to

[7] "Sutherland Book," Vol. III., pp. 2, 3. The lordship of Skelbo included most of Strathfleet, and the grant embraced all the lands to the West of Sutherland. Assynt and Eddrachilles formed part of the lordship of Skelbo. This is suggestive that Alexander de Moravia owned Sutherland, and that his line was forfeited; the grant to Gilbert may have been compensation.

[8] Vol. I., pp. 13, 19.

[9] Bain's "Calendar of Documents," II., p. 388.

shower compliments without adequate reason, so we may be sure that the Earl's services were of real advantage. He died in 1307, when a grant of the ward of William, his son and heir, was given to John, younger son of William Earl of Ross.

William, third Earl of Sutherland, succeeded while still a minor, and followed the unpatriotic conduct of his father. At all events, Robert Brus bitterly resented the attitude of the northern magnates, and came to the borders of Sutherland, early in 1308, vowing vengeance, threatening to destroy the whole district. Earl William is said to have fought at Bannockburn; but of this there is no evidence, and his most important act was probably in connection with the famous letter sent by the nobles of Scotland to the Pope in 1320. He died about 1330, and was succeeded by his brother—

Kenneth, fourth Earl, who may be regarded as one of the few men of action produced by the Moray line of Sutherland. This Earl fell at Halidon Hill while gallantly leading his men against the English. In the time of Kenneth's son, William, fifth Earl, the line of Freskin attained its zenith. William's brilliant alliance with the daughter of King Robert Brus brought into the family a vast extent of territory, which, however, reverted to the Crown through the death of the Princess Margaret's only son, John, Master of Sutherland. [10] According to Bower, this John died at Lincoln, on 8th September, 1361, while a hostage for his uncle, David II. As he died without issue, the royal descent claimed for the Sutherland family becomes untenable. By this time the line of Hugh Freskin had dropped the surname of de Moravia, and its cadets became known as Sutherlands.

It was probably Robert, the sixth Earl, who figures in the pages of Froissart, for the Earls John and Nicolas, of Sir Robert Gordon, are as mythical as the black deeds ascribed to one of them. Three Johns in succession follow Robert; the seventh and the eighth earls did little to advance the family reputation; they left their kinsmen, the Morays of Culbin, Pulrossie, and Aberscross, to fight their battles. John, the ninth and last Earl of the line, became hopelessly insane, and his sister Elizabeth brought the Earldom and lands into the

[10] The Earl married the Princess about July, 1343, and she is said to have died in child-bed immediately after the birth of John, Master of Sutherland ("Fordun's History," Ed. 1871, Vol. I., p. 318). The lady was alive in March, 1346, when her husband had a grant of Dunnottar, but in November, 1347, the Earl had a dispensation to marry Joan, Countess of Stratherne. This renders it impossible that the Princess could have had more than one son.

Gordon family, by marriage with Adam Gordon, lord of Aboyne.

LINE OF DUFFUS.

Having thus followed the fortunes of the elder line, let us return to William, the younger son of Freskin. The cultured Sheriff Rampini asserts that Andrew, son of Freskin, was ancestor of Duffus. The grounds upon which he bases this conclusion are not apparent, but it is in direct contradiction of the pedigree as hitherto understood. The statement may be a printer's error, because it is impossible to controvert the evidence afforded by King William the Lion's charter, which confirmed William, son of Freskin, in the lands of Strathbroc, Duffus, Rose Isle, etc., which lands his father, Freskin, held in the time of the King's grandfather, David.[11] The late Cosmo Innes placed Hugh of Sutherland as eldest of the brothers, but this was disputed by Riddell, who endeavoured to prove, in his "Stewartiana," that William was senior because he succeeded to Strathbroc and Duffus—the only lands with which Freskin, their father, appears connected in records. Riddell held that if Freskin acquired Sutherland, or inherited it, the eldest son naturally succeeded in the most extensive domain. But if Hugh Freskin himself acquired the northern estate by grant, as alleged, then the presumption is in favour of William being senior. Various writers have sided with either of these two, yet, as has been noted, the acquisition of Sutherland is one of the mysteries. In the brochure on St Gilbert, already referred to, the suggestion is made that "Alexander de Moravia may have married a Sutherland heiress who outlived her sons (Freskin and Murdoc?), and bestowed her lands on her grandson—the younger child of her first born." From the evidence afforded by William's charter of Gartly, which was overlooked, it is quite clear that Hugh, son of Freskin, was senior, although he did not always take precedence.

William, son of Freskin, was witness to the charter of Innes, in favour of Berowald the Fleming, about 1160, and his name appears several times in deeds recorded in the "Register of Moray." In his charter of the "Forest of Garnetullach," or Gartly, to Simon (? afterwards of Gartly) and Waldein, his cousin (? after of Garviaugh), recorded so late as 5th August, 1452, William styles his brother Hugh "domino meo et fratre meo." A special interest attaches to

[11] Nisbet's "Heraldry," p. 183.

the witnesses of this important document: they are Pat de Polloc; William, son of Wiseman; Edward of Lammanbridge;[12] Robert, son of William, and grandson of the granter; John de Moravia, Gilbert and Simon, his brothers.[13] William, son of Freskin, held the important office of sheriff of Nairn, as noted by Robertson in his "Index of Missing Charters," where he refers to a roll containing William's account as sheriff in 1204. He had three sons—Hugh of Duffus, William of Bocharm, Croy, and Petty, and Andrew, parson of Duffus.

Hugh, who became known as Hugh de Moravia of Duffus, appears as witness with his father in several of King William's charters. He is also witness to the charter by which his brother William conveyed the Church of Arndilly to the Church of the Holy Trinity of Spynie. Hugh acquired a reputation for sanctity, probably, as Innes suggests, on account of his benefactions to the Church. Hugh was dead before 9th October, 1226. So far as can be ascertained, he had only two sons, Walter and Andrew.

Walter de Moravia, Knight, Lord of Duffus, succeeded before 1226, when he is mentioned in an agreement between his kinsman, William of Petty, and the Bishop of Moray. The surname of his wife is unknown, but from the fact that she bore the Christian name of Euphemia, it is not improbable that she was, as Innes concluded, a daughter of Ferchar Earl of Ross.[14] Another thing that points in the same direction is the possession of Clyne, near Dingwall, as her dowry lands, lands which were granted by Earl Ferchar to Walter de Moravia before 1231. Walter had an only son—

Sir Freskin de Moravia, who married the Lady Johanna of Strathnaver, a daughter—according to Skene—of John Earl of Caithness. This marriage brought into the Duffus line a vast accession of territory—half of Caithness. and the whole northern portion of the present county of Sutherland. But Sir Freskin having no sons, his enormous estates were divided among his daughters, who carried them to the Chenes and Feddereths. Of the cadets of Duffus we have no knowledge, but as there are references to Morays whose affiliation is yet unknown, it is not improbable that some of these may yet be traced to the barons of Duffus. Duffus itself passed to

[12] Edward de Moravia appears in 1234—"Reg. de Dumfermlyne," p. 64.
[13] "Reg. Magni Sigilli," Vol. I., p. 130.
[14] "Reg. Epis. Moraviensis," p. xxxv.

the Chenes, and through the marriage of Mary, one of their co-heiresses, it went to Nicolas de Sutherland, from whom the Sutherlands of Duffus.

### The Line of Petty and Bothwell.

In the house of Petty and Bothwell we have one of the most distinguished branches of the race. William, son of William Freskin, was lord of Petty, Brachlie, Arturlies, Croy, Bocharm, Arndilly, and other lands. He is frequently on record in the "Register of Moray," among his benefactions being the conveyance of the Church of Arndilly to the Church of the Holy Trinity of Spynie. We only know the names of two of his sons, Walter and Robert. Walter de Moravia inherited his father's extensive estates, and took a prominent part in the affairs of his district. In 1236 he was one of the retinue of King Alexander II., and was also one of the sureties of the treaty with England in 1244. In Rymer's "Foedera" the name of Walter de Moravia appears; yet in Paris's "Chronica Majora" the names of "Walter de Moravia de Dunfel" and "William de Murefe de Petin" are side by side. This last entry is confirmed by the Acts of Parliament of 1248, so that the hitherto accepted pedigree of this family is wrong, for Walter was succeeded by William, who in 1248 is one of the great barons of the realm.[15] Unfortunately, like so many of our northern charters, the early writs of Petty were deposited in Edinburgh, and had been rifled in 1282, hence the obscurity at this point.

Walter de Moravia, probably brother of William, next appears as lord of Petty. He supported the English marriage and alliance which rendered the Scots King so unpopular with his subjects. He was one of the guardians of the King and Queen appointed by the Treaty of Roxburgh. In 1258 he sought refuge in England, on account of disturbances between the Durward and Menteith faction, and King Henry ordered Robert de Ros to provide suitably for him in the Castle of Werk. Walter de Moray is said to have married the heiress of the Olifards, through whom he acquired the great barony of Bothwell and many manors in England. The point is by no means clear; Walter was certainly in a position to give a

[15] "Acts of Parl., Scot.," Vol. I., p. 404A. It was probably this Sir William of Petty who married a daughter of Malcolm Earl of Fife. According to the Abercairnie MSS. ("Douglas Peerage," I. p. 81). Walter Moray of Bothwell married a daughter of this Earl, but Walter's wife is known to be an Olifard.

lease of the Manor of Lilleford to Devorgilla, widow of David Olifard, for her lifetime, but how he acquired the property cannot now be traced in English records. Devorgilla brought an action against William, the heir of Walter, challenging his right to the adowson of Lilleford Church.[16] She was probably mother-in-law of Walter, who had three sons—Sir William, Sir Andrew, and Sir Walter.

Sir William de Moray, lord of Petty and Bothwell, was designated "Le Riche" on account of his immense wealth, as well as to distinguish him from the several knights bearing his surname. He did fealty to Edward in 1292, and held the honourable office of Chief Butler of Scotland. The "Register of Glasgow" records some of his benefactions to the Church. Although he had done homage to Edward, he was apparently hostile to the English, thereby incurring severe punishment. He was deprived of his Scottish estates, and his manors in England were seized in the King's name, so that the once wealthy knight was reduced, for a time, to a mere pittance. In the "Patent Rolls" of Edward I. we find that the King dealt with his property in a very arbitrary manner, and that in the matter of a presentation to the Church of Lilleford even Edward could not overrule his rights, for the royal presentation had to be annulled. From the same source we learn that Sir William's English estates were forfeited because he granted the manor of Lilleford, the adowson of its church, together with homages, rents, services, etc., to Anthony Bek, Bishop of Durham, who evidently extorted the gift by threats. There is some mystery about Sir William's fate; he is said to have died before November, 1300.

Sir Andrew de Moravia, brother of Sir William, took an active part against the English, and, along with his son Andrew, was captured when the Castle of Dunbar surrendered in April, 1296. At this fell blow Edward got possession of the flower of Scotland's chivalry. The long roll of captive knights and esquires possesses a melancholy interest, for scarcely a family of note in Scotland but had a representative among the prisoners. Sir Andrew the Elder was committed to the Tower of London, whilst his son was sent to Chester. Sir Andrew, whom we must style the First because of the confusing succession of Andrews, was apparently married

[16] Bain's "Calendar of Documents," Vol. 2, p. 168.

twice. The name of his first wife has not been recovered,[17] but his second spouse was Eufemia, the widow of William Comyn of Kilbride. He married her before 1286, without obtaining King Edward's sanction, for in that year the Guardians of Scotland made intercession for her and her husband.[18] On May 25th, 1289, the King, finding that she only held her dower lands, ordered their restoration. Sir Andrew was still a prisoner in August, 1297, when his son Andrew had a safe conduct to come to see him; but the knight was dead before November, 1300. It has been suggested that after his son's death at Stirling he was released, and returned to Scotland, where he joined Wallace. That he should be released was in accordance with Edward's daring practice of trusting those who again and again opposed him. At any rate, as his son was not a knight, it certainly seems probable that it was Sir Andrew the First who issued proclamations with Wallace after Stirling fight, and, according to Hemingburgh, accompanied the patriot into England in the following November. He may have fallen at Falkirk, for he predeceased his brother, Sir William. Whether Sir Andrew had more sons than one is uncertain, but there may have been another John, for a person so named appears at a later date as connected with Bothwell.

Andrew de Moray the Second did not relish confinement at Chester, and, by whatever means he got free, he turned up in Moray in the spring of 1297. He was one of the first to begin the fierce struggle to shake off the fetters of the Southron. The "freemen of Moray" were groaning under the oppression of the Guardians—at least so they alleged. In the spring of 1297 they determined to resort to arms. They found a capable and daring leader in the person of the young heir of Petty and Avoch, who inherited the fighting instincts of the race. Andrew was no doubt exasperated at the harsh treatment his father and uncle received. But ere his plans were matured they were evidently revealed by his kinsman, Sir Reginald Chene of Duffus. Probably Sir Reginald had been

[17] According to Wynton she was a daughter of John, the "Red Cumin":—

The fierd dochter, owre the lave,
To wyff the Lord took of Murrave;
On hyr the Lord of Murraive gat
Andrew of Murraive, that efftyr that
Wes at the Bryg of Stryvelyne slayne.

Wynton, Bk. VIII., ch. vi.

[18] Bain's "Calendar of Documents," Vol. 2, pp. 84, 95.

invited to co-operate, or it may be that, noting the preparation and unrest among the Moravians, he went to Inverness one Sunday to confer with the Constable of Urquhart Castle. Moray, suspecting his purpose, crossed from Avoch, and waylaying the Constable, took him prisoner. Next morning being Monday, Andrew besieged the Castle of Urquhart, but was obliged to retire on account of the assistance sent to its relief by the Countess of Ross, not, however, before attempting to carry the place by storm in a night attack. Although baffled at Urquhart, Moray was not dismayed; he returned to Avoch and seized Balkeny or Balconie,[19] a fortress of the Earl of Ross. He afterwards directed his vengeance against Sir Reginald Chene, burnt the Castle of Duffus, and swept through the "Laigh of Moray," leaving devastation and ruin in his train. So far the Chenes were unable to cope with him, and to quell the rising an army was sent into the district, under Gratney, afterwards Earl of Mar, with the result that Moray's followers had to seek refuge in the hills. Yet time and again they swooped down on Chene's lands, giving them over to fire and sword. King Edward, ignoring these doings, sought to get Andrew in his power, and, on 28th August, 1297, sent a passport to enable him to talk with his father in the Tower. But Andrew shrewdly divined that the King purposed to detain him, so, declining to avail himself of the safe conduct, he joined forces with Wallace, and fought bravely at the battle of Stirling Bridge, 11th September, 1297, and fell mortally wounded.[20]

It was probably his father who acted in conjunction with Wallace after this fight, and accompanied the patriot to Hexham. Modern writers, such as Sheriff Rampini, Professor Murison, and Andrew Lang, are at variance as to the identity of the two Andrews, although Mr Bain, in his "Calendar of Documents," seems to confirm the various accounts of Fordun, which have "vulneratur occubuit," "cecedit vulneratus," and "gladio occubuit." But it stands to reason that Andrew de Moravia, if mortally wounded at Stirling Bridge on 11th September, could not have survived and been in a position to accompany an army into England months later, as alleged. Andrew was certainly dead before November, 1300, when the heir and representative of the house of Bothwell was his son, a child of two years—destined to become the most famous of the family.

[19] Bain's "Calendar of Documents," 2, p. 239.
[20] Bain's "Calendar of Documents," 2, p. 300.

Sir Andrew de Moray the Third first appears on record at an inquest on 28th November, 1300. The Jury Record that the "late William de Moravia held a vil called Kellawe in the county of Berwick of the Earl of March doing suit at his court thrice yearly, the vill contained 5 carucates of land and meadow, the vill lies waste and the land fallow being worth ten marks yearly if restored and the lands cultivated. He also held another called Wedreburne of said Earl by same service, containing six carucates of land and meadow, from which the Domus dei of Berwick has twenty marks yearly, but is worth 40/- beyond that sum. Andrew de Moray, slain at Stirling against the King, son of the late Sir Andrew de Moray, has a lawful son named Andrew who dwells at Moray among the king's enemies as they believe, who is the next heir, and was two years at Pentecost last." [21]

If we are to credit Mr Gregory Smith, this infant was an extraordinary prodigy. He asserts that Andrew, afterwards Regent, born in 1298, was "leader in the rising of Moray in 1297," and was in command "with Wallace in Northumberland" during the same year! [22] But, while still a child, Andrew de Moray fell into the hands of Edward, and, according to Lord Hailes, was exchanged in November, 1314, for Sir John de Segrave. After his return to Scotland he took his position as one of the great nobles of the land. He won the regard of King Robert, and in 1326 married the King's sister, Christian, who must have been considerably his senior, for she was the widow of Gratney Earl of Mar, and of the brave Sir Christopher Seton. It is almost certain that Lady Christian was Moray's second wife, so she was not mother of the subsequent Barons of Bothwell. This alliance, and the death of King Robert and of the famous Ranulph Earl of Moray, placed Sir Andrew in a more prominent position, and from this time began his stirring career as one of the most faithful guardians of the interests of his youthful sovereign, David II. After the death of Ranulph, the jealousies of the Scots nobles turned the kingdom into a state of turmoil, of which the Baliol adherents were not slow to take advantage. Edward Baliol, at the head of the "disinherited barons," invaded Scotland, and the battle of Dupplin seemed to seal the fortunes of the line of Brus. Baliol's coronation was

[21] Bain's "Calendar of Documents," 2, p. 300. The age of the child at the date of the Inquest proves that young Andrew was an only child.

[22] "Dictionary of National Biography," Vol. 39, p. 348.

quickly followed by the renegade's southward march to Roxburgh to acknowledge the supremacy of Edward. It was while in the act of removing his quarters from Kelso to this place that he was suddenly attacked by Sir Andrew Moray, who attempted to cut off his retreat. Moray's design of seizing the bridge at Roxburgh was frustrated by a vigorous sortie of the garrison—the Regent being captured while attempting to rescue Ralph Golding.

Moray was sent a prisoner to England, where he remained until ransomed. After his return to Scotland he held aloof from public affairs, for he was heartily disgusted at the conduct of the Scots nobles. It was the attempt of David de Strathbolgi, Earl of Athol, to seize Kildrumy Castle, then held by the Lady Christian Brus, that roused Sir Andrew to action. Hastily collecting his friends and vassals, he marched against Athol, surprised the latter's forces in the Forest of Culbean, and totally routed them with the loss of many men, including the Earl himself. Following up this success, a Parliament was convened at Dunfermline, when Moray was constituted Warden of the Kingdom. Edward now appeared on the scene at the head of a great army; but Sir Andrew, following the tactics prescribed by Brus, cleverly evaded an action. Seeking shelter in the wilds of Brae Moray, where every pass was familiar to him, he led his men through the wood of Stronkaltere without loss. Wyntoun records an anecdote which proves his 'sang froid' in face of danger.[23] When Edward retired, after wasting the "Laigh of Moray," the Regent and his army followed in his rear, harassing his troops, and began the vigorous campaign which recovered many strongholds held by the English. Returning to the north, Moray laid siege to Lochindorb—the island fortress held by the widowed Countess of Athol, in response to whose appeal for succour Edward made his chivalrous raid into the north at the head of a few hundred mounted men.

The success which attended the National party was now so complete that they invaded England. Returning to Scotland, they next invested Edinburgh Castle, but for some reason raised the siege after the fight at Crichton. From this time Sir Andrew's movements are difficult to trace, but in the "Exchequer Rolls"[24] of 1337 there is reference to him as Keeper of Berwick Castle. In the following year he retired to his Castle at Avoch, and died, according to one account, of

[23] Wynton, II., p. 439-30. [24] I., p. 450.

dysentery. Another version is that in riding an unbroken horse he was thrown; his foot caught in the stirrup, so that he sustained fatal injuries. Wyntoun sings his praises in these words: —

Schir Andrew muref guid and wight,
That was a stout and bald knight
That nane better wes in his day,
Frae guid King Robert wes away.

Of his splendid services to his country, at a time of utmost peril, there can be no question. He was buried, it is said, in the Chapel of Rosemarkie, although documents in the "Register of Moray" [25] convey the impression that his body was interred in Elgin Cathedral. At all events his sons, John and Thomas, left, and confirmed, endowments for celebrating masses in the Cathedral, where four wax candles were to be lighted at his tomb. Fordun states that his body was exhumed and buried at Dunfermline. Sir Andrew had two sons by his first wife, viz., John and Thomas. From the circumstance that a family of Morays bore on their shield of arms three mullets in chief, with the Brus saltire in base, it is very possible that Sir Andrew had children by Lady Christian Brus. [26]

John de Moray succeeded as Lord of Bothwell, Petty, Croy, etc. In 1348 he had a dispensation to marry Margaret Graham, the fourteen year old heiress of the Earldom of Menteith. This dispensation was procured at the instance of Queen Joanna, because the parties were related in the fourth degree of kindred. [27] In 1351, John, who is sometimes styled Earl of Menteith and Panetarius of Scotland, was a hostage in England for the ransom of David Brus, who had been taken at Durham. He died in exile without issue.

Thomas de Moray, the brother and heir of John, took his place as a hostage on 5th September, 1351, his safe conduct, as such, being recorded in the "Rotuli Scotia." Sir Thomas, on the 25th of September, 1357, was a plenipotentiary for

[25] Pp. 296-8, 301. Invernessiana, p. 54.

[26] The dispensation, dated 1326, is in favour of "Nobile viro Andree de Moravia domino de Bathville" and "Nobili Mulieri Cristiana de Setono Nate quondam Roberti de Bruys."—"House of Stewart," p. 429.

[27] "Papal Letters," Vol. III., p. 303; "Petitions to the Pope," Vol. I., p. 144. She afterwards married Thomas, Earl of Mar, and in 1361 Robert the Steward of Scotland petitioned the Pope for a dispensation in order that his son Robert might marry her—the parties being ready to found and endow a Chapel with 12 marks a year.—"Petitions to the Pope," I., p. 376.

King David's ransom. He married Joanna de Moray, who became heiress of Drumsargard [28] after the death of her brother John, the only son of Maurice de Moray of Drumsargard, Earl of Stratherne. Sir Thomas had no issue by his wife Joanna, and after his death from the plague in 1361, his relict married, by dispensation 23rd July, 1361, Archibald, afterwards third Earl of Douglas,[29] to whom she brought the vast estates of the House of Bothwell. This fact alone seems to prove that the next heirs of family were so remote that they were ousted from their inheritance by the grasping Douglases. At any rate, as will be seen, those Morays who claim to represent the illustrious line of Bothwell, in our own day, cannot produce the necessary proofs.

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*23rd JANUARY, 1902.*

## ANNUAL DINNER.

After an interval of a year, owing to the death of Queen Victoria, the annual dinner of the Society was held this evening. It took place in the Royal Hotel, where the Society inaugurated its existence in a similar manner thirty years ago. Mr Christie made the occasion a special one, in the way of producing a repast of the most recherche character, with admirable service and everything that pertains to comfortable dining. Sir Hector Munro of Fowlis was chairman, and he had a numerous company around him, those present including Colonel H. G. Grant, C.B., commanding the Inverness regimental district; Dr Alex. Ross, architect; Mr William Mackay, solicitor; Lieut.-Colonel Duncan Shaw, W.S.; Surgeon Lieut.-Colonel R. Macdonald, Mr Duncan Campbell, Mr Lee-Innes, Milnfield; Councillor J. L. Guild, Mr J. Leslie Fraser, surgeon dentist; Mr T. G. Henderson, Highland Club Buildings; Mr H. M. Graham, solicitor; Mr J. F. Souter, Commercial Bank; Mr Alex. Machardy, chief constable; Mr John Macdonald, chief constable; Mr D. Murray, commission agent; Mr K. J. Brand, Unionist agent; Mr W. Colvin, auctioneer; Father Chisholm, Eskadale; Father Macqueen;

[28] "Calendar of Laing Charters," p. 97.
[29] See "Genealogist," Vol. XVI., p. 137, and "Scottish Antiquary," Oct. 1900.

Mr J. Sutherland, solicitor; Mr Maclachlan, commercial traveller; Councillor J. Mackenzie, Union Street; Mr J. F. Smith, writer; Mr Alex. Watt, hotelkeeper; Mr Alex. Fraser, grocer, Tomnahurich Street; Mr George Gallon, commission agent; Mr Alex. Mitchell, East Coast Railway; Mr George Batchen, draper; Mr A. Medlock, jeweller; Mr A. R. Forsyth, Royal Academy; Mr F. W. Whitehead, School of Music; Mr D. F. Mackenzie, solicitor; Mr Donald Davidson, Waverley Hotel; Mr William Fraser, High Street; Mr William Fraser, Kessock Street; Mr Hugh Fraser, Mr Arthur Medlock, jun.; Mr John Maclennan, Lovat Road; Mr William Grant, Royal Academy; Mr D. Nairne, Pretoria Villa; Mr Charles Kennedy, Highland Railway; Mr Duncan Mackintosh, secretary; and Mr A. Macdonald, assistant secretary. The croupiers were Mr W. J. Watson, rector, Royal Academy, and Mr Alex. Macbain, LL.D.

Apologies for absence were intimated from Sir Robert Finlay, K.C., Attorney-General; Donald Cameron of Lochiel, The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Colonel Macpherson of Glentruim, W. D. Mackenzie of Farr, J. D. Fletcher of Rosehaugh, Lachlan Macdonald of Skeabost, Lieut.-Col. A. Grant, Reay House; Sir Kenneth Matheson of Lochalsh; A. M. Mackintosh, Geddes; Councillor James A. Gossip, Knowsley; James Barron, "Inverness Courier"; Sheriff Grant, Inverness; Major Cavaye, Cameron Highlanders; Sheriff Davidson, Fort-William; Sheriff Campbell, Stornoway; T. A. Wilson, manager, Highland Railway Company; Captain Douglas Wimberley, Inverness; Rev. Father Bisset, Nairn; Rev. A. Macdonald, Kiltarlity; John Macpherson-Grant, yr. of Ballindalloch; Rev. A. J. Macdonald, Killearnan; A. F. Steele, banker; Rev. C. D. Bentinck, Rev. D. S. Maclennan, Laggan; Alexander Burgess, Gairloch; Provost Arthur D. Ross, Kenneth Macdonald, town-clerk; Donald Cameron, Ardlarich, Inverness; Alex. Carmichael, Edinburgh; Robert Urquhart, jun., Forres; J. N. Anderson, Stornoway; Dr Lang, Inverness; James Grant, president, Clan Grant Society; Dr F. M. Mackenzie, Inverness; L. Macbean, Kirkcaldy; John Henderson, Fortrose; John Macdonald, the Stores; J. Maclennan, Elgin; John Macrae, solicitor, Dingwall; D. Munro Fraser, H.M.I.S.; John Mackay, Glasgow; D. Macritchie, C.A., Edinburgh; John Mackintosh, solicitor; D. Macpherson, Falkirk; A. J. Mackenzie, solicitor; Thomas Munro, architect; and many others. The secretary also read the following tele-

gram from Mr T. A. Mackay, Edinburgh:—"Sonas do 'n chuideachd tha cruinn an nochd. Suas e!"

The loyal toasts, as proposed from the chair, were very enthusiastically honoured, that of the Prince and Princess of Wales receiving special recognition when Sir Hector mentioned that their next exploitation of the Empire would be a tour through India. In calling upon the company to pledge the success of the navy, army, and auxiliary forces, he said this toast was in these times more appropriately termed on social occasions "The Imperial Forces"—(applause). During the war the army and reserve forces had been so mixed up that they formed really one army; Colonial Volunteers had vied in valour with those from the Mother Country, and, they would agree, the amalgamation had the effect of cementing the whole of the British Empire together—(applause). As long as the present patriotic spirit was in our midst we might be certain that conscription would never come into force as in foreign countries—(applause). The new regulations had spread consternation among the Volunteers, and he hoped the War Office authorities would see their way to make these regulations as elastic as possible. We must make up our minds for a certain amount of lack of training, but he was sure, when the time came, the Volunteers would be perfectly able to defend their hearths and homes, and so enable the regular army free to defend the country's interests abroad—(applause). No other country in the world, he ventured to say, could send 250,000 men 7000 miles away from their base; and we had also sent out 150,000 horses. That was a magnificent achievement—(applause). One result of the war could not be questioned, and that was that it had made other nations respect the resources and power of Great Britain—(applause).

Colonel Grant, C.B., with whose name the regular army was coupled, and who had an extremely cordial reception, said dining with the Gaelic Society that night, and venturing to speak to them, seemed to be rather a fraud on his part, for he was sorry to say he had not the Gaelic. He was the more ashamed of that knowing that his father, who was well known amongst them all—(applause)—was a Gaelic-speaking Highlander, and that he himself had been for forty years serving in a Highland regiment—(applause). But although he could not thank them in the tongue that he was told Adam brought with him from Eden—(laughter)—he happened to see that mentioned in the life of a divine which he had been reading,

but he did not know whether the statement was a fact or not—(laughter)—he thanked them sincerely in the Sassenach tongue for the cordial way in which the Chairman had proposed the toast, and he thanked them for receiving the toast so heartily. He must say his ignorance of the Gaelic was not entirely his own fault. He tried once very hard, indeed, to learn the language, but he did not know whether they would draw their dirks and skeandhus on him if he said that Gaelic was an extremely selfish language. It was one that would not allow anyone to enjoy its charms except those who were nursed on her bosom. He had tried very hard to master the language, but his attack was a singularly unsuccessful one. Really, he did not think anybody could learn the language perfectly who was not born, or at home, amidst the Gaelic—(applause). First of all, he must tell them that the great reason why he was present was that he was called in the name of his father, who was for many years a member of the Society—(applause)—and took a great interest in it, as he did in everything in the North, for he was a true-hearted Highlander—(applause). As regards the toast, it ought to be well received there, for all those members of the Imperial Forces were well represented in the district of which Inverness was the capital. The Naval Reserve, which was so well represented at Inverness and Stornoway, was a fine body of men. The regular regiments of the district—Seaforths and Camerons—had won great credit to themselves all over the world, and they well deserved the pride and affection that everybody in this district held them in—(applause). The Militia regiments had won great credit for themselves by their good conduct and good drill during their last embodiment. He had the pleasure of seeing the 3rd Seaforths come back from Egypt, and he must congratulate their gallant Chairman, the colonel of the regiment, for the very smart and very soldier-like appearance they had—(applause). The Chairman might well be proud of them—(applause). Being an outsider, he might say that the Volunteers, including the Highland Volunteer Artillery, though they were not under his command, were fine, smart, eager bodies of men—(applause). But it was not only the forces of the Crown that were eager. The Volunteers had shown themselves not only eager for their own work, but for service abroad, and not only them, but the people all round Inverness had been wonderful in that respect. He had been quite astonished. People talked of the siege of Lady-

smith; why, that only lasted three months. He had been besieged for two years by aspirants who wanted to face the enemy—(laughter and applause). It seemed to him that half of the young men in the North wished to go to fight the battles of their country—(applause). It was extraordinary the number that had gone abroad. He again thanked the company for the way in which they had received the toast, and he was sure the regiments belonging to the district would appreciate the honour—(applause).

Colonel Duncan Shaw, in responding for the Volunteers, referred to the part the force had taken in the South African war, and said that although opinion might differ as to the propriety of sending Volunteers on active service abroad, all must agree that those who did go to the front proved themselves worthy to fight side by side with the trained battalions of the Empire—(applause). Sir Hector had referred to the recent regulations issued for Volunteers. While it was the duty of Volunteer officers and men loyally to try to carry out the regulations in their entirety, he (Colonel Shaw) confessed to have some misgivings, if they were strictly enforced, that they might lead to a diminution of the force. If a man found that by conforming to these regulations he prejudiced his means of livelihood, or even imperilled it, he naturally would retire from the force, and was quite justified in doing so, and recruits willing to join would be dissuaded from joining. It seemed to him that that would be a great misfortune to the country—(applause). When the Volunteer force was first instituted it was on the basis of being a purely voluntary body, got up entirely for the defence of the country from invasion, and he understood it was still constituted on that basis. One of the conclusions most people drew from one of the first phases of the South African war was that a large body of men, not specially courageous, not very well disciplined, not very well trained, but armed with the best weapon that money could buy, and animated, as they thought, with the idea of fighting for their independence, and placed in the best position for defence, kept at bay for a long time a very large body of the finest soldiers in the world, and were only eventually dislodged by a larger number of the opposing forces, who were able to perform flanking or developing movements. It seemed to him that if that conclusion was correct, their policy was to increase as much as they could the Volunteer force, even though they be not highly trained, rather than to reduce the numbers to

form from it a highly trained aggressive body—(applause). He might be wrong in that conclusion, but he confessed it occurred to him after the experience in South Africa—(applause). It might be of interest, in connection with the local battalion of the Cameron Volunteers, to state that though the Service Company had come home there were still 144 men belonging to the battalion at the front—(applause). They were partly in the Lovat Scouts, partly in the Scottish Horse, and partly in Fincastle's Horse. He thought it was very creditable indeed to the local Volunteer battalion, and showed that the old fighting spirit of the Highlanders had not by any means died away—(applause).

Mr Duncan Mackintosh, in submitting the twenty-ninth annual report, said the Council " have pleasure in stating that the Society has had two very successful sessions since the former statement was given to the members, the dinner which fell to take place in January, 1901, having been abandoned in consequence of the death of our beloved Queen. Within the last year, 1 life member, 2 honorary members, and 16 ordinary members joined the Society. On the other hand, the Council greatly regret to record the death of a number of its most active supporters, among whom are Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.; Charles Fraser-Mackintosh of Drummond, LL.D., one of the founders of the Society; Alexander Macpherson, solicitor, Kingussie; Cluny Macpherson of Cluny Macpherson; Major A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh—all old and enthusiastic members; also a sincere friend of the Society, 'Nether-Lochaber.' During the last year Volume XXII. of the Transactions was issued to the members, and that volume has been well received by the press. Volume XXIII. is in the hands of the printers, and will, it is expected, be issued before the date of the Annual Assembly in July next. The syllabus for the present session is in the hands of the members present. The income and expenditure for the year shows a balance at the credit of the Society's bank account of £62 9s 6d. Mr Bignold of Lochrosque, M.P., present Chief of the Society, has generously sent during the year two subscriptions of £25 each towards the publishing fund. The Council have to acknowledge with gratitude the following contributions towards the Society's library:—'The History of Clan Donald' (2 volumes), from the authors, Rev. A. Macdonald, Kiltarlity, and Rev. A. J. Macdonald, Killearnan; 'Carmina Gadelica,' by Mr A. A. Carmichael, and 'The Royal

Winged Son of Stonehenge and Avebury,' by M. O. Morgan, both from Mr John Mackay, Hereford; also a number of valuable books from Mr Macritchie, C.A., Edinburgh. Miss Yule, Tarradale House, has presented the Society with a beautifully framed engraving of 'Nether-Lochaber,' which is now hung up in the Society's room."

Sir Hector Munro, who was received with hearty applause, said—Gentlemen, after the satisfactory report which we have just had from our Secretary, I now ask you to fill a bumper to the toast of the evening—"Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness"—(applause). In asking you to drink "success," I use a mere figure of speech, as after an existence of over a quarter of a century you will agree with me that the success of the Society is assured, as seen by the excellent work it has been doing all these years. The objects of the Society briefly are—(1) Preservation of the history, poetry, and literature generally of the Highlands; (2) preservation of the interests of the Gaelic-speaking race; and (3) preservation of the Gaelic language. Now, we must all admit that those schemes are wide and comprehensive, and well worthy the attention of a Society like ours—(applause). You will agree with me, gentlemen, that this Society has been doing its duty in working out these objects to the best of its ability. Taking the first, what better library than ours can be seen, than the library of our Society, bearing on all subjects relative to the literature of the Highlands?—(applause). The yearly published Transactions alone prove one of the best and most interesting and valuable collections of literature on Highland lore and traditions in existence, and the contents of these volumes show exhaustive research of which any Celtic Society may be proud—(applause). The Gaelic Society of London, of course a very wealthy association, has set an example to similar bodies like ours regarding Gaelic teaching in Highland counties. It lately communicated with Highland schoolmasters, and the returns from them show that Gaelic is taught in 58 schools in the Highlands, and to some 1500 children. Gaelic books to the number of 570 have been sent in prizes to these schools, along with some 200 text-books—(applause). Besides the yearly published Transactions, the Gaelic Society of Inverness issues a large number of works on Highland subjects, and these works are read all over the civilised world, for, go where you may, there you will find the Highlander settled down, in all probability at the head of the community

you find him in—(laughter and applause)—and, to keep himself in touch with the old country, in all probability also a Celtic or Gaelic Society flourishing alongside him—(applause). In this way Highlanders, whether in America, Canada, Australia, or India, have inducements not to forget their Highland homes, but to keep in touch with all the traditions and all that pertains to their native country—(applause). Another object of ours is the preservation of the Gaelic language. This object perhaps offers more difficulties than at first sight appears to one. A good deal is said as to Gaelic being of no value nowadays, and it is, if not discouraged, at best being allowed to die a natural death. I think that a Highlander who advocates its neglect altogether deserves some censure—(applause). Gaelic may not perhaps be of much use to a man in the daily avocations he has to follow, but once learned, or retained when known, it is an easy burden to carry, and I am glad to see a tendency of late years that more interest is taken in the Gaelic language, and it is not looked down upon now as unfashionable and vulgar—(applause). It is no uncommon thing, too, nowadays, to find men in all stations of life in the Highlands able to converse fluently in Gaelic with Gaelic-speaking Highlanders, and nothing to my mind tends more to increase a man's influence among Highlanders than to be able to converse with them in their own language—(applause). I am myself one of the unfortunates who never learnt Gaelic, but perhaps I feel the want of it more on an occasion like the present than in any other time of my life. I am convinced, too, that the Gaelic language has knit together the Highlanders, and is in a great way the—I may call it—invisible cause of the patriotism and clannishness of the Highland people, forming, as it were, a common bond of union among all Highlanders, whether at home or abroad—(applause). That the Highlander has made himself famous in all paths of life it is unnecessary for me to remind you. As a warlike race, where can you find anything more thrilling than the long record of valour displayed by our Highland regiments from the time of Waterloo and the Peninsula and the Mutiny down to the present day in South Africa?—(cheers). The countless deeds of valour by all ranks is a record of which Scotland may well be proud—(cheers). Two of the territorial regiments—the Seaforths and Camerons—have immortalised themselves, for now and in future ages these tales of heroism will be handed down to those who come after us as stories of

romance not less famous than those brave deeds we read of in the classic days of ancient Greece and Rome—(cheers). We hope that ere long those two famous regiments will return to their native counties, and, when they do, it will be the duty of all Highlanders to give them such a reception as will show them that the services they have rendered and sacrifices they have made for the Empire have not been overlooked by a grateful country—(cheers). Gentlemen, on an occasion like this it is usual to take notice of the improvement in the social condition of the Highlands that continues to go on. I was lately reading that most interesting book on the condition of the Highlands in the early part of the eighteenth century, called "Burt's Letters." Major Burt, an officer of Engineers, evidently sent to Scotland to report on the condition of the country, does not give a flattering account of Clachnacuddin in those days, and I shall spare the feelings of you inhabitants of Inverness by refraining from repeating all he says about those who lived here in his time—(laughter). On reading his book one can hardly realise that some 150 years back the condition of the people was in such a deplorably backward state. Food was not to be got sometimes, and money was at times useless to the inhabitants, as there was little to buy with it if they had any. The people objected to the country being opened up by roads, as, having no boots, the stones and gravel in the roads hurt their feet, and their horses not being shod either, they complained that these new roads whetted down their horses' hoofs, so that the horses, such as they were, were made unserviceable—(laughter). Bridges they objected to as well, as they "caused the people to become effeminate, and less able to pass over waters in other places where bridges did not exist"—(laughter). Highland scenery, too, had little charm for Major Burt, as he speaks of our mountains as "disagreeable subjects, and nothing to be seen but gloomy spaces, rocks, heath, and the whole a dismal, gloomy brown drawing upon a dirty purple, and most of all disagreeable when the heath is in bloom"—(laughter). He thought, too, that "the most horrid is to look at these hills from east to west, for then the eye penetrates far among them, and one sees stupendous bulk, frightful irregularity, and horrid gloom"—(laughter). He then finishes up his description of our hills with the remark that "it is not unlikely you may ask of what use can be such monstrous excrescences?"—(laughter). Happily now such a feeling towards our Highland scenery is changed, and the then

state of matters socially in the Highlands is a thing of the past—(applause). Nowadays, instead of roads being discouraged, authorities are often pestered to provide roads where they are not really required; and the means of communication and travelling are such that the least affluent amongst us can travel with speed and luxury that were not dreamt of in our grandfathers' times. For a good deal of this state of matters in the Highlands we have to thank the Highland Railway Company—(applause). That excellent Company has received lately many hard knocks; still we have to thank it for what it has done for the Highlands. Long may it flourish and come on better days, and we all hope those days will not be long in coming—(applause). Where in all Great Britain can a finer and more picturesque country than our Highlands be seen, and, may I add, its "mountain dew?"—(laughter and applause). All these should tempt the travelling public to come to give us a visit, and for the facilities of travel we must, as I have said before, thank our local railway company, which has really been the making of the Highlands of Scotland during the last forty years—(applause). Since our last annual dinner, now two years ago, we have had to mourn the loss of many valuable members of this Society, most prominent amongst them being the late Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, Cluny Macpherson, Dr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Sir Henry Macandrew, Æneas Mackintosh, the Doune; and only the other day Provost Macpherson of Kingussie. In Provost Macpherson the Society has lost a most valuable member and contributor to the literature of the Society. His contributions to the Transactions always showed much research, and his writings proved he was an authority on all Highland subjects he took up. We have also to mourn the loss of another life member, who has just passed away from our midst. I refer to the late Major Jackson of Swordale, who for some eighteen years was my next-door neighbour. During Major Jackson's residence in the Highlands he identified himself with every object that was for the good of the people of the district in which he resided. He was a useful country gentleman, and his loss will long be felt in the county of Ross. The late lamented Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch was an original member of the Society, and one of the best contributors to its Transactions. It is a sad fact to look back upon, but Sir Kenneth's last paper was read before this Society on the very day of his death, nearly two years ago. Knowing the late Sir Kenneth

intimately, as I did, the best tribute I can pay to his memory is that his loss is not merely a loss to the Highlands, but to Scotland—(applause). No man I could name had the same grasp of business matters as he had, and the time and trouble he devoted to business matters connected with the county of Ross and Cromarty is only known by those who had intimate business relations with him—(applause). Now, gentlemen, I am not going to detain you any longer, as I am afraid I have taken up more of your time than I had at first intended. I shall conclude by asking you all to do your best for a Society that is working hard to fulfil its mission, and the best way you can help us is to try one and all of you to get your friends to take an interest in and join this Society. When you think that we only charge for membership a subscription of 5s a year, and out of that publish our Transactions, which the members get free, you can plainly see that we require loyal and enthusiastic support—(applause). For the continued success of the Society we have to thank our able secretary, Mr Mackintosh. His labour is indeed one of love for Highland literature, and long may he reign in his present position—(applause). The Society is fulfilling all its aims most loyally, and I am sure that all members are aiding in every way to carry out the objects of the Society, so that it may fulfil its mission and deserve the success that I now ask you to drink to—(loud applause).

Mr William Mackay proposed "Tir nam Beann, nan Gleann, 's nan Gaisgeach"—"The Land of the Mountains, Glens, and Heroes"—or, as he put it, the Highlands and the Highland people. He said that during the last thirty years the toast had been submitted year after year at the Society's dinner—frequently by men who did so eloquently and adequately—and, in these circumstances, it was difficult for him to say anything new on the sentiment embodied in it. The Land of the Mountain and the Glen was physically now very much the same as it was thirty years ago and for ages before—a beautiful land, notwithstanding what their old friend Edmund Burt had said; a gloriously beautiful land—(applause)—an enchanting land, which was now beloved, not only by the native Highlander, but also by Lowland Scot and Englishman, and probably by descendants of Burt himself—(applause). The curious thing about those Englishmen and Lowlanders who ventured north of the Grampians in the 17th and 18th centuries was that almost every one of them stood in awe of the mountains which they saw; not only in awe, but

actually in terror; and we have record of cases where Southrons absolutely refused to enter the Pass of Killiecrankie on their way north—(laughter). That the feeling had now entirely changed was evidenced by the rush of tourists and sportsmen from the South every year; and no man appreciated Highland scenery more than the Sassenach—(applause). There were exceptions possibly. Within the last ten years a relative of his went up Loch Ness with an English visitor, who let out that he was a farmer from Norfolk, and did not at all like the mountains. He went up to see Foyers, and on his return he said there was nothing there but mountains, and he was not going further, but wanted to get back to Norfolk—(laughter). He evidently expected to find the Highlands as flat as Norfolk, and the Falls of Foyers running on a plain—(laughter). In addition to the mountains and glens, the old words of the toast embraced the heroes—the heroes, that was, of course, the Highland people. Although the country had not changed, there was no doubt that, as the Chairman had pointed out, a great change had come over the people. They had changed in their callings; they were no longer entirely given to cattle lifting, as they were accused of being in the olden times—(laughter). They had changed in their manner of living and in their habits and customs. Although he was very fond of the past, he must admit that the result of his study of the past and of the present was that he thoroughly believed that at no time in the history of the Scottish Highlander was he so well off as he was at the present day—(applause). At the same time, there were certain changes which he wished were not taking place. He was sorry to see their old language neglected in certain places. Possibly that was the working of a law of Nature, of which they could not get rid. He was sorry to see the old men who were storehouses, so to speak, of legend and tradition and song passing away without having successors to take up their places. Those changes were unfortunate, and to be deplored; but, as he had said, the social condition of the people was, he believed, better than ever it was before—(applause). They had often heard during the past few years that the result of the changes was that as a race they were deteriorating—they were getting soft and effeminate, and had not among them men of the same valour and stamina as the men who fought at Killiecrankie and Culloden, in the Peninsula War and at Waterloo, the Crimea, and the Indian Mutiny. Now, it was evident from

what had taken place within the past two years that those surmises and fears were not well founded—(applause). He did not think they ever had a more brilliant period in what he might call the martial history of the country than the past two years—(applause). Not only had the Highlanders shown that they had the same old martial spirit, the same old patriotism, the same old valour, and the same old resolution not to give in, but the same thing could be said of the whole country—(applause). No matter what part of the country the call from South Africa reached, it was promptly responded to, and, as Colonel Grant had said, the part of the country of which Inverness is the centre had done especially well—(applause). Not only had it sent out detachment after detachment in connection with the Seaforth and Cameron Highlanders, but it had contributed largely to the Scottish Horse and to Lord Fincastle's Horse, and they had sent out three contingents of what they might claim as an Inverness regiment—the Lovat Scouts—(applause). The same old spirit was still in the Highlands, and he hoped it would continue for ages to come—(applause). The Chairman had referred to the losses which the Society had sustained by the death of members during the past two years, and the loss was very grievous. Mr Mackay then read over the names in the printed list of toasts at the dinner five years ago, and said the story it told was an extremely sad one, the Chairman (Cluny) and almost all the proposers and responders having passed away in the interval. He concluded by asking them to drink to the prosperity of the Highlands and the Highland people—(loud applause).

Mr Duncan Campbell, in replying, said that Mr Mackay's speech had left him without much to say. It was like the stroke of Fingal's sword, which cut clean through—"Mar bheum claidheamh Fhinn nach d' fhag riamh iomall na dheigh." But no response was necessary—the response was in their Highland blood—(applause). In any part of the world where two or three Highlanders were gathered together the toast would bring a throb from the heart and moisture to the eyes—(applause). It would be interesting to know when that toast was formulated as they had it now. The sentiment which it embodied was hereditary, and held its grip not only on Highlanders, but on people who were in one way or another their race relations. Take Byron, for instance, who was half a Highlander, and who, while loud in the praises of "Dark Loch-na-Gar," spoke rather disrespectfully of the charms of the predominant partner—

"England, thy beauties are tame and domestic,
To one who has roamed on the mountains afar!"

In his description of a night storm in the Alps, Byron's Gordon blood spoke out still more loudly and unmistakably—

"Oh, glorious night,
Thou wert not made for slumber; let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,
A portion of the tempest and of thee!"

Nature feeling pervades the oldest poetry of the Highlanders; not, indeed, as effusively as in the songs of the later bards, but in lines and words which form complete pictures. It takes a fuller form in the poems of the forest bard, Duncan Ban, who, referring to physical effect, said—

"An t-uisge glan 's am faileadh
Th' air mullach nam beann arda
Chuidich e gu fas mi;
'S e rinn domh slaint a's fallaineachd."

The scenery so stimulated the imagination that, passing from the physical to the metaphysical or supernatural, our ancestors peopled their lonely mounds, eerie corries, lochs and streams, and mountain tops with fairies, hags, and water sprites; and in the thin grey mist which circled ben tops saw visibly the Fuathas or Spirit of the Storm. The Highlanders have two rallying phrases—

"Tir nam Beann nan Gleann 's nan Gaisgeach,"

and

"Clann an Gaidheal an guaillnibh 'cheile"
(Highlanders shoulder to shoulder).

The first is not exclusively their own, for they must share it with all mountaineers. The people of the Borders were filled with the same enthusiasm about their hills, and streams, and valleys, and Sir Walter Scott had expressed the sentiment for all Scotland—

"O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! What mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?"

But the Gaelic language was their own property, and he was sorry that the language, which was their strong bond of union, was rapidly decaying in their midst through several causes, and one of them was the unfortunate idea that all life should be consecrated to commerce and to urban pursuits, and therefore the children of the country people were taught English in the schools instead of the native language. It was not right in the Highlands that the language which the rocks reverberated for hundreds of years would only echo back the words of Cockneys and Lowlanders—(laughter and applause). Mr Campbell also spoke with regret of the decay of the Gaelic language in Inverness during the past twenty-one years, and he concluded by referring to the many qualities and powers of endurance with which the peoples who lived in mountainous lands were endowed beyond those who lived on the plains, and to their passionate love of country.

Mr W. J. Watson, in giving the toast of Kindred Societies and Non-Resident Members, said that the toast was a comprehensive and important one—so important that, in his opinion, the two sections to which it referred deserved separate mention. With regard to kindred societies, the term was to be applied in its widest extent to all those associations, whether situated in Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Brittany, or in foreign parts, which were united by the common bond of sympathy and admiration for that Celtic race to which they all belonged. These societies fell into various classes. Comparatively few—he regretted to say none, so far as he knew, in Scotland except the Gaelic Society of Inverness—made it the chief part of their business to collect and publish whatever they found worthy of preservation as bearing upon the language, literature, history, manners and customs, traditions, and genius generally of the Celt. In Ireland, however, they had the Irish Text Society and others more or less engaged in similar work, while in Wales great attention was given to it. Another class of societies, more of a social nature, did good work in making their members more familiar with the Gaelic language, songs, and stories. Yet another class did much to encourage the study of Gaelic in the Highlands by giving prizes for Gaelic in Highland schools, and also by assisting young men from the Highlands to receive a higher education. Among these he might mention the Gaelic Societies of London and Glasgow and the London Inverness-shire Association—(applause). In Inverness they had a fourth class, worthily

represented by their Scientific Society and Field Club, which made it an important part of its work to investigate and record all matters of archæological and antiquarian interest which lay within their reach. Its conclusions in this department had indeed sometimes been characterised as tending to the nebulous; but that was probably an accident inseparable from the nature of the study, and, in any case, they would be glad to hear that the Society was doing its best to remove that reproach, for they were going to take the advice of an eminent statesman of the day. They had resolved not to deal with surface matters, but to take to spade-work, a step from which the best results might be expected. All these societies were doing good work in their own way, and deserved their best wishes for their prosperity—(applause). With regard to the non-resident members, their importance to the Gaelic Society of Inverness could not be over-estimated. In the first place, they contributed largely to the syllabus; in fact, but for their assistance the Gaelic Society could not produce its Transactions—(applause). A glance at the syllabus in their hands, and it was not exceptional in this respect, would show that, out of the twelve papers there, nine were contributed by members furth of Inverness, and only three by gentlemen residing in the town. These contributors hailed from places so widely separated as Eddrachilles, Edinburgh, and Toronto —(applause). It was the peculiar good fortune of the Inverness Gaelic Society that they were able to interest Celic scholars from all parts in their proceedings. But the non-resident members were equally important from a financial point of view. They formed a large part of the ordinary membership, and, besides, it was to them that the Society was indebted for those handsome donations from time to time, such as that from Mr Bignold of Lochrosque, which the secretary had just intimated, which really enabled the Society to go on from year to year publishing their Transactions. It was an open secret that without the aid of such donations their five-shilling membership fee would not suffice to meet the considerable expenses of publication. He had therefore much pleasure in proposing the toast—(applause).

Dr Alexander Macbain, in acknowledging the toast on behalf of Kindred Societies, referred to the Pan-Celtic Congress in Ireland last September, which, he said, had turned out a great success. He regretted that the Gaelic Society of Glasgow had given up publishing its Transactions; and, with

regard to local societies, he said the Field Club had done good work in the past, and would do good work in the future—(applause).

Rev. A. Chisholm, replying for the non-resident members, said all had the welfare of the Society very much at heart. The very fact that members belonged to distant countries showed that the object of the Society was one to commend their interest and sympathy everywhere, and not only the interest of Scotsmen and Highlanders, but of Celtic scholars all over the world—(applause). He was sure the non-resident members would be much gratified at the honour paid to them that night—(applause).

Dr Alex. Ross, in proposing the health of the Chairman, said the manner in which Sir Hector Munro had discharged the duties of the chair was beyond praise, and must be gratifying to every member of the Gaelic Society—(applause). He felt no little pride and pleasure in proposing the toast, because the Munroes and the Rosses had been associated in Easter Ross since time immemorial. He had recently been reading an amusing account written by a person who visited Easter Ross in the middle of last century, and who stated that the Munroes and the Rosses were decent, worthy clans, and well-deserving, but were often harassed by the raiding Macdonalds and Mackenzies—(laughter). Notwithstanding these raids and the raids from the West, the Munroes and Rosses managed to exist in Easter Ross—(laughter). He thought Sir Hector was a prominent specimen of the good old Highland laird that remained in this country, and who had not only shown himself a worthy landlord, but two years ago, when a call was made for men, he, with his regiment, was the first to offer for service abroad—(applause). Sir Hector had served with his regiment in Egypt, and they were able to relieve other troops. The community ought to thank him for his splendid work, and for what his regiment had done in the service of the country—(applause). They did not see Sir Hector as often as they would like in Inverness, but they hoped they would see him oftener in the future—(applause). Perhaps some of them were not aware of the benefits which the town had derived from Sir Hector's ancestors. At the end of last century, when one of Sir Hector's forefathers was Governor of Inverness, he contributed and was mainly responsible for the building of the town steeple, and they in Inverness had to thank him for the splendid timekeeper they had, for the clock they had now

in the steeple was the gift of the then Sir Robert Munro—(applause). That showed them that the Chairman's connection with the town was not of yesterday—(loud applause, and Highland honours).

Sir Hector said it had given him the greatest pleasure to be of service to the Society that evening, and he was glad that what he had done had been appreciated. Dr Ross had mentioned some connection his (Sir Hector's) family had with the town of Inverness. Sir Robert Munro was Governor of the Castle, and when he (Sir Hector) visited Inverness he confessed he always looked with affection on the Old Steeple—(applause). He was glad to know that his family had benefited the town in a small way.

Mr Alex. Mitchell proposed the health of the Croupiers, and Dr Macbain and Mr Watson briefly responded.

Sir Hector proposed the healths of those who had musically contributed to the entertainment, mentioning specially Mr Brand, who replied on behalf of Mr Alex. Watt (violin solos), Mr Leslie Fraser, Mr Morrison, and Mr Colvin (vocalists), and Mr Whitehead (pianist). The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" concluded the meeting. The arrangements for the dinner were admirably carried out by Mr Duncan Mackintosh and his assistant, Mr A. Macdonald, who were complimented on the success of the gathering.

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*30th JANUARY, 1902.*

The contribution for this evening was by the Rev. John MacRury, Snizort, Skye, and was entitled—

## TURUS RUAIRIDH DO 'N EXHIBITION.

(Facal air an fhacal mar a chualas uaithe fhein).

Cha téid an turus a thug mise do Ghlasacho air a' bhliadhna so as mo chuimhne fhad 's a bhios mi air talamh nam beò. Agus o 'n a tha toil agadsa, 'dheadh charaid, fios fhaotainn air mar a thachair dhomh air mo thurus, agus air na chunnaic 's na chuala mi, bheir mi dhut gearr iomradh air; ach cuimhnich gur e gearr iomradh a bhios ann, oir ged a

bhithinn-sa cho math gu beachd a ghabhail air na seallaidhean iongantach ud ri duine 'sheas riamh ann am bròig leathair, agus cho math cuimhne ri duine 'bha riamh beò, cha rachadh agam air trian dhe na chunnaic 's a chuala mi a thoirt fa near agus a chumail air cuimhne.

Ged a bha thusa glé eòlach ormsa an uair a bha sinn le chéile òg, gòrach, agus baoth, tha iomadh bliadhna o nach fhaca sinn a chéile. Is iomadh car a chuir an saoghal dheth o 'n àm anns am bu ghnath leamsa, agus leatsa 'bhith 'g iomain air a' mhachaire lom, réidh ri solus na gealaich, agus sinn gun chùram gun smuain mu dheidhinn na bha romhainn dhe ar beatha. Mar is minic a thachair, chaill sinn sealladh air a chéile mu 'n gann a ràinig sinn aois fearachais; agus o 'n a thachair gu 'n robh ar crannachur glé eadar-dhealaichte ann an iomadh dòigh, agus a thaobh gu 'n robh sinn o chionn dlùth air dà fhichead bliadhna far nach robh e 'n comas dhuinn a chéil' fhaicinn, cha bhiodh as an rathad dhomhsa beagan innseadh dhut mu dhéidhinn a' chogaidh a bh' agam ris an t-saoghal, agus ri draghannan an t-saoghail o 'n a chunnaic mi thusa mu dheireadh. Tha fhios agamsa air gu leòr mu d' dheidhinn-sa, ged nach 'eil fhios agadsa air a' bheag sam bith mu m' dhéidhinn-sa. Agus faodaidh tu mo chreidsinn an uair a tha mi 'g innseadh dhut nach 'eil fear eile an diugh beò do 'n innsinn mo naigheachd cho saor 's a tha mi 'dol g' a h-innseadh dhutsa.

Tha mi 'creidsinn gu 'm bheil cuimhne mhath agad fhathast air an àm anns an robh sinn a' dol do 'n sgoil; agus tha fhios aig an fortan nach robh ann ach ainmeachas sgoile. Bha am maighstir-sgoile, mar a bha na sgoilearan—cearta coma ach an latha 'chur seachad. Cha 'n 'eil mi 'creidsinn gu 'n robh fear eile dhe na sgoilearan a leith cho coma dhe 'n sgoil 's a bha mise. Cha robh mi deònach leabhar 'fhosgladh aon chuid anns an taigh-sgoile, no ann an taigh m' athar. B' fhearr leam gu mòr a bhith 'falbh air mo thoil fhin timchioll a' chladaich, no air feadh a' mhonaidh ag iarraidh nead, na bhith anns an sgoil, ged a dh' fhaodas mi ràdh gu 'n robh mo thoil fhin agam anns an sgoil mar a bh' agam ann àite sam bith eile. Tha fhios agadsa gur ann mar so a bha, ach is dòcha gu 'n do leig thu air dìchuimhn e. Ach cha do leig mise air dìchuimhn e; oir tha mo ghòraiche agus mo mhichùram anns an àm ud a' cur dragh air an inntinn agam gus an latha 'n diugh, ged a tha fhios agam glé mhath nach toir dragh is dorran mu 'n àm a dh' fhalbh atharrachadh sam bith air na chaidh seachad.

O nach robh facal sgoile aig m' athair, no aig mo mhàthair, cha robh iad a' faicinn gu 'n robh sgoil gus a bheag a dh' fheum a dheanamh dhomhsa. Cha robh duine sam bith ach fìor dhuin' ainneamh a' smaointinn aig an àm ud gu 'n robh sgoil a chum feuma sam bith do dh' fhearr aig nach robh obair a b' fhearr na saoithreachadh fearainn.

Cho luath 'sa b' urrainn mi obair a dheanamh, b' fheudar dhomh tòiseachadh ri obair. Ach an uair a thainig mi gu rudeiginn gliocais, agus a dh' fhàs mi mòr, cha robh saoithreachadh an fhearainn agus gach obair eile a bha ri dheanamh, a' còrdadh rium idir. Thòisich mi ri cur romham gu 'm falbhainn gu cosnadh air choireiginn do 'n Ghalldachd, no thun an iasgaich mar a bha fear is fear eile dhe m' sheòrsa 'deanamh; ach gu mi-fhortanach dh' fhàs m' athair tinn aig an àm, agus leig mi as mo cheann falbh o 'n taigh an dùil gu 'n rachadh e na b' fhearr. Agus ged a chaidh e na b' fhearr beagan, cha do chuir e riamh dheth an tinneas a bh' air. Mu 'n d' thainig ceann na bliadhna dh' eug e. Bha mo mhàthair aig an àm ud, mar a bha i àireamh bhliadhnachan roimhe sid, glé bhreòite. Agus o nach robh beò dhe 'n teaghlach ach mi fhin is aon phiuthar, smaoinich mi gu 'm b' e mo dhleasdanas leantail ris an taigh 's ris an fhearann fhad 's a bhiodh mo mhàthair beò.

Mu 'n d' thainig ceann bliadhna an déigh bàs m' athar, phòs mo phiuthar. Cha bu luaithe 'pòs mo phiuthar na thòisich mo mhathair ri mo chur gu pòsadh. An toiseach, cha robh mi deònach a comhairle ghabhail; ach mu dheireadh, cha robh doi as agam. Chunnaic mi nach robh rathad agam air gnothaichean a chumail ann an òrdugh mar bu mhath leam am freasdal searbhanta. Agus o 'n a bha 'n té a bha mo mhàthair ag iarraidh orm a phòsadh a' tighinn a réir m' inntinn fhin anns gach dòigh, phòs mi i.

Fhuair sinn seachdnar chloinne. Ach chaill sinn triùir dhiubh an uair a bha iad òg. Chaill sinn dithis ghillean anns a' ghriùraich anns an aon earrach—fear dhiubh còig, agus am fear eile tri, bliadhna. Agus cha 'n ann a chionn gu 'm bu leamsa iad, cha b' aithne dhomh dithis eile dhe 'n leithidean anns an dùthaich. Chuir bàs na cloinne so, agus cha b' ioghnadh e, tilleadh mòr annam fhin agus anns a' mhnaoi. B' iad a b' òige dhe 'n teaghlach, agus uime sin bha sinn uile 'g an caoidh anabarrach mòr.

Chuir mi romham aig toiseach mo thòisich gu 'n tugainn sgoil is ionnsachadh do m' theaglach. Thachair gu fortanach

gu 'n robh deadh mhaighstir-sgoile faisg' oirnn. Ged a b' e Domhull am mac bu shinne, agus a' cheud chuideachadh a bha gu tighinn orm, chuir mi romham gu 'n cumainn gu riaghailteach anns an sgoil e, a chum gu 'n rachadh aige, nam biodh e fhein glic, air faotainn troimh 'n t-saoghal gun a bhith sàs ann an gibean bochd fearainn, no ri obair shalaich sam bith eile. Agus cha 'n 'eil aithreachas sam bith orm an diugh air son sid a dheanamh; oir bha e 'na sgolair math, agus bha e iomchuidh, glic, cùramach, deanadach, gun chosgais gun stròdhalachd sam bith. Tha àireamh bhliadhnachan o 'n a chaidh e do Ghlasacho, far an d' fhuair e àite-cosnaidh anabarrach math. Ach tha mi 'faicinn, a charaid, gu 'm bheil thu 'gabhail fadachd nach 'eil mi 'g innseadh dhut mu mo thurus. Mur b' e sin dh' innsinn dhut mòran mu thimchioll mar a bha mi 'cothachadh an t-saoghail. M u'n teid mi air aghart le mo naigheachd mu dheidhinn mo thuruis, faodaidh mi innseadh dhut gu 'n robh gnothaichean glé chruaidh orm fhin 's air a' mhnaoi fad iomadh bliadhna. Chuir sinn romhainn nach biodh éis sam bith air a' chloinn, ciod sam bith mar a dh' éireadh dhuinn fhin. Fhuair iad uile deadh sgoil, agus cha robh éis béidh no aodaich orra; agus bha am màthair 'g an cumail glé ghlan, sgiobalta. Ach air a shàillibh so, bha sinn fhin le chéile iomadh uair gun an t-aodach uile slàn mu ar druim. Fhuair sinn as a chionn sin, agus faodaidh sinn a nis a dhol am mach air Sàbaid 's air seachdain cho sgiobalta 's cho glan ri h-aon sam bith dhe ar coimhearsnaich.

B' àbhaist do Dhomhull a bhith tighinn dhachaidh fad seachdain no deich latha a h-uile bliadhna. Ach am bliadhna, chuir e fios nach robh 'na bheachd tighinn dhachaidh idir, o 'n a bha toil aige gu 'n rachainn-sa 'mach a dh' fhaicinn nan ioghnaidhean mòra a bh' ann an Glasacho. Cha robh mi an toiseach deònach a dhol do Ghlasacho idir. Bha mi 'g ràdh nach robh gnothach sam bith aig mo leithid-sa de sheann duine aig nach robh ach gann facal Beurla a dhol do 'n bhaile mhòr idir. Ach laidh a h-uile duine 'bha staigh orm gus a dhol ann, agus thuirt iad rium nach b' eagal dhomh, ged nach robh Beurla gu leòr agam gu 'n robh Gàilig gu leòr aig Domhull. Mu dheireadh, an uair a bha 'bhean 'g am chomairleachad gu falbh, dh' aontaich mi gu 'm falbhainn.

Sgrìobh Domhull g' am ionnsuidh, agus thuirt e gu 'n robh e 'dol a chur deise ugam o làn gu mullach gus a bhith umam air mo thurus. Agus thuirt e gu 'm faodainn falbh leis an 'train,' no air a' Chlaidheamh-mhòr, nam b' e b' fhearr leam.

Chuir e airgiod ugam gus mo bhòrd is m' fharadh a phàigheadh. Agus thuirt e gu 'm feumainn, nam b' ann air a' Chlaidheamh-mhòr a dh' fhalbhainn, mo bhiadh 's mo leaba 'ghabhail anns a' chàbin mar a dheanadh na h-uaislean eile a bhiodh air bòrd.

Chuir mi romham am muigh 's am mach nach fhalbhainn leis an 'train.' Bha mi o chionn fada 'cluinntinn gu'n robh mòran air am marbhadh leis an 'train'; agus ged a chaidh mi troimh iomadh cruadal agus cruaidh-chàs a' togail mo theaghlaich, cha robh iarraidh sam bith agam air falbh as an t-saoghal so gus am b' fhìor fheudar dhomh; agus mar sin, chuir mi romham gu 'm falbhainn leis a' Chlaidheamh-mhòr.

Bha 'n deise 'chuir Domhull g' a m' ionnsuidh a cheart cho freagarrach dhomh 's ged a dh' fhàsadh i umam. B' e ada bhog dhe 'n t-seòrsa a bhios na ministearan a' caitheamh a chuir e g' am ionnsuidh, oir bha fhios aige gur i bu sholta ri mo cheann. Agus bha na bòtunnan a chuir e ugam cho freagarrach dhomh 's a dh' iarrainn. Agus o 'n is ann ri ràdh riutsa e, cha deachaidh deise cho math sid mu m' chroit riamh roimhe.

Gu fortanach bha lath' anabarrach briagh ann an uair a ghluais mi o 'n taigh gu falbh. Dh' fhàg mi beannachd aig a mhnaoi 's aig a chloinn mar gu 'm bithinn a' dol a dh' fhalbh as an rioghachd.

An uair a ràinig mi 'n cladach bha 'm bàta a bha gus ar n-aiseag thun a' Chlaidheimh-mhòir a' faotainn deiseil, agus gun dàil chaidh sinn a steach innte; oir bha 'n Claidheamh-mòr air tighinn 'n ar sealladh.

Cha robh i tiotadh a' tighinn do 'n acarsaid. Agus an uair a ràinig sinn a' chliathach aice, bha ioghnadh gu leòr orm cia mar a chaidh aig daoine air a cur air bhog an uair a rinneadh i.

Cha bu luaithe fhuair mi air bòrd na thainig duine air an robh coltas fìor chaoimhneil far an robh mi, agus thuirt e, agus fiamh gàire air a ghnùis: "Cia mar a tha sibh an diugh, a Ruairidh? Nach briagh' a' mhadainn a th' ann?"

Bha deise bhriagha ghorm air, agus dà shreith de phutain bhuidhe anns an t-seacaid aige, agus bha stìom de dh' aodach òir mòr-thimchioll a churraic a bha m' a cheann.

Thuirt mi ris an uair a chuir e fàilte orm: "Tha 'n cothrom agaibh orm, a dhuine choir; cha 'n 'eil mi 'g 'ur n-aithneachadh."

Anns a fhacal, co 'fhreagair ach Seumas Mac-an-Tòisich, gille còir, gasda air an robh deadh aithne agus deadh eòlas

agam mu 'n d' fhalbh e thun na Galldachd. "So agad, a Ruairidh, sgiobair a' bhàta," ars' esan; "agus tha e glé eòlach air Domhull."

"Tha mi 'g iarraidh mathanais oirbh, a sgiobair," arsa mise; "cha robh fhios agam cò sibh."

Cha riug mi leas na bha de chomhradh agam ris an sgiobair chòir innseadh dhuibh; ach faodaidh mi ràdh gu 'n do thog mo chridhe ris, cha b' ann a mhàin a chionn gu 'n robh deadh Ghàilig aige, ach mar an ceudna a chionn gu 'n robh coltas cho aoidheil 's cho tlachdar air a ghnùis.

Thug Seumas Mac-an-Tòisich sios do 'n chàbin mi, agus a' mhic an t-saoghail! b' e sin aon seòmar cho briagha 's a chunnaic mo shùil chinn riamh. Cha robh mi 'n dùil riamh gus a sid gu 'n gabhadh seòmar cho briagha sid deanamh ann am broinn luinge.

"Is cinnteach, a Ruairidh," arsa Seumas, "gu 'm b' fheairrde sibh deur beag de stuth na Tòiseachd. Tha greis o 'n a dh' fhalbh sibh o 'n taigh."

"Ma ta, a charaid chòir," arsa mise, "cha chreid mi gu 'n deanadh deur beag dheth cron sam bith orm aig a' cheart àm so fhein. Cha deachaidh norradh air mo shùil an raoir leis mar a bha mi cho tric a' smaointean air an turus a bha romham."

Bhuail Seumas glag beag a bha 'n àiteiginn faisg' air, agus dh' iarr e air fear caol, glas a thainig far an robh e, dram a thoirt g' a ionnsuidh. Ann an tiotadh thainig e air ais agus botul briagha ochd-shlisneach, tha mi 'n dùil, luma làn uisge-bheatha aig 'na laimh, agus chuir e air a' bhòrd air ar beulaobh e. Chaidh e as an t-sealladh mar gu 'n deanadh an dealanach, agus ann an tiotadh bha e air ais a rithist agus glaineachan is tumailearan aige, agus chuir e air ar beaulaobh iad.

An uair a thug Seumas lamh air a' bhotul gus na glaineachan a lionadh, thuirt mi ris: "Cha 'n fhaod e bhith, a Sheumais gu 'm bheil e nad' bheachd an daorach a chur orm an uair a dh' òrdaich thu do 'n fhear chaol ud am botul mar a tha e a thoirt dhut? Cuimhnich nach gabh mise ach an aon ghlaine air a' cheann so dhe 'n latha co dhiubh. Agus tha e glé ghòrach dhutsa botul a cheannach. C'ar son nach d' iarr thu siolla? Dheanadh aon ghlaine an gnothach dhut fhein cho math riumsa. Tha mi 'n dòchas nach 'eil thu air fàs cho trom air an òl 's gu 'n teid agad air luma làn a' bhotuil òl aig aon suidhe."

Rinn Seumas lascan mòr gàire, agus thuirt e: "Cuimhnichibh a Sheumais, gur ann a tha sinn an dràsta ann an seòmar nan daoin' uaisle. Is ann mar urram ruinn a chuireadh am botul làn air ar beulaobh. Tha de mheas ac' oirnn gu 'm bheil iad a' creidsinn nach òl sinn ach na phàigheas sinn."

An uair a thainig àm na dinearach, shuidh mi aig a' bhòrd ri taobh Sheumais; agus, a charaid, b' e sid am bòrd! Cha 'n fhaca mise riamh roimhe a leithid. Cha robh de dh' eagail an t-saoghail orm ach gu 'm bristinn feadhainn dhe na soithichean a bh' air mo bheulaobh. Ach ged a bha pailteas dhe gach biadh a b' fhearr na chéile air a' bhòrd, cha mhòr a ghabh mise dheth. Air a shon sin, phàigh mi glé dhaor air son a' bheagain a ghabh mi. Bheirinn mo mhionnan nach dh' ith mi luach sia sgillinn dhe 'n bhiadh, agus b' fheudar dhomh mo leth-chrun geal a phàigheadh air a shon!

Bha rud eil' ann a chum mi o bharrachd dhe 'n bhiadh a gabhail, agus b' esin, mar a bha m' aire air a togail cho mòr le boirionnach a bha mu m' choinneamh air an taobh eile dhe 'n bhòrd. Tha mi 'faicinn fiamh gàire air do ghnùis, a charaid; is dòcha gu 'm bheil thu 'smaointean gu 'n do ghabh mi tlachd dhi. Is fhada uam a ghabhadh e. Ged a bhithinnsa 'nam sheann fhleasgach, agus mi cho toileach pòsadh ri mac màthar a tha beò, cha ghabhainn i ged a gheibhinn dèich mìle punnd Sasunnach leatha. Cha robh innte ach té chutach, ghollach, reamhar. Cha robh maise sam bith oirre a b' urrainn domhs' fhaicinn; ach air a shon sin, cha teid i as mo chuimhn-sa ri mo bheò shaoghail. Gun fhacal bréige, dh' ith i a' cheart urad ri ceathrar dhe na fir a bh' aig a' bhòrd. Saoil thusa nach robh eagal ormsa mu dheireadh gu 'n spraidheadh i. Ma 's e sid seòrsa 'bhios gu tric a' gabhail an turuis air na bàtaichean, cha 'n 'eil ioghnadh ormsa ged a dh' fheumas na stiùbhardan leith-chrun iarraidh air son a h-uile béidh a dh' itheas iad. Is fhad o 'n a chuala mi am facal, "Diolaidh coireach no neo-choireach." Agus tha amhrus agam gur e sid a thug air an stiùbhard an aon uiread iarraidh ormsa 's a dh' iarr e oirrese, ged a dh' ith i 'sheachd uiread rium.

An uair a bha sinn a' gabhail na tì feasgar, thug mi an aire mhath nach suidhinn m' a coinneamh air son rud sam bith. Chaidh agam, air an aobhar sin, air mo dheadh thì a ghabhail, agus bha mi glé fheumach oirre.

An uair a thainig an t-àm dhuinn a dhol a laidhe, chuireadh a steach mi do sheòmar beag cho grinn 's cho glan 's a chunnaic mi riamh. Bha dà leabaidh ann—té os cionn té mar gu 'm faiceadh tu sgeilpeannan ann am preasa. Chaidh Seumas a steach do 'n t-seòmar so comhladh rium gus rud no dhà sònruichte a bh' anns an t-seòmar a leigeadh fhaicinn domh, agus thuirt e rium gu 'm b' fhearr dhomh a dhol a laidhe do 'n té 'b' ìsle dhe na leapannan, air dhòigh 's nan tachradh dhomh car a chur dhiom air an oidhche, agus tuiteam am mach as an leabaidh, nach fhaighinn leagadh mòr.

Bha 'n leaba dìreach mu 'n aon fhad 's mu 'n aon leud rium fhin, agus an uair a shuidhinn innte bhiodh mo cheann a' bualadh ann an ùrlar na leapadh a bh' as mo chionn.

Ged a chaidh mi laidhe, cha b' ann gu cadal. Bha 'n leaba cho cumang, agus bha 'n seòmar cho annasach 's nach robh norradh a' tighinn air mo shùil. Mu dheireadh thainig rudeiginn de dhùsal cadail orm; ach an uair a bhi air thuar tuiteam ann an cadal trom, chuala mi 'bhith 'fosgladh dorus an t-seòmair. Chuir fear a cheann a steach, agus thug e sùil thall 's a bhos air feadh an t-seòmair, agus an uair a thug e 'cheann air ais, agus a dhùin e 'n dorus, chuala mi e 'bruidhinn, agus dh' aithnich mi gur e Sasunnach a bh' ann, oir cha robh mi ach gann a' tuigsinn aon fhacal dhe na bha e 'g ràdh.

"Tha mi 'n dòchas," arsa mise rium fhein, "nach tig am fear ud a chadal do 'n t-seòmar so." Ach mu 'n gann a leig mi am facal as mo bheul, thainig e steach do 'n t-seòmar, agus thòisich e ri cur dheth 'aodaich.

Cha do mhi-chòrd a choltas rium idir; ach dh' aithnich mi gur e Sasunnach a bh' ann. Cha robh e fada 's an leabaidh an uair a thuit e 'na chadal. Ach ma chaidil esan, cha do chaidil mise. Bha srann aige a chuireadh eagal air dearg mheirleach. An dràsta 's a rithist shaoilinn gu 'n robh e gus a bhith air a thachdadh. Thòisicheadh an t-srann beag an toiseach, agus beag air bheag bhiodh i 'sìor dhol na bu mhò, gus mu dheireadh an robh an anail aige stad. Bha mi 'n dùil an toiseach nach fhaigheadh e 'anail tuilleadh; agus bha fior eagal orm gu'm faigheadh e bàs anns an leabaidh as mo chionn. Eadar a h-uile rud a bh' ann cha d' fhuair mi norradh cadail.

An uair a shoilleirich an latha dh' éirich mi, agus chaidh mi suas an staidhre. Bha madainn anabarrach briagh' ann, agus bha sealladh math ri fhaicinn aig an àm, oir bha sinn a' seòladh troimh na Caoil-Bódach.

An uair a bha 'bhraiceist deiseil, thainig am fear caol air an d' thug mi iomradh mar tha, a nios an staidhre, agus glag aig 'na laimh g' ar cuireadh thun a' bhéidh, agus a dh' innseadh na fìrinn dhut, theab e mo bhòdhradh leis a' ghleadhar a thug e air a' ghlag.

Ghabh mi mo bhraiceist glé mhath, oir bha acras gu leor orm an déigh na caithris agus na rinn mi de spaisdearachd air bòrd; agus ged a phàigh mi mo dhà thasdan air no na dh' ith mi, cha robh mo shùil na dhéigh.

Bha mi glé shunndach an déigh mo bhéidh, agus bha greis de chomhradh taitneach agam ris an sgiobair chòir, ri mo charaid Seumas Mac-an-Tòisich, agus ri tuathanach còir a bha 'gabhail a thuruis mar a bha mi fhin. Agus bha mi 'n dùil nach robh mi-fhortan sam bith gu tachairt dhomh gus an ruiginn. Ach cha b' ann mar sin a bha.

An déigh dhuinn a dhol seachad air Bòid agus air Arainn, bha mi 'nam sheasamh faisge air fear dhe na crainn, agus mi 'g amharc air fear dhe na seòladairean a bha 'dol suas a chur bhearnais air a' chrann àrd. Bha mi 'gabhail ioghnaidh leis cho subailte 's a bha e, agus mar a bha e 'laimhseachadh a' chrogain agus na brush a bha 'na laimh. Thuit a' bhrush as a laimh, agus chaidh mise, mar nach d' iarr am fortan orm, a thogail na brush gus a sìneadh dha, agus direach an uair a thog mi mo cheann an déigh dhomh a' bhrush a thogail, a nuas a ghabh an crogan anns an robh a' bhearnais, agus dhòirt na hb' ann mu m' cheann 's mu m' ghuaillean, agus theabas mo bhàthadh as mo sheasamh. Thachair gu 'n robh àireamh dhe 'n luchd-turuis faisge air an àite anns an robh mi, agus chluinneadh tu mìle air astar an lasgan gàire a rinn iad an uair a chunnaic an t-òineadh anns an robh mi. Chruinnich iad mu 'n cuairt orm, agus an aon dréin ghàireachdaich air a h-uile aon dhiubh. Bha mi ann an sid agus faileas asam o mhullach mo chinn gu bonn mo choise mar gu 'm faiceadh tu ròn a bhiodh an déigh tighinn am barr. Agus ged a bha mi glé dhiùmbach dhe na daoine 'bha sìor ghàireachdaich mu 'n cuairt orm, cha b' urrainn domh gun a bhith gàireachdaich cho math riutha fhein.

Ach cha ghabh e innseadh cho dorannach 's a bha mi an uair a chunnaic mi gu 'n robh mo dheadh dheise air a milleadh. Cha robh guth ri ràdh o nach do spadadh mi far an robh mi 'nam sheasamh. Na 'n do thachair gu 'n do bhuail earradh a' chrogain orm ann am mullach mo chinn, bha mi air tuiteam marbh gun sgrid air an dec. Ach dìreach mar gu 'n càireadh

lamh duine ann e, chaidh an crogan 's na bh' ann mu chrùn na h-aide mu m' cheann. Bhrùchd a' bhearnais sìos mu m' ghuaillean, air mo chulaobh, agus air mo bheulaobh, agus mu 'n do tharr mi sealltainn ugam no uam, bha strùth asam gu m' shàilean.

Thainig an tuathanach còir air an d' thug mi iomradh mar tha far an robh mi, agus thuirt e rium gu 'm feumadh na daoine do 'm buineadh am bàta mo dheadh dheise 'phàigheadh dhomh, o 'n a bha e air a shuidheachadh le lagh na rioghachd gu 'm feumadh a h-uile maighstir pàigheadh air son call sam bith a dheanteadh le coireannan a luchd-muinntir.

"Ach, cia mar air an t-saoghal," arsa mise, "a theid mise ann an làthair criosduidh anns an òineadh so? Cha leig mo nàire leamsa, ged nach 'eil annam ach duine bochd, mi fhin a nochdadh ann am fianuis mo chàirdean agus struth is faileas asam mar a bhios as na caoirich agaibh fhein an uair a bhios sibh 'g an tumadh."

Thòisich a h-uile duine riamh a bha 'nan seasamh mu 'n cuairt orm ri gàireachdaich an uair a chual' iad so. Agus thug mi 'n aire aig an àm, gu 'n robh an Sasunnach mòr a bha 'na chadal anns an t-seòmar comhladh rium an oidhche roimhe sid, a' falbh o dhuine gu duine mar gu 'm biodh e 'g iarraidh airgid orra. Cha robh duine thun an rachadh e nach robh 'fosgladh a sporrain agus a' toirt bonn airgid dha. Cha do smaoinich mi idir gu 'm b' ann air mo shon fhin a bha e 'cruinneachadh an airgid. Shaoil mi gur ann a bha e 'cruinneachadh an airgid air son cuideachadh a dheanamh leis na bantraichean 's na dilleachdain a dh' fhàg na saighdearan treuna 'leig sios am beatha 'cogadh air son an righ agus an dùthchadh ann an Africa, agus shuidhich mi 'nam inntinn fhin gu 'n tugainn dha tasdan no dhà dhe 'n bheagan a bh' agam 'nam sporran. Agus an uair a chuir mi mo lamh ann am pòcaid na briogais gus an sporran a thoirt aisde, bha mo phòcaid làn bhearnais.

Anns a' cheart àm bha 'm bàta dlùth air a' chidhe ann an Grianaig. Thainig mo charaid, Seumas Mac-an-Tòisich, agus an tuathanach còir a dh' ainmich mi mar tha, far an robh mi, agus thuirt iad rium gu 'm feumainn a dhol gu tìr comhladh riutha gus an deise 'bha iad a' dol a cheannach dhomh a chur umam.

"Ma ta, 'dhaoine còire," arsa mise, "thigeadh e dhomhsa 'bhith anabarrach fada 'n 'ur comain, agus tha mi ann an sin; ach cha deachaidh ball aodaich riamh fhathast mu m' dhruim

ach aodach a rinneadh air clòimh mo chuid caorach fhìn, no, a cheannaich 's a choisinn mi fhìn agus mo theaghlach, agus cha 'n 'eil mi 'smaointean gu 'n téid. Cha robh mi latha riamh o 'n a chaidh mi ann an ceann togail teaghlaich cho math air mo dhòigh 's a tha mi 'n diugh. Ach bha mi 'smaointean, gun teagamh sam bith gu 'n iarrainn oirbhse le chéile a dhol comhladh rium do bhùth taillear agus a dhol an urras orm air son deise gus an ruig mi suas Glasacho, agus pàigheadh Domhull an deise cho luath 's a ruigeas a' chunntais e."

Thuirt na fir a beul a chéile gu 'n robh so ceart gu leòr. Cha robh 'n corr m' a dheidhinn. Cho luath 's a rainig am bàta 'n cidhe, chaidh sinn gu tìr, agus ma chaidhidh, cha robh sinn fichead slat suas o 'n chidhe an uair a bha cho math ri ceud pearsa 'n ar cuideachd, agus uiread a dh' ioghnadh aca dhiomsa 's ged bu mi Iompaire na Tuirce.

Mu dheireadh rainig sinn bùth mhòr, agus thugadh mise steach do sheòmar-cùil far an do chuir mi dhiom na bha salach dhe m' aodach. Agus an uair a nigh 's a ghlan mi na bha salach dhiom, fhuaradh deise dhomh o làr gu mullach a bha freagarrach gu leòr dhomh, agus a bha pailt cho math ris an deise 'bh' orm roimhe. Thill mi air ais do 'n bhàta; oir chuir mi romham gu 'm faicinn sealladh de Chaisteal Dhunbreatunn, anns an dol seachad. Bha mòran de ghrìd an t-saighdear annam gu nàdarra; agus tha mi 'g innseadh dhut le fìrinn, a charaid, gu 'm bithinn cho toileach air a dhol gu ruig 'Africa a chogadh ris na Bodharaich 's a bha mi air a dhol a chadal an oidhche bu sgìthe 'bha mi riamh.

An àm a bhith 'seòladh suas amhainn Chluaidh, bha iomadh sealladh taitneach ri 'fhaicinn. Mu dheireadh rainig am bàta cidhe Ghlasacho, agus bha Domhull, mar a gheall e, 'g am fheitheamh.

Dh' aithnich e anns a' mhionaid nach b' i an deise 'chuir e fhein g' am ionnsuidh a bh' umam; agus an uair a dh' fheòraich e dhiom ciod a thachair do 'n deise 'chuir e dhachaidh gu m' ionnsuidh, thuirt mi ris gu 'n innsinn sid dha an uair a bhiodh àm barrachd ùin' agam. Agus rinn mi sid.

An uair a ràinig sinn an taigh anns an robh Domhull a' fuireach—agus b' e sid an taigh mòr, briagha gu dearbh: cha 'n 'eil fhios ciod e am fad no 'n àirde 'bh' ann—bha biadh gu leòr deas air ar coinneamh, agus gu cinnteach ghabh mi na thainig rium dheth cho sunndach 's a rinn mi riamh.

Bha fhios aig Domhull gu 'n robh mi trom air a' phìob, agus an uair a chuala bean an taighe, am boirionnach còir, gu 'n robh so mar so, thug i cead dhomh mo dhiol smocaidh a dheanamh anns an t-seòmar.

An uair a thainig àm a dhol a laidhe, chuireadh mi do sheòmar cho grinn 's cho glan 's a chunnaic mi riamh. O 'n a bha mi air dhroch cadal an dà oidhche roimhe sid, chaidil mi cho trom ris a' chloich gus an robh e ochd uairean 's a' mhadainn.

An uair a ghabh sinn ar biadh, thog sinn oirnn, agus dh' fhalbh sinn do 'n 'Exhibition.' Ged a bha iomadh dorus air an aitreimh mhòir ud, thuirt Domhull gu 'm b' fhearr dhuinn a dhol a steach air an dorus mhòr. Agus bha mi fhin glé thoileach so a dheanamh, gu h-àraidh o 'n a chuala mi gu 'n robh iomhaidh an righ anns an talla 'bha faisg' air an dorus.

Cha robh fhios agam ciod a theirinn an uair a chaidh mi steach. Stad an dà shùil shuas agam an uair a sheall mi mu 'n cuairt orm. Cha 'n 'eil mi 'creidsinn gu 'm b' urrainn togalaichean bu bhriagha na sid a bhith air talamh nam beò. Cha 'n 'eil mi idir a' tuigsinn cia mar a b' urrainn do mhac peacaich a leithid a dheanamh.

"Sin agad iomhaidh an righ, 'athair," arsa Domhull, 's e comharrachadh am mach iomhaidh a bha 'cheart cho àrd ri crann soithich.

"Cha 'n urrainn gu 'm bheil an righ cho mòr so," arsa mise; "cha chreid mise gu 'n robh Samson no Goliath, ged a b' ainmeil na daoin' iad, cho mòr so. Chunnaic mise dealbh an righ, agus cha robh mi 'smaointean gu 'n robh e na bu mhò na daoin' eile."

"Cha 'n 'eil an righ cho mòr ris an iomhaidh so idir; ach chunnacas iomchuidh an iomhaidh dheanamh mòr a chum gu 'n tàirneadh i aire dhaoine na b' fhearr," arsa Domhull.

Ghabh sinn a steach air dorus eile, agus chaidh sinn sios ceumannan staidhreach, agus thuirt Domhull gu 'm b' fhearr dhuinn sealladh fhaotainn air na togalaichean an toiseach mu 'n rachamaid a steach a dh' fhaicinn nan ioghnaidhean a bha 'nam broinn. Thuirt mi ris nach robh agamsa ach a bhith 'g a leantail fhein ge b' e taobh a rachadh e.

Tha mise 'g ràdh riut gu 'm b' fhiach do dhuine a dhol air astar mòr a dh' fhaicinn nan togalaichean fhein, gun ghuth a thoirt air na h-ioghnaidhean a bha ri 'm faicinn annta. Bha h-uile ceum dhe na rathaidean cho grinn 's cho glan 's ged nach seasadh duine riamh orra. Bha iad comhdaichte le

moroghan briagha, mìn, geal. Bha na togalaichean glé neocholtach ri 'chéile, araon ann am meudachd, agus ann an cumadh. Agus bha 'n àireamh bu mhò dhiubh air an deanamh de dh' fhiodh, agus bha iad air am peantadh anabarrach briagha leis a h-uile dath a th' anns a' bhodha-fhrois, agus le iomadh dath nach 'eil idir ann.

Chaidh sinn ceum math air ar n-aghart, gus mu dheireadh, an uair a chaidh sinn tarsuinn air drochaid no dhà, an d' rainig sinn rud ris an canadh iad 'water-shute.' Chuir an obair a bh' aca ann an so oillt orm. Bha aite cas air a dheanamh—gun fhacal breige, bha e cheart cho cas ri cliathach taighe—agus bha iad a' tarruinn bhàtaichean beaga suas air dhòigh éiginn gu mullach an àite so. Bha na daoine 'direadh suas mar an ceudna, agus an uair a shuidheadh iad anns na bàtaichean, bha na bàtaichean air an leigeadh sìos air an toil fhein do 'n amhainn, agus an uair a bha iad a' bualadh anns an uisge cha mhòr nach robh iad a' dol as mo shealladh fo 'n uisge. Agus, rud iongantach, cha robh boinne dhe 'n uisge 'bualadh air duine dhe na bh' anns na bàtaichean. Bha Domhull air son mise 'thoirt do 'n àite chunnartach ud; ach cha rachainn ann dha ged a bheireadh e dhomh baile Ghlasacho as a ghrunnd.

Bha àite cunnartach eile glé fhaisg' air an àit' ud, ris an canadh iad 'Switchback railway.' Cha do stad Domhull, agus an companach grinn, còir a bha comhladh ris, dhe mo choiteach gus an d' thug iad orm a dhol ann. Cha robh e cho mi-nàdarra ris an àit' uamhasach air an d' thug mi iomradh mar tha. A dh' aon chuid, bha fhios agam nach rachadh mo bhàthadh. Agus a bharrachd air a sin, thug mi 'n aire gu 'n robh callaid air gach taobh dhe 'n rathad a chumadh daoine gun dol leis a' bhruthach ged a thuiteadh iad dheth. Coma co dhiubh, chaidh mi steach do 'n charabad chaol, chorrach ud, agus an uair a thug am fear a bha 'na sheasamh aig a cheann ùpag dha, thug e cruinn leum as, agus dh' fhalbh e. Tha mi 'g ràdh riut gu 'n robh mi 'n dùil gu 'n robh mi leitheach rathaid a dh' ionnsuidh an t-saoghail thall. Bha e 'cheart cho luath a' dìreadh bruthaich 's a bha e 'tearnadh bruthaich. Bha mi 'nam shuidhe eadar Domhull agus an gille còir eile a bha comhladh ruinn, agus rinn mi gréim bàis orra. Tha iad fhein ag ràdh, ma dh' fhaodar geill a thoirt do na their iad, gu 'n robh mi 'g ùrnuigh àird mo chlaiginn. Cha 'n urrainn domhsa 'ràdh nach fhaodadh gu 'n d' iarr mi gleidheadh an Uile-chumhachdaich; agus is mise dh' fheumadh e aig an àm ud.

Gun dàil sam bith choisich sinn air ar n-aghart gus an d' rainig sinn togail mhòr, bhriagha a bha air an taobh eile dhe 'n amhainn. "Theid sinn a steach an so, a Ruairidh," arsa companach Dhomhuill, "agus gheibh sinn deur beag de mhac na braiche. Cha mhisde sinn taobh air thaobh beagan eòlais a chur air an déigh na chunnaic, na chuala, agus na dh' fhairich sinn."

"Tha mi glé dheonach," arsa mise. "Tha mi 'g am fhaireachadh fhin glé lag an déigh an eagail a ghabh mi."

Chaidh sinn a steach, agus bha àireamh mhath a staigh romhainn. Shuidh sinn ann an àite air leith leinn fhin, agus mu 'n do tharr sinn suidhe thainig fear caol, àrd, dubh far an robh sinn agus dh' fheòraich e ciod a bha dhìth oirnn. Dh' innis Domhull dha. Bha deise bhriagha dhubh air, agus bha stoc beag, caol, geal mu 'amhaich, agus bha brollach geal air sìos gu beul na duilleig. Is e cota biorach a bh' air cuideachd.

"Is e coltas ministear a th' air an duin' ud," arsa mise.

"Is e sin a th' ann cuideachd," arsa Domhull 's e 'caogadh.

"Co ris a tha thu 'caogadh, a laochain," arsa mise, agus mi 'n déigh amhrus a ghabhail gur ann a' magadh orm a bha e.

"Tha mi 'caogadh ris an nighinn bhòidhich, ghlain ud an taobh thall dhe 'n bhord," ars' esan.

"Ma ta, ma ghabhas tu mo chomhairle-sa sguiridh tu dhe 'n obair sin. Air do shon fhein, agus air son na h-ighinn—agus gu fìrinneach, ceart, bha i cho bòidheach 's cho sgiobalta ri té chunnaic mi riamh—ma bi ri magaireachd sam bith; oir, mar a tha 'm facal ag ràdh: 'Is minic a thainig fior á fanaid.'" Bha mi 'n dùil tuilleadh chomhairlean a thoirt air na gillean, ach thainig am fear caol, dubh ugainn le pailteas dhe gach biadh is deoch a b' fhearr na chéile, agus chaidh stad air a' chomhairleachadh aig an àm. Cha robh cabhag sam bith oirnn gu eirigh o 'n bhòrd. Bha mise car sgìth, agus bha na gillean coma ged chuireadh iad seachad greis dhe 'n uine far an robh iad.

Chaidh sinn an sin a dh' amharc nan ioghnaidhean; agus, a mhic chridhe, b' e na h-ioghnaidhean iad! Cha 'n 'eil mi 'creidsinn gu 'n robh uiread de rudan iongantach ri 'm faicinn riamh roimhe cruinn, cothrom, comhladh air aon làthrach. Ged a bhithinnsa cho foghluimte agus cho geur-chuiseach ri mac màthar a sheas riamh ann am bròig leathair, cha b' urrainn domh trian dhe na chunnaic mi innseadh dhut, ged a bhithinn a' bruidhinn gu cionn mhìos. Chaidh mo

cheann na bhoil leis na bha mi 'faicinn de rudan iongantach. Ach sheas mi greis mhath ag amharc air na bha de bheairtean-innleachd [machinery] ann. Chuir an t-inneal clò-bhualaidh iongantas anabarrach mòr orm. Tha mise 'g ràdh ruit gur e bh' ann gnothach ro mhìorbhuileach. Sheas mi greis mar an ceudna far an robh iad a' deanamh nan rudan-milis, agus far an robh iad ag obair air deanamh nan 'cigarettes,' seòrsa tombaca cho beag tail agus brìgh 's a chunnaic duine riamh. Bu cheart cho math leam a bhith 'smocadh a' mhuill ri bhith 'g a smocadh.

Ach feumaidh mi ràdh nach fhaca mi dad bu mhò a thug de thoileachadh dhomh na na rudan iongantach agus feumail a thainig á Canada, á Australia, agus á New Zealand. Bha 'n t-òr a tha iad a' faotainn ann an 'Clondyke' 'na chnapan ann an sid mar a chladhaicheadh as an talamh e.

Bha mòran de bheairtean-fighe dhe gach seors' ann, agus thug mi greis mhath air an amharc.

Ged a bha mi 'fàs sgìth le bhith cho fad' air mo chasan, thuirt Domhull gu 'm b' fhearr dhuinn a dhol a dh' amharc nan dealbhannan, agus 'na dhéigh sin, gu 'n rachamaid dhachaidh.

Dhìrich sinn suas staidhreachan gu leòr gus mo dheireadh an d' rainig sinn na seòmraichean a b' àirde 'bh' anns an taigh. Bha àireamh mhòr de dhealbhannan briagha 'n crochadh ris na ballachan; ach feumaidh mi ràdh nach do thog iad, briagha 's mar a bha iad, a' bheag dhe m' aire-sa co dhiubh. Bha iad tuilleadh is lionmhor ann gus m' aire-sa thogail. Ach bha m' aire glé mhòr air a togail leis na bh' anns an taigh de dhealbhan snaidhte. Bha iad, tha mi 'smaointean, air an deanamh de dh' umha, de dh' iarunn, agus de chloich. Agus, rud nach do chòrd rium idir, bha iad uile dearg-rùisgte.

Ach co dhiubh, bha sinn a' coiseachd air ar socair fhin o sheòmar gu seòmar, agus ma 's math mo chuimhne, bha feadhainn dhe na h-iodhalan so anns a h-uile seòmar. Agus thug mi 'n aire gu 'n robh àireamh mhath dhe 'n t-sluagh a bh' anns na seòmraichean—araon fìrionnaich agus boirionnaich—a' seasamh mu choinneamh nan iodhalan, agus a' gabhail beachd orra gu dlùth. A nis, cha do chòrd so idir rium. "Is ann a tha 'chùis coltach, 'illean," arsa mise, "gu 'm bheil mòran dhe 'n t-sluagh a' deanamh aoraidh do na h-iodhalan balbha so. Biomaid a' grad fhalbh as a' so. Cha bu chòir do dhuine a rainig an aois a rainig mise comunn sam

bith a chumail ri daoine 'bhiodh a' deanamh iodhol aoraidh ann-dligheach."

Rinn na gillean glag gàire; agus thuirt Domhull: "Tha mi cinnteach, 'athair, gu 'm bheil sibh a' fàs sgith. Ach tha aon ioghnadh eile ann a dh' fheumas sibh fhaicinn mu 'm falbh sinn."

"Ciod e 'n t-ioghnadh a tha 'n sin?" arsa mise.

"Tha," ars' esan, "bean Lot."

"Bean Lot!' arsa mise.

"Seadh," ars' esan.

"Cia mar," arsa mise, "a b' urrainn daibh a toirt an so? Tha Sodom, a réir mar a chuala mise, glé fhad' air falbh as a' so. Agus a bharrachd air a' sin, is e carragh salainn a bh' innte, agus a dh' aindeoin cho cruaidh gu 'm bi an salann, cha 'n 'eil e furasda ghiùlan air astar fada gun a bhristeadh."

"Feumaidh sibh a thoirt fa near, 'athair," arsa Dumhull, gu 'm bheil iomadh dòigh ro iongantach aca air rudan a dheanamh anns an àm so."

"Tha mi coma," arsa mise, "ged a chithinn sealladh dhith, ged is e fìor dhroch bhoirionnach a bh' innte. Is fhad' o 'n a leugh mi m' a déidhinn."

Chaidh sinn sìos an staidhre, agus ann an oisinn leith dhorcha dhe 'n t-seòmar, bha iomhaidh boirionnaich; agus thug mi 'n aire gu 'n robh i mar gu 'm biodh i 'g amharc air na nithean a bha air a culaobh. Ach bha 'n iomhaidh car òg agus maiseach leam air son boirionnaich aig an robh oghachan aig an àm 's an d' rinneadh carragh salainn dhi.

"Cha chreid mi gur e so bean Lot idir," arsa mise; "tha i ro òg agus ro bhriagha leam; ach gu cinnteach tha e glé choltach gur e salann a th' innte."

"Feumaidh sibh a chuimhneachadh, 'athair," arsa Domhull, "gu 'n robh na boirionnaich a bh' ann o shean 'nam boirionnaich ro bhriagha, agus gu 'n robh iad a' cumail an dreach agus an coltais gus am biodh iad anabarrach sean."

"Tha mi 'g aontachadh leat anns a' phuing-sin," arsa mise; "ach bidh fhios agamsa gun dàil an i bean Lot a th' ann."

Gun tuilleadh a ràdh, ghabh mi null, agus thòisich mi ri mo theanga chur oirre an àite 's an àite feuch an e salann a bh' innte. Thòisich na gillean ri gàireachdaich an uair a chunnaic iad an obair a bh' agam. Chruinnich na daoine 'bh' anns an t-seòmar mu 'n cuairt oirnn an uair a chual' iad a' ghàireachdaich. Agus an sin thàinig fear le cabhaig far an robh mi, agus rug e air ghualainn orm, agus thug e crathadh math orm.

"Ciod e," ars' esan, agus e 'bruidhinn rium ann an Gàilig, "an obair a th' ort mar sin. Theid do chur an laimh air son d' obrach. Bi falbh an so comhladh riumsa."

"Gu 'n sealladh am fortan oirbh, a dhuine chòir," arsa mise, "cha d' rinn mise cron sam bith, agus cha robh 'nam bheachd cron sam bith a dheanamh. Thuirt mo mhac fhin rium gur e so bean Lot, agus bha teagamh agam nach robh e 'g innseadh na fìrinn dhomh. Bha mi air son a' chùis a dhearbhadh, agus chaidh mi, agus chuir mi mo theangadh oirre ann an àite no dha feuch an deanainn am mach an e salann a bh' innte. Sin agaibh na rinn mise de chron, agus shaoilinn nach deanadh an lagh greim orm air a shon."

An uair a chual' e so, thòisich e ri gàireachdaich. Agus an sin thuirt e gu 'n robh e an aghaidh riaghailtean an àite do dhuine sam bith beantail ri dad a bh' anns na seòmraichean. Rug e air laimh orm gu cridheil, agus dh' fhalbh e.

Bha car de thàmailt orm air son mar a thachair, agus thuirt mi ris na gillean, nach robh e ceart dhaibh a bhith 'dheanamh culaidh-mhagaidh de sheann duine bochd, aineolach mar a bha mise. Cha duirt mi 'n corr riutha; ach chuir mi romham nach fhanainn na b' fhaide anns an 'Exhibition' an lath' ud.

Cha leigeadh companach Dhomhuill am mach sinn gus an gabhamaid cupa tì comhladh ris. Chaidh sinn a steach do thaigh briagha, agus fhuair sinn tì mhath, agus bhiadh math leatha. Agus an sin dh' fhalbh mise agus Domhull dhachaidh ann am beul an anamoich.

Eadar an sgìos a bh' orm, agus an dragh a ghabh mi air son mar a rinneadh culaidh-mhagaidh dhiom, cha robh sunnd sam bith orm gus a bheag de chomhradh a dheanamh ri Domhull. Chaidh mi 'laidhe gu math tràth, ach ma chaidh, cha b' ann gu cadal. Bha gnothaichean bean Lot a' cur dragh gu leòr orm gus an do chuimhnich mi gu 'n robh mi fhin òg roimhe, agus gu 'n robh mi 'nam spriolag cho aimlisgeach agus cho math gu culaidh-mhagaidh a dheanamh de dhaoin' eile ri fear a bha beò. Thuirt mi rium fhin gur ann uam fhin a thug Domhull an nàdar magail a bh' ann, agus nach bu chòir dhomh a bhith cho diùmbach dheth 's a bha mi. Mu dheireadh chaidil mi gu trom gus an robh e naodh uairean 's a' mhadainn.

Shuidhich mi fhin is Domhull gu 'n rachamaid a dh' amharc air seana charaid is fear-eòlais a bha 'fuireach air taobh eile na h-aimhne. Rainig sinn àite a bha beagan

astair o 'n taigh anns an robh Domhull a' fuireach, agus chaidh sinn sìos air staidhre gus an d' ràinig sinn an 'train.' Shuidh sinn innte. Cha do thachair dhomhsa ceisd sam bith a chur air Domhull mu dheidhinn an rathaid a bha sinn gus a ghabhail, oir cha robh sunnd comhraidh orm an lath' ud.

Tiotadh an déigh do 'n 'train' falbh thuirt Domhull: "So agaibh, 'athair, an rathad fo 'n talamh. Tha sinn an dràsta fhein, tha mi 'deanamh dheth, dìreach fo 'n amhainn."

Dh' fhairich mi m' fheoil a' dol air chrith, agus m' fhalt ag éirigh o m' cheann, agus thuirt mi ris: "Cha stad thu gu bràth, a laochain, gus an cuir thu as mo chiall mi. Ciod e am fios a th' agad nach tig toll air grunnd na h-aimhne, agus nach tig a h-uile deur dhe 'n uisge shalach a th' innte a nuas m' ar cinn mu 'm faigh sinn gu aghaidh na talmhainn. Cha 'n 'eil dad a dh' iarraidh agam a bhith air mo bhàthadh; ach ma 's ann le bàthadh a thig crìoch air mo bheatha, b' fhearr leam gu mòr a bhith air mo bhàthadh air muir na 'bhith air mo bhàthadh ann an uisge salach air tìr."

Gu fortanach rainig sinn ar ceann-uidhe gun bheud sam bith; agus bha mi glé thoilichte an uair a chunnaic mi aon sealladh eile de dh' aghaidh na talmhainn.

An déigh dhuinn an latha 'chur seachad gu cridheil, sunndach ann an taigh mo charaid, thill sinn anamoch feasgar. Ach gabh sinn an 'tram.' Agus gu dearbh is e inneal-giulain cho fìor iongantach 's a chunnaic mise riamh. Bha Domhull ag ràdh rium gu'n robh e air a chur air falbh leis an dealanach. Ach ma tha sin fìor, is e gnothach iongantach a th' ann. Bha cho math ri dà fhichead pearsa air bòrd ann, agus cha chuireadh tu uidhireachd gu 'n robh punnd de chudam aig ri ghiùlan. Bha rud mar gu 'm biodh stiùir giomaich 'na stob air a' mhullach aige, agus e 'n ceangal ris na sreanganan a tha air an sìneadh gu teann air tarsuinn, agus air fad, nan sràidean air am bheil an 'tram' a' ruith. Bha fear 'na sheasamh air a thoiseach, agus fear eile air a dheireadh gus a bhith 'g a stiùireadh agus a' cur stad air.

"A nis, 'athair," arsa Domhull, an uair a bha sinn aig ar biadh anns a' mhadainn an là-iar-na-mhàireach, cha teid sinn do 'n 'Exhibition' gu feasgar. O 'n a tha mise 'falbh dhachaidh comhladh ribh 's a' mhadainn am màireach, tha rud no dhà agam ri cheannach gus an toirt dhachaidh leam thun mo mhàthar, agus theid sibhse comhladh rium. Ged a dh' fhàgainn an so sibh, cha bhi sibh ach a' gabhail fadachd. An uair a thig am feasgar tha sealladh briagh ri 'fhaicinn

anns an ' Ehibition '; bidh rud ris an can iad ' fireworks ' ann an nochd, agus bu mhath leam gu 'm faiceadh sibh e.

Thuirt mi ris gu 'n robh mi toileach gu leòr deanamh mar a bha e 'g iarraidh. Bha fìor thoil agam sealladh fhaotainn dhe na bùithean mòra, briagha 'bha cho lionar ann an Glasacho. Agus ged a bha ioghnaidhean gu leòr ri 'm faicinn anns an ' Exhibition,' cha b' iad na bha ri fhaicinn de luach airgid anns a' bhaile dad bu lugha chuir a dh' ioghnadh orm. Ach cha ruig mi leas teannadh ri innseadh dhut, oir chunnaic tu 'leithid roimhe.

Chaidh sinn feasgar do 'n ' Exhibition,' agus cha robh sinn fad' ann an uair a thòisich na ' fireworks.' Agus ma thòisich chaidh an cridhe air chrith agam. Chluinneadh tu fuaim mar gu 'm biodh urchair gunna, agus an sin chitheadh tu rud anns na speuran mar gu 'm biodh meall teine 'bristeadh as a chéile, agus shaoileadh tu gu 'n robh e 'dol a thuiteam a nuas air cinn nam mìltean air mhìltean de shluagh a bha cruinn aig an àm. Thig gaoir 'nam fheòil fhathast an uair a smaoinicheas mi air an t-sealladh uamhasach ud. Ach an àite 'bhith gabhail eagail, is ann a bha 'n sluagh gun mhothachadh a' bualadh bhas ris, agus a' deanamh iolach aoibhneis a chluinnteadh mìle air astar!

Ged a dh' fhalbh tomhas dhe 'n eagal dhiom chuir an sealladh a bh' ann gu smaointean glé mhòr mi. Thuirt mi rium fhin, gu 'm b' fheudar gur ann rudeiginn coltach ris an t-sealladh ud a bha 'n sealladh a bh' ann an Sodom 's an Gomorrah an oidhch' a fhrasadh teine agus pronnusg a nuas o nèamh orra. Ar leam gu 'n robh mi 'faireachadh fàileadh a' phronnuisg far an robh mi 'nam shuidhe.

Mu dheireadh thainig crioch air an obair eagalaich ud, agus dh' fhalbh sinn dhachaidh. Ach mu 'n d' fhuair sinn am mach troimh 'n dorus, theabas na h-aisnichean agam a chur air a chéile leis mar a bha 'n sluagh 'g am dhomhlachadh.

Thill mi dhachaidh gu math moch 's a' mhadainn an là-iarna-mhàireach leis an 'train'; oir chuir mi romham nach fhaigheadh fear a' chrogain bhearnais an ath chothrom air mo dheadh dheise mhilleadh orm. Agus o 'n a bha Domhull comhladh rium, cha robh eagal no éis sam bith orm.

Rinn mi dìchuimhn air aon rud innseadh dhut; agus ged a tha fhios agam gu 'm bheil thu 'gabhail fadachd nach 'eil mi 'cur crioch air mo naigheachd, feumaidh mi innseadh dhut, agus is e sin, cho mi-thoilichte 's a bha mi dhe 'n cheòl a bh' aca anns an ' Exhibition.' Ged a bha Domhull, agus a

h-uile duin' eile a chuala mise 'bruidhinn m' a dheidhinn 'g a mholadh, cha do chòrd e riums' idir. Neo-ar-thaing nach robh an luchd-ciùil a' deanamh fuaim gu leòr; agus is dòcha gu 'n robh an ceòl air còrdadh math gu leòr riumsa na 'n robh mi comasach air a thuigsinn. Tha sean-fhacal ann a tha 'g radh: "Ciod e am math a th' air pìob mur a seinnear i." Agus tha mise 'g ràdh: Ciod e am math a th' air ceòl mur a tuigear e. B' fhearr leamsa aon phort a chluinninn o dheadh phìobaire mar a bha Domhull bàn mac Eoghainn, na na chuala mi fad na h-ùine 'bha mi anns an 'Exhibition.' Ach cia mar a b' urrainn an luchd ciùil ceòl ceart a sheinn an uair a bha h-uile mac màthar dhiubh a' sìor leughadh leabhair fhad 's a bha iad a' seinn? Mar a tha 'm facal ag ràdh: "Cha 'n urrainn duine a' mhin itheadh agus an teine 'shéideadh aig an aon àm." Na 'n cuireadh tu fichead rodan, agus fichead cat, agus fichead cù, agus fichead searrach comhladh ann an aon chrodhaidh as nach fhaigheadh a h-aon aca 'mach, dheanadh iad, an uair a thòisicheadh iad ri leum air a chéile, ceòl a cheart cho taitneach ris a' cheòl a chuala mise. Dh' fhairtlich air an fhear a bh' air ceann an luchd-ciùil an cumail aig rian. Bha e 'na sheasamh air am beulaobh, agus slatag bheag bhuidhe aige 'na dhorn, agus bha 'fhallus 'g a dhalladh leis na bha e 'deanamh de mhaoidheadh orra. Chunnaic mi fhin e 'tiormachadh 'fhalluis uair no dhà le 'neapaiginn pòcaid. Ach thuirt mise rium fhin gu 'm b' fhearr dha gu mòr deadh chuaille trom de bhata daraich a bhith aige 'na dhorn, agus buille mhath a thoirt do gach fear nach gabhadh a chomhairle. Na 'm b' ann agamsa bha riaghladh a' ghnothaich, bhiodh mala ghorm air iomadh fear dhe 'n baoghairean mòra, bronnach a bha séideadh nan trùmpaidean buidh' ud, agus mur seinneadh iad ceòl ceart, chuirinn a h-uile mac màthar dhiubh gu ruige Taigh Iain Ghròt an Gallaobh.

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*13th FEBRUARY, 1902.*

At this meeting the following were elected members of the Society, viz.:—Sheriff Grant, Inverness, life member; and Miss M. A. Mackintosh of Mackintosh, 37 Melville Street, Edinburgh; Mr Erskine Beveridge, Dunfermline; Mr James F. Souter, Commercial Bank, Inverness; Mr Donald Grant, M.A., Royal Academy, Inverness; Mr John Urquhart, Uig,

Skye; and Mr A. Morrison, 16 Union Street, Inverness, ordinary members. Thereafter Dr Alex. Macbain, Inverness, read a contribution, which was entitled "Place-Names of Inverness-shire."

## PLACE-NAMES OF INVERNESS-SHIRE.

The county of Inverness can boast neither of symmetry nor of compactness. It sprawls westwards across the northern neck of Scotland through Skye, diving again under the sea to re-appear as the far-west sea-bank of the Outer Hebrides. One thing it can boast of, however, among the Scottish counties: it is the largest of them. Its area of 4232 square miles—a square land-piece of 65 miles per side—is unsurpassed by any other county in Scotland. And once the Sheriffdom of Inverness extended still further. In the twelfth centry it comprehended all the country north of the Grampians, but the thirteenth century saw the rise of the shires of Elgin, Nairn, and Cromarty. For four hundred years thereafter, however, the Sheriffdom of Inverness included Ross, Sutherland, Caithness, and part of Argyle. The present Sheriffdoms of Argyle, Sutherland, and Caithness were constituted in 1631-3 and Ross in 1661, the latter three being pure dismemberments, so to speak, of Inverness Sheriffdom. The county of Inverness was thus finally formed in 1661 curiously by a process of subtraction, but it has kept its then acquired bounds ever since, with certain small adjustments. The irregularity of its northern borders from Harris to Beauly is due to the Mackenzie influence in 1661; that family wanted the clan estates to be all in Ross-shire. A scientific frontier was, therefore, out of the question.

The history of Inverness county is nearly as sporadic in its character as the county itself. There is a separate story for the Isles, a second one for the west coast mainland (Garmoran), and a third story to tell of the province of Moray portion of the county. It is really a great pity that the old province of Moray itself was not made a county—a pity historically, for it was an ecclesiastical and almost a political unit. It included all Inverness east of the Drumalban watershed or east of Lochaber, and comprehended also the shires of Nairn, Elgin, and part of Banff. Macbeth's family province of Moray further included Easter Ross, disputed with the Norsemen, and its sway at times (11th century) extended over Banff and Buchan, as we can see from the Book of Deer. In the twelfth century

the old Earls of Moray were suppressed, and native thanes, with incoming Normans, began to take their place (early 13th century); the coast began to be planted with burghs. The great family of Cumming rose to power in Buchan, and early in the 13th century they acquired Lochaber and Badenoch. The Earldom of Moray was again restored by Bruce and given to Randolph, his nephew, inclusive of Lochaber. The Church also occupied vast and valuable property in Moray, but the after history of the Moray portion of Inverness concerns the rise of the Gordons and their struggles with the Earls of Moray and the native clans, and scarcely bears on the place-names, which by this time were mostly fixed. The West Coast portion of Inverness-shire, north of Morvern, and extending to Glenelg —that is, Moydart, Morar, and Knoydart—was called 'Garbh-mórbhairne,' in 1343 Garwmorarne, the 'Garmoran' of the historians. It and Lochaber formed part of North Argyle, which once extended to Lochbroom. Garmoran belonged to descendants of Somerled of the Isles, a side branch (junior) to the Clan Donald. The heiress of Garmoran married John of Isle in the 14th century, and the property came to the Clanranald branch of the Macdonalds. The Outer Hebrides belonged to the Norse, and therefore to the King of Man and the Isles; but after 1263, the date of the overthrow of the Norsemen, Skye and the Long Island fell as his share of the booty to the Earl of Ross. Forfeiting them in the wars of David II. and Edward Balliol, he recovered only Skye, the outer isles going to his rival, the Lord of the Isles. The Island Lord next century succeeded also to the Earldom of Ross, sometime after Harlaw. This Prince therefore held (say) about 1450, through himself or his kin of Clanranald, all the Outer Hebrides, Skye and its adjacent islands, Garmoran and Lochaber (inclusive of Glengarry). Glenelg belonged to his vassal, Macleod of Harris. On the breaking up of the Lordship of the Isles (1475-1495), the local chiefs came to the front —Macleods of Harris and Glenelg, also of Dunvegan, Macneills of Barra, Camerons of Lochaber, and the numerous but powerful branches of Macdonald—Clanranald (Garmoran and Uist, with the Glengarry branch further east, soon to succeed in Knoydart another set of Macdonalds), the Clan Hugh of Sleat, whence the present Lord Macdonald, and the disinherited, because illegitimate, Maçdonalds of Keppoch, in Brae Lochaber, whose lands were given to Mackintosh. The after history of these clans does not concern our subject; the place-names with which we have to deal were already given by the

clans, tribes, and races which had successively possessed the land prior to the 15th century.

The earliest Celtic nation that established itself in Scotland was the Pictish. They found before them another race or two, one of which was fair and square-headed, and the other dark and long-headed. The Celts arrived in their iron age, possibly in 600 B.C. The language spoken by the previous inhabitants is unknown; the Picts spoke a dialect of Celtic near akin to the Welsh. Some Inverness county names bear out this fact. The test letter between the Brittonic and Gadelic or Gaelic branches of old Celtic is the letter 'p'; old Gaelic had no letter 'p,' and modern Gaelic developed native 'p' within the last five or six hundred years; the many borrowed 'p's' in Gaelic do not here count. Gaelic 'cuid' is in Welsh 'peth' (for older 'pett'), a thing; this is the Pictish 'pet' or 'pit,' a possession or farm—in short, the Gaelic 'baile' in meaning. Here Pictish and Welsh show 'p' as against Gaelic 'c,' which so far, proves Welsh and Pictish closer allied than Gaelic and Pictish. The 'pits' or 'pets' in Inverness-shire are not now so numerous as once they were. We have still Pityoulish (Abernethy), Pitchirn (Rowan-ton) and Pittowrie (Alvie), and Pitmean (Middleton, Kingussie), and Pettyvaich (Byre-ton), in Kiltarlity. Balmaglaster of Glengarry was formerly Pit-maglaster or Pittenglassie. Several are obsolete—Pitkerrald (St Cyril's Croft) in Glen-Urquhart, and Pitchalman and Pitalmit in Glenelg. Then there is Petty, the parish name, which simply means the 'land of farms' or 'pets.' 'Pet' or 'Pit' has given way to its equivalent in meaning, 'baile,' for two good reasons —the word, first, like 'aber,' was getting obscure, as not fully introduced into the ordinary vocabulary; and, second, it got mixed up with another word of nearly like sound but obscene meaning. This especially has driven it out.

Another test word is 'aber,' a confluence; the Gaelic is 'inbhir' or 'inver' (root 'ber': 'in-fer'); the Gaelic 'abar,' now obsolete, having meant a 'marsh' (root of 'tobar'). The Pictish 'aber' ('ad' or 'od' and root 'ber': 'ad-bear,' 'out-bear') had two dialect forms—'aber' and 'ober'; the latter alone has survived in modern names as spoken in Gaelic—Obair-pheallaidh (Aberfeldy), Obair-readhain (Aberdeen), etc. Inverness-shire shows five or six of these 'abers'; Abertarf, or Mac Vurich's old Gaelic Obair-thairbh, so named from the Tarf or 'Bull' river; Aberarder (Laggan and Daviot), Gaelic, Obair-ardair, seemingly 'high-water'; Aberchalder (Glengarry), where Calder appears, a name common in Pictland. It

is first applied to water, the root is 'cal,' sound, and the rest seems pure termination '-ent-' and '-or,' the former a participial suffix, the latter an agent one, the whole river name being *Calentora. The name is undoubtedly Pictish. With it may be compared the Gaulish river names Calarona, Callus, and Calla. The fourth name is Abriachan: in 1239 this was Abirhacyn, and in 1334 Aberbreachy. Seemingly the streamlet entering Lochness here must once have been called the Briachan, the stream having now no real name; the curtailed phonetics reminds us of Arbroath from Aberbrothock. Abernethy, a name repeated in Fifeshire, is in Gaelic Obair-neithich, in 1239 Abyrnithy; the river is the Neithich. This has been equated with the Nith of Southern Scotland, which Ptolemy records as the Novios or 'Fresh' (nuadh) stream, Welsh, 'newydd.' This would make the Pictish phonetics exceedingly Welsh and somewhat modern; but it is the best derivation offered.*

Two other words come to Gaelic from the Pictish, and are included in the ordinary vocabulary. These are 'dul' or 'dail,' 'a plain of fallow land, especially by a river-side,' and 'preas,' 'a bush,' but in place-names, 'a brake.' The word 'dul' or 'dail' is exceedingly common as a prefix; as a suffix it shows the genitive 'dalach,' both in ordinary speech and places called Ballindalloch. The word does not appear in Irish, ancient or modern; but it is clearly allied to the similarly used word of similar meaning, W. 'dôl,' pl. 'dolydd, Corn. and Bret. 'dol.' Many place-names in Wales and Cornwall bear this prefix. The Perthshire parish name Dull, G. Dul, bears it in its naked simplicity, and the form 'dul' is the usual one along the Great Glen, especially in Glen-Urquhart and Glen-Moriston. The modern spelling, however, is almost always 'Dal-' in these last cases. The Wardlaw MS. (17th century) always writes 'Dul-', however. The root seems to be 'dul,' and therefore not allied to Eng. 'dale' or Norse 'dalr'; but it is likely allied to the root 'dul,' bloom, as in Gaelic 'duilleag.'

* Dr Henderson ("Celtic Review" I., 200) records a local saying, which, if not a comparatively modern "fake," is at least interesting—"Tha na Neithichean a' tighinn," which he translates—The nixies are coming, when the river comes in spate. He derives the modern word from a Pictish 'neit,' further 'nict' or 'nect,' pure, washed, root 'nig,' English 'nixie' a kelpie. The phonetics of 'pet' is against the aspirating of 't' in 'neit' and the allied word Nectan, Pictish Naiton, remains in place-names still as Neachdain (Dunachton), and as the personal name Neachdan. The Gaels, however, often assimilated Pictish phonetics to their own.

The word 'preas' is not common in place-names; in the county we have it in Preas-mucrach (Badenoch), 'Pig-brake place.' The Welsh word allied is 'prys,' brake, evidently allied to the W. 'perth,' brake, whence the names Perth, Logie-Pert, Larbert, Partick, etc. The root, which is 'qr,' is that of G. 'crann,' W. 'pren.'

Pictish influence may be seen in the common use of names rare or practically non-existent in Irish: 'monadh,' hill, as in Monadh-liath; 'blàr,' a plot, free space of ground—Blairour, 'Dun-plain' ((Lochaber), Blàr-léine—so M'Vurich—(Battle of Léine, 1545), at the upper end of Loch Lochy; 'allt,' a burn, Aldourie, from the 'Dourag' burn, while Dourag itself is from 'dobhar,' water; 'beinn,' a hill or ben, Irish 'beann,' not much used in Irish place-names as compared to Gaelic 'beinn' or 'ben'; 'càrn,' a hill, cairn, which Welsh also is fond of for names of hills, though not used in Ireland similarly —Cairn-gorm, Geal-charn, and others very numerous; 'coire,' a corry or kettle—Corry Mhadagain, the 'doggie's corry,' a use of 'coire' "scarcely known in Ireland" (Reeves); 'srath,' a strath, also a common Welsh and rare Irish word. The word which shows most departure from Gaelic use is 'both,' a house, but used in Pictland for 'baile.' It finds an especial development in Inverness county, particularly along the valley of the Great Glen—Bunachton, for Baile-Nectain or Nectan's 'baile'; Bochrubin, from old 'crùibin,' a paw, a bent-back hill; Boleskine, in 1227 Buleske, from 'both-fhlescáin, 'town of the withes,' from 'flesc,' a rod; Bolin (Glengarry), 'flax-town'; and Bohuntin (Lochaber), where 'hunndainn' stands for 'conntainn,' a confluence.

The use of 'ràt,' apparently for 'ràth,' a 'fortified residence' originally, in Strathspey and Badenoch, has also to be noted. The Welsh has the word 'rhath,' a clearing or open space, which seems to be the same word, and which Professor Rhys regards as borrowed from Gaelic. The exact extent of the use of 'rat' in Pictland has not yet been considered, but on the analogy of Rothiemurchus, we might claim all the names in Rothie-, as Rothiemay. Raith in Fife, which certainly looks like the form that Pictish 'rat' would assume, is claimed for Scotch 'wreath,' a pen, as are the several other names of like form. The matter is considered further on under Rothiemurchus.

The first writer who gives any name bearing on Invernessshire is Tacitus, who mentions the Caledonians, and the geo-

graphers represent them as extending into our county. Despite some difficulties in the classical form of the name Caledonia on the score of its phonetics not according with the root—that given being 'cald,' the root of 'coille,' English 'holt,' nevertheless the name Dunkeld and its Gaelic Dùnchailleann seem amply to prove that the classic Caledonia means really as the poet said, 'land of the woods'—the Caledonians being the 'Woodlanders.' * Tacitus also records another famous name, Graupius, which has been misused in MSS., and appears most often as Grampius, whence comes the popular form Grampian. Tacitus meant some hill or hillock near Blairgowrie, but mediæval imagination could fancy that nothing less could do justice to this great battle than the Grampian hills as a background and place of retreat. The root of Graupius is 'grup' or, rather, 'gruq,' and means 'hooked,' much as some hills are called 'sockach,' snouted. Ptolemy, the Geographer of 120 A.D., mentions the Vacomagi as the tribe inhabiting the 'laigh' of Moray; the name divides as Vaco-Magi, the latter part being 'magh,' a plain, the whole seemingly 'Dwellers on the plain.' The name is lost. His name for Spey is Tvesis, which seems to have been an attempt at pronouncing Pictish initial 'sp,' which in old Gadelic would be 'sqv,' and in Welsh 'chw'—a troublesome sound. Dr Whitley Stokes explains Spey as Pictish, from the root 'sqe,' as in 'sgeith,' vomit, the Scotch 'spate,' Welsh 'chwyd,' vomit. The name appears to mean the 'spatey, vomiting river,' and it has the reputation of being the swiftest of our large rivers. The Spean, on these terms, would stand for 'Spesona,' another stem of the same root. The Varar Estuary of Ptolemy answers to the Beauly Firth, and the River Farrar ideally suits the phonetics. The root may be 'var,' crooked. The Island Sketis, or better Skitis, which Ptolemy places about 70 miles north-east of Cape Orkas (Dunnet Head), is probably the Isle of Skye misplaced, a view which commends itself to Muller, Thomas, and Stokes. The latter says that it is "the wing-shaped Island of Skye; Norse, 'Skídh'; Irish, 'Scii' (dat. case, date 700, in 'Annals of Ulster'), Adamnan, 'Scia'; gen., 'Sceth' (date 667 in 'Annals

* Dr Stokes separates the old Gaelic Caillen or Calden from the Classical Caledonius, with its long *e* between *l* and *d*; and the Welsh forms old and new (Celidon, Celyddon) are certainly derived from the classical form, while the English form Dun-keld shows the Welsh phonetics. The question is whether the Classical form represents the real original; if so the roots of Caillen and of Caledonia are not the same.

of Ulster'), 'Scith' (Tigernach, 668); means wing, Ir., 'sciath,' 'sciathan.'" Dr Stokes' derivation is the one usually accepted; the Norse 'Skídh,' which is possibly influenced by 'folk-etymology,' means a 'log,' 'firewood,' 'tablet,' and is allied to another Gaelic word, 'sgiath,' a shield. It is interesting to note that the Dean of Lismore refers to the island as 'Clar Skeith'—the Board of Skith, thus showing that the Norse name of the island was remembered and translated by 'Clàr.' More modern bards have used the expression Clàr Sgith in regard to Skye. Thus Rory MacVurich in his elegy on Macleod (published in 1776) says—

"Dh' fhalbh mo lathaichean éibhinn
O'n thréig sibh Clàr Sgithe."

In another on John, Sir Rory's son—

"'S e 'n Clàr Sgith an Clàr raibh sgith."

The earliest charter and record forms of the name Skye are Skey (1292), Sky (1336), and Ski in the 'Manx Chronicle.' Adamnan's 'Scia' shows no trace of 'th.' The root is Celtic 'ski,' cut, slice, and the whole means the 'indented isle.' The root 'ski' is still the basis of Gaelic 'sgiath' and Norse 'skídh.'

Ptolemy's tribes in ancient 'North Argyle' were the Creones, Cerones, and Carnonacae. The roots 'cer,' 'cre,' 'car,' are here much to the front, and the roots generally mean 'broken,' rough.' Carnonacae especially recalls 'càrn,' a cairn, a favourite name in the district as Càrn, Càrnan, and Càrnach; to which may be added the Carron, the 'rough' river, *Carsona. The title Hebrides, as applied to the Western Isles, appears first in Hector Boece's 'History of Scotland.' It is a copyist's blunder for the classical Hebudes or Haebudes, the name given by Pliny to a group of the Western Isles, 30 in number, he says. Ptolemy calls the Western Isles the Eboudai, or Ebudae, five in number, of which two are named Ebuda. This made some writers attempt to identify the two 'Uists' with the two Eboudae, but the phonetical difficulties here are too great; besides, the name Uist is, as Prof. Munch said, simply the Norse word 'í-vist,' a habitation. It has lately been conjectured that Ebouda stands for the Greek article ('e' or 'æ'), plus Bouda or Boudda, or later Bódda, and is really the old Pictish name of Bute. This would give that island name the meaning of 'Victoria Isle.'

Adamnan, Abbot of Iona, who died in 704, has left us in

his 'Life of St Columba' the most important document that we possess bearing on the ancient history of our country. He has recorded seven or eight names belonging to Inverness county. Passing over his Dorsum Britanniae or Drum-Alban, which means the watershed of Argyle and Perth, continued northwards also past the Great Glen, we have the names 'Nesa' or Ness, 'Scia' or Skye, 'Egea' or Eigg, 'Airchartdan' or Urquhart, 'Artdamuirchol' or Ardnamurchan, 'Sale' or the river Shiel there, 'Aporicum Stagnum' or Lochaber, and, lastly, the river whose Latin name is 'Nigra Dea' (Black Goddess) in Lochaber. The river Ness is mentioned four times, three times as 'Nesa' and once (in the genitive case) as 'Nisae.' We learn also a lesson in topography from Adamnan —'a 'cute ould observer,' as an Irishman would call him— Lochness he calls the 'Lake of the River Ness'; and it is almost invariably true, however large the loch or small the river, that the loch is named after the river which drains it. In addition to this, the river also names the glen through which it flows; and we shall instantly find that the proud Ben Nevis is named after the humble nymph who once in pagan Pictish days ruled over the destinies of the Nevis stream. The name 'Ness' is, of course, Pictish; and we need not look at modern Gaelic as exactly possessing the name in this form. We must have recourse to roots: 'Nesa,' of Adamnan, points to Celtic 'Nesta' and a root 'ned,' which we find means 'water,' 'wet,' German 'netzen,' to wet, 'nass,' wet, root 'nod,' Sanskrit 'nadi,' river. In old Greece there was the river Neda, and in Thracia the Nestos, which is practically the 'Ness.' But we may go farther; in Ireland they had a heroic personage called Ness, mother of the famous demi-god king Conchobar Mac Nessa, who was, as can be seen, metronymically named. There are indications in the legends that Ness was really a river goddess of pagan Ulster—her son Conchobar was born on a 'leac' by the river-side; and, if so, we may regard the Pictish 'Nessa' or 'Ness' as either the same goddess or her Pictish cousin. The Celts were great worshippers of rivers or wells. Gildas before 600 thus refers to the native worship of the early Britons:—"Nor will I invoke by name the mountains themselves and the hills, or the rivers, to which the blind people then paid divine honour." One text represents Gildas as including the fountains in the above enumeration, and we have in Ausonius (circum 380 A.D.), the Gaulish poet, an invocation to "Divona, fons addite divis," that is, "Divona, fountain dedicated to the Gods"; for the name

meant 'Goddess,' and is the same as appears in the Ptolemaeic name for Aberdeen—Devana, which is still the Gaelic name of the river Don (Dian or Deathan), and which still abides in the '-deen' of Aberdeen. The river name 'Dee' also means 'Goddess'; and we see from Adamnan that a river in Lochaber was called 'Nigra Dea' or Black Goddess. Adamnan also mentions as in or on the Dorsum Britanniae the Lake of Loch-dae, and it has been well conjectured that Loch-dae is the Gaelic or Pictish of 'Nigra Dea,' for 'lóch' means 'dark' and 'dae' means 'Goddess.' In short, the river meant is the Lochy in Lochaber. There are at least four other rivers of this name: Lochay, entering the west end of Lochtay; Lochy in Glenorchy, entering the Orchy above Dalmally; Lochy, or Burn of Brown, which acts for a short distance as the boundary of Abernethy parish and Inverness county, and which joins the Avon at Inverlochy near Kirkmichael; and Lochy with Glen-Lochy at the head of Glenshee.

We may, however, suspect more river names to have been 'Goddess' river names. This is undoubtedly the case with the 'Earns,' of which we have at least three or four; the Perthshire Earn, the Inverness-shire Findhorn, or White Earn, and the Banffshire Deveran or Doveran (oldest charter form, Duffhern), or Black Earn; and there is the Earn of Auldearn. The Earn of Strathdearn is called in Gaelic 'Eire,' and its genitive is 'Eireann,' the same in pronunciation as the name for Ireland, and it is the same name as the name 'Erin' of Ireland. 'Eire' was one of the last Tuatha-de-Danann queens of Ireland, to which she left her name; she was, in short, one of the last pagan female deities worshipped in Ireland. Ptolemy calls Ireland 'Ivernia,' and the Celtic form of the name is restored as 'Iverjo,' or, possibly, a pre-Celtic 'Piverio' (stem 'Piverion), which has been equated with the Greek land-name of Pieria, famed as the haunt of the muses. The root, in that case, would mean 'rich, fat,' and would scarcely apply to a river name. Adamnan's Evernilis, for 'Irish,' makes the whole matter doubtful, and at present we must confess ourselves beaten to explain the name Eire or Eireann—"another injustice to Ould Ireland"?* I am inclined to include with

* The root 'pi' means both "fat" and "drink," "water," "flow," and is no doubt the ultimate root of these 'erin' names, a stem 'pi-vo' intervening, which is found in the Gaelic name of Iona, that is I, older Eo, Ii, Hii, from nom. 'Piva,' loc. 'Pivi.' The rivers Esk, Ptolemey's Iska, are from *pid-ska, root *pid*, *pi-d*, spring, well, Grk. *pid-ox*, fountain. So likely Islay and Isla are from *, *i-la*.

these Goddess names also the name Nevis, the local Gaelic of which is 'Nibheis.' This points to an early Pictish form—'Nebestis' or 'Nebesta,' the latter possibly. The root 'neb' or 'nebh' is also connected with clouds and water, and gives us the classical idea of Nymph, root 'nbh'—the fairies of Greece and Rome. The nymph Nebesta, then, gave her name to, or found her name in, the River Nevis, which gave its name to Glen-Nevis, and it again to the famous Ben, which again renders Inverness-shire unique, not merely among Scottish, but among British counties, in having as one of its glories the highest hill in Britain. Lochnevis also lends proof to the argument that Nevis really denotes water originally. There was a river in ancient Spain called the 'Nebis,' now 'Neyva,' which may also show the root.

Before leaving the river Ness and the other 'Goddess' rivers of the district, I have to explain that there is another and more popular, possibly more poetic, derivation of the name Ness than the one I have offered. Once upon a time, the story goes, the Great Glen which now lies under the waters of Loch Ness was a beautiful valley, filled with people and plenty. In the bottom of the vale was a spring of magic virtue, but there was a 'geas' or taboo connected therewith. Whenever the stone on the well was removed and the water drawn, the stone had immediately to be replaced or else something dreadful was to take place. One day a woman came to the well, leaving her child playing on her hut floor; but while at the well she heard the child scream as if it had fallen into the fire. She rushed to the house to save her child, and forgot to replace the stone over the well. The well overflowed at once, and soon filled the long valley. The people escaped to the hills, and filled the air with lamentations, crying "Tha 'loch nis' ann; tha 'loch nis' ann"—there is a 'lake now' there. The lake remained, and from that agonised cry is still known as 'Loch-Nis,' or 'Lake-Now.'

Four other names in Adamnan still remain for us briefly to discuss—'Egea,' 'Aporicum,' 'Artdamuirchol,' and 'Airchartdan.' His 'Egea' Insula is the island of Eig, the 'g' of which we should expect to be aspirated now-a-days, but here, as in the Ptolemaic Ebouda for Bute and Adru for Ben Edair (Howth), the double sound of the consonant is not brought out in the old spelling. 'Egea' is for 'Eggea,' and now it is in Gaelic 'Eige,' old Gaelic genitive 'Ega' or 'Eca.' It is glossed or explained in a mediæval MS. as 'fons' or fountain; but the name really seems to be the modern Gaelic 'eag,' a notch.

The island is notched, and so appears in approaching it. There is another 'Egg' island, off Glenelg, like in appearance. The Aporicum Stagnum or Stagnum Aporum—that is, the 'Aporic lake' or 'lake of Apors'—it is twice mentioned—is, of course, Lochaber. It is usual to regard the 'aber' here as the Pictish prefix denoting 'confluence,' and, no doubt, 'Loch of the Confluence' of the Lochy with the Linnhe Dhubh ('Black Pool or Sea-loch')—Loch Linnhe—is possible; but the Gaelic 'aber,' a marsh, seems really to be the origin of the name, especially in view of Adamnan's plural 'Aporum' or 'Abers.' 'Loch of the Marshes,' therefore, is the meaning of Lochaber. Fortunately tradition supports this view, for, according to it, the original Loch-aber was a lakelet in the Mòine Mhór—the Large Moss—near the mouth of the river Lochy. Artdamuirchol or Artdaib Muirchol is described as a 'rough and stoney district'; it is known still as the Garbh-chrìochan, and in the old charters we saw it was called Garmoran or Garbh-Morvern or 'Rough Morvern'—Morvern itself being in older Gaelic 'Na Morbhairne' (genitive). In 1475 the records spell the name as Morvarne; it cannot be 'Mór Earrainn' (Great Portion), as often explained, or 'Mór-Bheannaibh'; it is rather 'Mór-bhearna,' 'Great Gap or Hill-pass.' Coming back to Artdamuirchol, the predecessor of Ardnamvrchane (1515), or now Ardnamurchan, we can easily divide the word into 'arda' or 'ardaibh' (accusative and locative plural of 'ard,' high, height), and 'muirchol.' This last Bishop Reeves explained as 'Sea-hazel.' 'Muir,' sea, undoubtedly forms part of the word. There is no personal name of the form 'Mur-chol'; so that Dr Reeves is probably right in his 'hazel' derivation. The river name Sale or Shiel comes from the root 'sal,' seen in 'seile,' saliva. Lastly, we have Adamnan's Airchartdan, which, of course, is Glen-Urquhart, the older 'Wrchoden,' and the modern 'Urchadainn.' There is an Urquhart in Cromarty and another in Moray. The name is a compound: 'Air-card-an,' the first element being the prefix 'air,' on, beside. The second part, 'card' or 'cardan,' appears in the oft-repeated Kincardine. It is clearly Pictish, and as Welsh 'cardd' (older 'card') means 'brake,' we may take it that the Pictish means 'wood, forest, or brake.' Urquhart, therefore, means 'Woodside,' as Kincardine means 'Woodend.' Cf. Welsh name Argoed, for 'ar-coed,' 'At Wood.' The word 'cardden' is also found in Drumchardine, older Drumcharding (1514), the former name for Lentran.

Let us now glance at the county from an ecclesiastical standpoint. There are thirty-five parishes in Inverness-shire, some of which it shares with its neighbours. Inverness town is in the territorial parish of Inverness and Bona; Bona refers especially to the Dochfour end of the parish, and is supposed to mean the ferry there crossing the Ness, still called 'Bàn-àth' or 'White-ford.' In 1233 the parochial name was spelt Baneth, and two hundred years later Bonacht (for Bonath). The prefix 'cill,' the locative of 'ceall,' a church, appears in only four of the parishes, though it is otherwise common. 'Kil' in Scotland almost invariably prefixes a saint's name; it is the 'ceall' of some saint. There are two or three exceptions, and the first on our list is one of them: Kilmallie, Kilmalyn in 1296, Kilmale 1532, means the church of Màillie, but there is no saint of that name, and it cannot be, as is often supposed, a pet corruption of Màiri or Mary. All 'cills' delicated to St Mary are Kilmoires or Kilmuirs, Moire being the real old Gaelic for St Mary, the name Màiri being of late Scoto-French origin. In Kilmaillie parish is the river Maillie and Invermaillie; we have also Kilmaly (1536), or Culmaly (1512), and Culmalin (1471), as the old name of Golspie parish; the stream at Golspie appears to have no name save Golspie Burn, so that it may have been called Maillie. There is a Dalmally in Glenorchay, with an Allt-Maluidh running through it. There is Polmaly ('màilidh') in Glen-Urquhart, with Allt-Phuill running into it, which must have been Allt-maly. Màilidh is a stream name; in Ireland Máilli is a personal name; but further than this I cannot go at present. Killin, in Stratherrick, on Lochtayside, and at the upper end of Loch Garve, means 'White-church' ('cill-fhinn'), and is not, therefore, named after any saint any more than Kilmallie. In regard to the northern Killin there is the proverb—

"Cill-Fhinn, Cill-Duinn
'S Cill-Donnain—
Na trì Cilltean is sine 'n Alba."

Kilvaxter, in Kilmuir of Skye, means the 'cill' of Baxter, which got its name from the trade of somebody connected with it and the monastery of Monkstadt. Kilmore in Sleat means the Cella Magna or Great Church; there is a Kilmore in Glen-Urquhart. Kilmonivaig, Kilmanawik (1449), is the church of St Mo-naomhóc or 'my saint' Naomhan. Kilmorack, Kilmorok (1437), seems dedicated to a St Moroc; the name has

long puzzled ecclesiastical students, but the form Maworrock, a saint's name connected with Lecropt parish, at once suggests Mo-Bharróc, and we get the well-known St Barr or Barre, more fully Barrfinn or 'White-head.' There were several saints of the name, as also the name Finnbarr, the same name reversed, which was also curtailed to Barr, Findan, and Munn (Mo-Fhindu). The St Barr of Barra Isle was Finnbarr, whose day was on the 25th September. Moroc's day was the 8th November. Kilmuir, in Skye, means St Mary's Church, but the original name was Kilmoluok (1538)—Moluoc's or Lughaidh's Church, a favourite saint. Kiltarlity was in 1234 Kyltalargy, in 1280 Keltalaryn; the saint is a Pictish one—Talorgan, 'Fair-browed one.'

We have already discussed, in other connections, Abernethy, Ardnamurchan, Boleskine and Abertarff, Cawdor (under the name Aberchalder, Cawdor being Caldor in 1394), Petty, Uist, Barra (that is, Barr's 'ey' or isle, mixed Norse and Gaelic), and Urquhart. Ardersier is in its oldest form Ardrosser (1226); it seems to mean Ard-rois-ear, 'East-point-height,' as against Ros-marky opposite it. The present pronunciation is Ard-na(n)-saor, 'Carpenters' Point'; but 'saothair,' a promontory or passage covered at high water, has been suggested. This word is common on the West Coast. Taking the Skye parishes together, we find Bracadale spelt much the same in 1498—Bracadoll; the Gaelic is Bràcadale; the name contains the common term 'breac' or 'brac,' slope, almost of the same force as Gaelic 'sliabh,' and it comes from the Norse 'brekka,' a slope, English 'brink.' Sleat, in 1389 and 1401 Slate, comes from the Norse 'slétta,' a plain, 'sléttr,' level. It is the only decently level part of Skye. Strath is a curtailment for Strathordail; it is a hybrid of Gaelic 'Srath' and 'Sword-dale' or 'Sward-dale,' both Norse elements, usually Suardell in pronunciation. It is a very common name, this Swordale. Duirinish, in 1498 Dyurenes, stands for Norse 'Deer's ness or head.' It is the same as Durness in Sutherland. Snizort is Snesfurd in 1501; it possibly stands for Norse Snaesfiord or 'snow-firth.' Portree doubtless gets its name of King's Port' from James V.'s punitive visit to the Isles in 1540.

Alvie parish, about 1350 Alveth and Alway, presents a well-known name, which appears elsewhere as Alva, Alvah, Alves, and Alyth, which, save Alves, show an old form Alveth. It seems a Pictish stem 'alvo,' an extension of the root 'al,'

rock. Daviot is another old word evidently Pictish, for its old form Deveth (1206-33) is clearly the same as the British tribal name Demetæ of South Wales, now Dyfed. The root is 'dem,' sure, strong, Gaelic 'deimhin.' Croy and Dalcross formed an old parish. The former is from the adjective 'cruaidh,' hard. Dalcross is a corruption for what Shaw gives as Dealg-an-Ross or Dalginross, a name which appears in Athole and Strathearn. It means 'spit of the ridge or promontory,' for 'ros' can be used inland, as in Abernethy—Ruigh-da-ros, 'Shiel of the two points.' Dunlichity or Flichity is an alternate name for the parish; this is Flechate in 1560, and comes from 'flichead,' moisture, a derivative from 'fliuch,' wet. Dores, about 1350 Durrys, is in Gaelic Durus; this word meant in the old language 'a gloomy wood' (dubhras), an epithet that would well suit the Inverness-shire Dores, if only the phonetics were more satisfactory. The name is Pictish—its termination ('-as') favours this idea, and hence the root is 'dur,' strong—'a strong hold,' it seems to mean. It has also been taken to mean 'dorus,' a door or opening; the roots in any case are the same. There is a Durris in Banchory parish. Duthil, about 1230 Dothol, has been explained by Lachlan Shaw, the historian, as the 'tuaitheal' or north-side of Creag-an-fhithich, while the Deshar or 'deiseil' is on the south-side. This also is the local derivation, and it seems right enough. Glenelg, Glenhelk in 1282, means 'noble glen,' or, properly, the 'glen of the noble (elg) river.' The root 'elg' is also in Elgin. Kingussie, Kinguscy (1203-11), is in Gaelic Cinn-ghiùbhsaich, 'Head of the fir-forest'; 'cinn,' or 'kin,' as a prefix, is the locative of 'ceann.' Kirkhill, a modern name, comprises the old parishes of Wardlaw (Wardelaw in 1203-24, an English name, meaning 'Beacon-hill') and Farnua (Ferneway in 1238). The latter name means the 'place of alders' in Gaelic, and Shaw, who so explains it, adds that alders "abound there," which they have done till lately. Laggan is for Lagan-Choinnich or 'St Cainneach's hollow,' and in the old records it appears as Logynkenny (1239). The church was then up at the end of Loch Laggan. Moy is the locative of 'magh,' plain, and Dalarossie is in Gaelic Dail-Fhearghuis, the Dulergusy of 1224-42, the 'dale of St Fergus,' to whom the chapel there was dedicated. Rothiemurchus is in modern Gaelic Ràt-a-mhurchais, which in 1226 is just the same, Ratemorchus, beside Rathmorcus. The prefix 'ràt' is a common Gaelic one, confined, however, to Pictland; it might be con-

sidered an extension of 'ràth,' an enclosure or farm building, but whether the termination is due to Pictish influence or not can hardly be said; for in several cases 'd' ends local suffixes, both in Ireland and Scotland (Irish 'kealid' from 'caol,' and 'croaghat' from 'cruach'; Scotch Bialid in Badenoch, from 'bial,' mouth). In fact, 'ràt' takes the place of 'ràth' in Pictland; and beside it we may no doubt place 'rà'ig' or 'ràthaig,' as in Raigmore and Raigbeg of Strathdearn, although the old forms show here an internal 'v': Ravochmore; also Kil-ravock, which is now pronounced Kill-ra'ag. The main part of the word Rothiemurchus seems a personal name, possibly Muirgus, 'Sea-choice,' allied to Fergus and Murchadh. The local derivation here is Ràt-mhóir-ghiuthais, 'Rath of the big fir(s),' and is not to be despised on the score of phonetics, and certainly not as to the facts.

The island parishes, besides Skye, comprise the Small Isles and the Outer Hebrides. Only Eigg now remains to Inverness-shire. Muck (Eilean-nam-muc or 'Pig Isle'), Canna (Porpoise Isle, old Gaelic 'cana,' porpoise), and Rum (origin unknown) belong now to Argyle. St Becan, from 'bec,' 'beag,' little, seems to have died in Rum (gen. Ruimm) in 676, if we can judge what the Irish annals and martyrologies say correctly. Eigg has been already considered. So, too, have the Uists and Barra. Harris was in 1546 'Hary,' 1546 'Harige'; Dean Monro (1549) calls it 'the Harrey.' The Gaelic is 'Na-h-Earra,' which gave the English form 'the Herries' and Harris or 'the Harris.' There is Harris in Rum and Islay, Herries in Dumfries, and Harray in Orkney. It is usual to explain 'Na-h-Earra' as 'the heights,' and both in Harris and in Islay this admirably suits, but the Norse words, whence the name undoubtedly comes, cannot be easily fitted in. The Norse for 'high' is 'hár,' plural 'havir,' especially the comparative 'haerri,' higher ('The Higher Ground' as compared to low-lying Lewis).

The Church has supplied many other than purely parish names. Saints' names, generally with the prefix 'cill,' are abundant, and saints' wells, as well as saints' isles, are common. St Columba is first favourite, something like a score of places being connected with his name in such forms as Cill-cholumchille (Kilcolumkill) or Cill-choluim, Tobair-Cholumchille, and Eilean-Cholumchille; and Portree bay was named after him originally. The next in importance of dedication is the Virgin Mary; Kilmuir or Kilmory are the usual forms in

English of the name. There are two in Ardnamurchan, Kilmory and Kilvorie, Kilmuir in N. Uist, and Kilmuir in Skye as a parish, in Duirinish, with several other places. St Bridget, the 'Mary of the Gael,' has two or three Kilbrides in the county—as in Strath, South Uist, and Harris. St Maolrubha, older Maelruba, appears in place-names as Molruy, Morruy, and Maree (as in Loch-Maree). His centre in Scotland is Applecross; here he died in 721. He seems to have been a favourite in Skye; there is Kilmaree in Strath, and Cill-ashik was of old Askimolruy or 'Maelruba's Ferry'; Kilmolruy in Bracadale; and Ardmaree in Berneray. In Skye also Moluag or St Lughaidh has some dedications—Kilmaluock in Trottarness and in Raasay; there was a croft Mo-luag at Chapel-park, near Kingussie, whence the latter name. St Comgan is celebrated in Ardnamurchan and Glenelg—Kilchoan; and he was the special patron of the old Glengarry family. St Cuiminę the Fair, the 7th century biographer of Columba, seems to have been celebrated at Glenelg, Kirkton (Kilchuimen, 1640). But we have his name certainly in Cillchuimen of Fort-Augustus. St Donnan gave Kildonnan to Eigg and S. Uist. The Pictish saint Drostan, who is misrepresented as a pupil of St Columba's, was patron of Alvie; his chapel is still seen in ruins at Dunachton, and there is, or was, in Glen-Urquhart a croft named after him—Croit-mochrostan; and seemingly the patronymic M'Rostie (Perthshire) comes from Drostan under Lowland influence. Another Pictish saint was Kessoc, whose name at least is borne by the ferry of Kessock (Kessok, 1437). The name Kessoc or Kessan is from 'ces,' meaning 'spear' in Gaelic, but what it meant in Pictish it is impossible to say. Talargan, the Pict, had a 'kil' on the north of Portree bay, besides being the patron saint of Kiltarlity (Ceilltarraglan). Adamnan appears rarely; Tom-eunan of Insh is named after him, and a croft of his existed in Glen-Urquhart. Such names as Kilpheder, Kilmartin, Kilaulay (Olave), Kilchalman, Kilcrist (now Cillchrò, or 'pen kirk' in Gaelic, in Strath), Pitkerrald (Cyrill), and Kilmichael in Glen-Urquhart, Killianan (Finan) in Glengarry, Ardnamurchan, and Abriachan, and others can only be mentioned.

A most interesting ecclesiastical name is 'Annaid'; it occurs very often in Inverness county, from Killegray of Harris to Groam of Beauly. Achnahannet is common, and there are Teampull na h-Annaid, Clach na h-Annaid, and

Tobair na h-Annaid. It means in old Gaelic a patron saint's church; it is rare, however, in Ireland, and seems in Scotland to denote the 'locale' of the pioneer anchorites' cells—that is, their 'clachans' and little oratories, often away in a 'diseart' (Lat. 'Desertum') or desert (island or remote place, as in Upper Lochaber). The name clachan is common on the West Coast and in the Isles; it means, firstly, the monk's or anchorite's bee-hive stone cell—built where wood and wattle were scarce, so that on the eastern mainland there are no 'clachans.' The word developed into the meaning of oratory or kirk, and, from the cluster of 'clachans' making a monastic community, into 'village,' which is its only meaning in the Lowlands. There are three in Kilmuir (Skye), for example; one at least in N. Uist, which is counterbalanced by Kallin or Ceallan ('Kirkie') and Kirikibost ('Kirkton') there. 'Réilig' is now an old Gaelic word for church-yard, from Lat. 'reliquiae'; it appears in the Aird and near Beauly as Reelick and Ruillick (The Relict, 1584) respectively. 'Teampull' and 'Seipeal' (Chapel) give many names: Tigh-an-tempuill or Temple-House in Glen-Urquhart, and Pairc-an-t-seipeil (Chapel-park) in Badenoch, for example. The common name 'eaglais' is everywhere, but it rarely gives rise to a place-name in this county. The church officials, too have naturally left their mark: Balnespick is Bishop's-ton; Paible is from the Norse Papyli or Papa-byli, 'Pope or Priest's town,' a Gaelic Bail'-an-t-sagairt, and Pabay is 'Priest's Isle'; Mugstad or Monkstead of Skye is the half Norse representative of Balvanich in Benbecula, which is half Gaelic ('manach,' monk, from Lat. 'monachus'). In the same island is Nunton or Ballenagailleich (1549). There is no Appin in Inverness-shire —Abbacy or Abbey-land, but there is 'A' Mhanachainn,' the 'Monk-acy' (so to speak), the Gaelic name for Beauly, itself from the Lat. 'Bellus Locus' or 'Beautiful Place,' a name no doubt bestowed on it—and rightly—by the early 13th century monks.

We shall notice the District names not already considered, as we have considered Lochaber, Morvern, Strathdearn, etc. The Aird explains itself; it is the high ground of Kirkhill and Kiltarlity. Glenmoriston is a difficult name; the river, of course, gives the name, and it is usually explained as for 'Mór-easan,' 'river of great water-falls.' It is Pictish, no doubt, and points to a Celtic *Môr-est-ona. Stratherrick, the older Stratharkok and Stratharkeg, comes from the river

Farigag, which means 'lower-ravine' river (Gaelic 'far,' below, and 'gàg,' cleft). 'Far' is a common prefix in northern Pictland—Farleitir ('lower slope'), Farraline ('lower linn'), Farr ('lower place'), etc. Strathnairn derives its name from the Nairn River; this river name is Pictish, likely old Naverna, the same root and partial stem as we have in the Naver of Sutherland, Ptolemy's Nabaros. The root is 'nav' or 'snav,' flow, swim, Gaelic 'snàmh'; and we may compare the Welsh Nevern as a parallel form to Nairn. Badenoch is in Gaelic Bàideanach; the root is 'bàide,' submerged, from 'bàth,' drown. In Ireland there is Bauttogh in Galway, 'a marshy place,' and the river Bauteoge, running through swampy ground. Passing over Lochaber as already discussed, we come to the ancient lordship of Garmoran, the Clanranald land, bounded on the south by Loch Shiel and on the north by Loch Hourn, as the poet says in the Dean of Lismore's Book (1512)—

Leggit derri di vurn
eddir selli is sowyrrni

—"An end of merriment between Shiel and Hourn." Adamnan's Sale is the above Shiel, but the Sorn is a later name given by the Gael, who had by the time they reached it adopted the Latin 'furnus,' whence 'sorn,' a furnace, undoubtedly comes. Loch Hourn is 'Furnace Lake'—Loch-shuirn, which may be compared with the Lochalsh name Coire-na-Sorna, the one a masculine, the other a feminine genitive, both genders being shown in the early language, as is not uncommon in the case of a borrowed word. The lordship of Garmoran, to which Skene devoted an extraordinary chapter in his "Highlanders of Scotland," under the fancy that it was an earldom, and about which he is silent in "Celtic Scotland," comprised Moydart, Morar, and Knoydart. The name, spelt in 1343 Garwmorwarne, means 'Rough Morvern,' and Morvern means 'Great Passes'—Mór-bhearna; the modern Gaelic has adopted the name Garbh-chrìochan, or 'Rough-bounds,' instead. The Morvern further south may be regarded as adjacent, and perhaps part of the same name; if not, then it also is bisected well enough by its own 'bearn' or pass of Lochs Tacnis, Loch Arienas, and, we may add, Loch Aline, with their respective streams, to entitle it to a separate but singular Mór-bhearn. M'Vurich calls it in the gen. sing. fem. 'Na Morbhairne'; the oldest charter spelling is Morvern as now (1390), and Morvarne (1475). The name Moydart,

G. Mùideard, was spelt Mudeworth in 1343, Modoworth in 1372, and Mudewort in 1373. The name is difficult as to derivation; it is Norse by its ending '-ard,' '-ort,' which is for 'fjord.' Like Knoydart and Sunart, it likely comes from a personal name, here Mundi, and for the phonetics compare the island names Gometray and Hermitra, from Godmund and Hermund, and the personal name Tormoid from Thormund. Better still is the Throndof Trotternish, for comparison. Sunart, in 1372 Swynwort, and in 1392 Swynawort, is Sveinn's fjord; while Knoydart (Cnudeworth in 1343) stands for Knut's or Canute's fjord. Arisaig, in 1309 Aryssayk, is the Norse 'árós-vík,' the bay of the river mouth ('árós,' river-mouth, whence Aros, the place name). Morar was in 1343 Morware, Mordhowor, 1517 Moroyn, MacVurich's old Gaelic Móiróin and Martin's Moron, which last forms point to 'Mór-shrón' or 'Great nose' (promontory) as the meaning of the word; but Morar or Morwar stands for Mór-bharr, 'Great-point.' Glengarry takes its name from the river Gareth (about 1309). There is another Garry in Perth, and the Yarrow is the same name, while allied by root are the English rivers 'Yair' and 'Yare' (Yarmouth), and also the French 'Garonne,' Classic Garumna. The root is 'garu,' whence Gaelic 'garbh,' rough ('*garvo-). In Skye we have Trotternish, Waternish, and Minginish districts. Trotternish is in 1549 both Trouteruesse and Tronternesse, either with 'u' or with 'n' in the main syllable. MacVurich (17th century) gives the then Gaelic as 'Tróntarnis'; it stands for Norse 'Throndarnes' or 'Throndʼs Headland.' Waternish is the Icelandic 'Vatnsness' or 'Water-ness.' Minginish—Myngnes in 1498, Mygnes in 1511, and Myngynnes in 1549—contains the prefixed element 'ming,' which appears in the island names Mingulay and Mingay, and Mingarry, where in every case the Gaelic has no 'ng' sound at all. Mingarry is Mioghairidh (Mewar, 1493, and Meary, 1505, but Mengarie, 1496). The word here prefixed seems to be 'mikil,' 'great,' whose accusative is 'mikinn,' 'mikla,' 'mikit' in the three genders. Hence Minginish means Rudha-Mór of Gaelic, which it is.

The Norsemen, who held the Isles for some 450 years, have left a deeper impress on the place-names there than the Gael. Of the names usually printed on maps, in directories, or in Valuation Rolls for the Outer Hebrides, four are Norse to the Gaelic one; that is, the proportion is four-fifths Norse and one-fifth Gaelic. In Skye the proportion is not so heavily

against Gaelic; practically the two languages are equal. Of the names on the Valuation Roll, 60 per cent. are Norse as against 40 per cent. that are Gaelic. The coast-line of Garmoran is also considerably Norse, though nothing like the proportion in Skye; and as we go inland the Norse names get fewer. There are no Norse names in Lochaber; so we may conjecture that that district was free of the Norse yoke. Norse names abound in Easter as well as in Wester Ross, and they can be traced south to the Beauly valley, where we have Eskidale ('Ash-dale') and Tarradale in the Beauly district. Further south we do not find any trace of the Norse power in place names; nor is it likely that they ever had any conquest or sway south of Beauly, despite their own assertions in their sagas, that they possessed also Moray. The Norse power in Scotland at its strongest extended over Caithness, Sutherland, Ross, Argyle, and Galloway, with, of course, the Western Isles. This was about 980 to 1050. Gaelic slowly regained its hold in the Isles after the rise of Somerled and the other patriarchs of the Clan Donald in the latter part of the 12th century; but Gaelic in its re-conquest left the Norse nomenclature of the country practically intact.

The most prominent Norse words borrowed are those for island ('ey'), hill ('fjall'), 'vik' or '-aig,' bay; 'nes' or '-nish,' headland; 'dail' or '-dale,' a vale, a dale; 'fjördhr,' sea-loch or firth (fjord), or '-ord,' '-ard,' and the various words for township, farm or settlement ('setr,' 'stadr,' 'bolstadr,' and 'bol' or '-bo'). The termination '-ay' and '-a' of the island names is the Norse 'ey,' isle. Beginning with the isles about Harris, we have Berneray or 'Bjorn's Isle'—Bjorn either meaning 'bear,' or being a personal name, which last it likely is. Fladda, so commonly repeated, means 'flat isle'; Soay, also repeated often, is for Saudha-ey or 'Sheep-isle'; Isay, 'Ice-isle,' Taransay, St Taran's Isle; Ensay, 'meadow (engi) isle'; Killegray, 'Kellach's Isle,' the Kellach being the Irish 'Cellach' or 'Kelly' (warrior), borrowed early by the Norse, and now known in the name MacKillaig; Lingay, 'Heath Isle'; Scalpay, 'Shallop' or 'Ship Isle'; Rossay, 'Horse Isle'; Eriskay, 'Eric's Isle'; Oransay and Orasay, of which there are a great number of isles, is from 'orfiri,' ebb or shallow, and means that the island is one at full tide only; Pabbay, 'Pope or Priest's Isle'; Sandray is 'Sand Isle'; Benbecula is only partly Norse: the Gaelic is Beinn-a-bhaodhla, and really means 'Height of the Ford,' from Gaelic 'faodhail,' 'a ford,'

itself borrowed from the Norse 'vadill,' a 'shallow or ford.' Rasay or Rarsay (Rairsay, 1526, Rasay and Raarsay in 1549) seems to be 'Rár-áss-ey,' 'Roe-ridge-isle.'

The hills in the isles generally end in '-val.' This is the Norse 'fjall,' fell or hill. The name Roine-val is common; this is Hraun-fell, a rocky-faced hill; the island Rona is also from 'hraun,' 'rock-surfaced isle.' Horne-val is 'horn-fell'; Helaval is 'flagstone fell'; and so on. Layaval in South Uist, and Laiaval in North Uist, may be equated with Ben Loyal in Sutherland; perhaps for 'Leidhfjall,' 'levy or slogan hill.' Mount Hecla in Mingulay has the same name as the famous burning mountain in Iceland, which means 'hooded shroud.' Blavein in Skye is for Blá-fell, 'Blue-fell.'

The sea-lochs in '-ord,' '-ard,' '-art' are too numerous even to make a selection from; and the same may be said of the 'nesses' or headlands (Norse 'nes'). I must pass over also the townships with their 'bols,' 'bosts,' and 'stas.' An odd change is undergone by 'hólmr,' an islet (in a bay or river), a holm; this may appear either as terminal '-am,' or '-mul,' or '-lum.' We have Heistamul and Hestam, both from 'hestr,' horse; the famous Eilean Beagram is probably Bekra-holmr, 'Ram-holm'; Lamalum is 'Lamb-holm,' and Sodhulum is from 'saudhr,' sheep. Airnemul is Erne-holm—'Eagle-holm.' Lianimul no doubt means 'flax-holm.' 'Os' means 'river-mouth, oyce'; we have it in the Skye Ose and Glen-ose, and in Aros. Hoe and Toe are not uncommon, and we have How-more in S. Uist; this is Norse 'haugr,' burial mound, howe. Torgabost shows 'horgr,' a heathen place of worship, and also Horogh (Castlebay).

There is a marked difference between the island and west coast topography and the eastern mainland in the common names of hills, dales, lochs, and glens; in the west we have 'cleit,' 'stac,' 'sgùrr,' 'sgeir,' and 'gil,' all Norse; in the east, 'càrn,' 'meall,' 'creag,' 'monadh,' and 'gleann': in the east, 'coire,' 'srath,' 'sliabh,' as against the terminal 'dàl,' 'breac,' and 'gil' of the Isles. Then the absence of terms for wood is most marked in the west, 'sco,' terminal, from 'skógr,' a shaw, appearing only in Skye, as Birkisco, Grasgo, etc. In the east, wood is very common in the nomenclature. The bird names also differ much, even when not Norse, from the Gaelic Mainland. We have 'orri,' N. moorfowl, also a nickname, in Oreval, hills in Harris and Uist; 'mar,' sea-mew, in Maraig, 'Sea-mew bay'; 'örn,' eagle, in Arnamul, 'Eagle-head'

(Mingulay), and Arnaval (Skye); 'kráka,' crow, Crakavick, 'Crow-wick' (Uist); 'hrafn' or 'hramn,' raven, Ramasaig, 'Raven-bay' (cf. Ramsay, Ramsey)); and Geirum, 'Aukholm' (Barra).

The mainland 'baile,' farm or township, is often represented in the Inverness-shire isles by the Norse 'setr,' a stead, shieling. The latter name appears alone as Seadair (Gaelic) or Shader (English) in Bernera and Skye. Uigshader means 'Ox-ton' (compare Uisgeval and Uisgneval, hills); Roishader, 'Horse-ton'; Marishader, 'Mare-ton'; Herishader, 'Lord's-ton'; Sùlishader, 'Pillar-ton' or 'Solan-goose-ton'—it is not far inland—all in Skye; which, however, prefers 'bost' (N. 'bólstadhr), as Húsabost, 'House-stead'; Eabost ('Eidh' or isthmus?); Colbost (pronounced Cyalabost), 'Keel-ton'; Heribost, 'Lord's-ton'; Orbost, 'Orri's-ton'; Breabost, 'Broad-ton'; Skeabost, 'Skidhi's-ton,' as in Skibo (old Scythebol); Carbost, 'Kari's-ton.' The Norse 'gardr,' a garth or house and yard, which appears elsewhere on Norse ground, is represented in the Western Isles and Mainland by its diminutive 'gerdhi,' which has been adopted into Gaelic as 'gearraidh,' the land between machair and moor. It is common in place-names in its Gaelic use—Gearadu, 'Black-garth,' in N. Uist; Geary (Duirinish); Garrymore (Bracadale), Garrafad (Kilmuir), and Gairidh-Ghlumaig (Kilmuir). Terminally it is 'garry,' and is very extensively used with Norse names—Osmigarry, from Osmund; Calligarry, from Kali; Grimagarry, from Grimm; Shageary, 'Sea-garth' (Sagerry, 1541); Flodigarry, 'Float or Fleet garth' (though Gaelic has long 'o'); Biggary, 'Barley'; Mugeary, 'Monk's garth' (?); and Mosgaraidh, 'Moss'—all in Skye. In N. Uist there are Hougheary (howe), and Trumsgarry (Thrum's); in Benbecula, Creagarry may be Gaelic, as may be Crogarry there, though 'kró' may be Norse borrowed from Gaelic (a pen); Mingarry (Benbecula) is 'mickle-garth.' In S. Uist appears Stelligarry, the first portion of which is pronounced 'staol,' and is found in Stulay isle; it is Norse, pointing to 'steil,' 'steyl,' 'stadhil' or 'stagil,' but these forms are either non-existent or cannot be used in place-names, save the last, as in Stagley, 'rock-isle.' Seemingly we have here a corruption of the proper name Stulli or Sturla. The Norse has borrowed besides 'kró' the important word 'airigh,' shieling, originally as 'aerg' or 'erg,' as in Asgrims-aergin, in the Orkney Saga, where it is explained that 'erg' is Gaelic for 'setr.' Asgrims-erg now

appears as Askarry, even Assary (Caithness), where we have also Halsary (Hall), Dorrery, Shurrery (Shureval. 'Pig-hill,' in S. Uist), etc. In Duirinish we find Soarary, 'Sheep shiel'; in Ardnamurchan, Smirisary, 'Butter shiel,' and Brunary (Brunnary, 1498), an 'Airigh-an-tobair'; in Glenelg, Beolary and Skiary; in N. Uist, Obisary, 'Bay or Hope'; Aulasary, 'Olaf's'; Risary, 'Copse-wood'; Dùsary, Vanisary, and Hòrisary; in S. Uist, Vaccasary and Trasary (Thrasi); and others.

Some of the more interesting land and farm names may be glanced at. The Norse ounce and penny lands—especially the latter—have left their mark. The 'tirung' or ounce-land is equated with the Mainland 'davoch' or 'doch,' four ploughgates, whose fourth is the common name Kerrow ('ceathramh,' fourth). The Norse for this last phonetically was 'fjordhungr,' fourthing or farthing, which appears in the place-name Feòirlig, the phonetics being the same as for 'birlinn,' a galley (N. 'byrdhingr). It meant 'farthing land.' The 'ung' was old Gaelic, and existed in Ung-an-ab, the abbot's ounceland, in N. Uist in 1561. The pennyland gives many names: Pein-chorran (Portree), from 'corran,' point, the masculine form of 'corrag.' This 'corran' is a very common name in the Isles, and appears as Corran simply several times, as at Ballachulish. The usual explanation of 'bay' is absurdly wrong, therefore, from 'corran,' a sickle, supposed metaphorically to mean 'bay,' which it does not. Of course these 'corrans' often guard sickle-shaped bays, and hence the mistake. Other penny-lands are—Penifiller, 'Fiddler's'; Pensoraig, 'Primrose' (? or N. 'Saur-vík,' 'Mud-bay'); Pein-more (big); Peiness (waterfall); Peinaha; Peinlich; Leiphen (halfpenny); and Pein-gown (smith)—all in Skye. Peinavaila is the romantic form which 'Peighinn-a'-bhaile' takes in Benbecula. Peninerin in S. Uist stands for 'Peighinn an aorainn' —where mass was said. In Pictland 'davoch' or 'doch' is the commonest land-measure: Dochgarroch, 'D. of the roughland'; Doch-four, of which presently; and Lettoch, near Beauly, is 'Half-davoch,' like the Aberdeenshire Haddo and Haddoch. The terminal element '-fùr' enters largely into the names of Pictland—Balfour, Inchfur, Dalfour, Dochfour, Pitfur (very common), Tillifour and Tillifourie (Tough), and Trinafour (Perthshire). The form with 'f' is clearly an aspirated 'p'; the word is really 'púr,' which seems to exist in diminutive form in Purin (Fife), older Pourane, Porin (G.

Pòrainn) in Strathconan, and Powrie near Forfar. The Book of Deer has the aspirated Fúrené, represented now by Pitfour in Deer. The 'p' proves the word to be Pictish; and it is possible that the root is 'par,' as in Welsh 'pawr,' pasture, Breton 'peur.' The ultimate root is 'qer,' as in 'preas,' 'crann,' and perhaps 'craobh.' In Inverness we have Dochfour, Dochgarroch, and Delfour.

The words 'gart,' corn, 'goirtean,' cornfield, allied to English 'garden' and Norse 'gardhr,' appear in Boat of Garten and minor places. Cluny is a very common name; the Gaelic is Cluanaigh, a locative of 'cluanach,' meadowy place, from 'cluan,' a mead. In Badenoch the nom. or acc. is found in A' Chluanach, west of Kincraig. Longart, a shieling, camp, is now obsolete, save in place-names; it is met with in Dail-an-longairt, Coire-an-Longairt, and Badenlongart (1773, Gaick)—all in Badenoch. The old word was 'longphort,' 'ship-port,' or harbour, encampment, which, with a dialect pronunciation of 'long' as 'low,' gives 'lùchairt,' a palace. Tarbert means isthmus, from 'tar,' across, and root 'ber,' bring, bear. Drummond presents the full stem of 'druim,' back (dromann, dromand), and does not stand, as usually said, for Druim-fhinn, white ridge, still less for Fionn's ridge. Strathglass presents the old word 'glais,' stream, which we have in Inveruglas, the confluence of the Duglas or Dark-stream (now nameless); this is also found in Southern Scotland, and has given the famous family name. The word 'leacainn,' a cheek, hill face or side, gives Leachkin, at Inverness, and elsewhere, generally with an epithet. The diminutive 'sìdhean,' a fairy knoll, gives Bailintian and many names else; the simple 'sìdh' appears in Ben Tee, of Glengarry, and is found elsewhere for conical hills, as in Schiehallion, 'Hill of the Caledonians,' with which the name Dunkeld and Rohallion, near Dunkeld, are to be compared. The 'làirig' is given in the dictionaries as a "plain, hill, sloping hill," somewhat contradictory meanings; but the real meaning is found in the place-names, and that meaning is 'pass.'' In old Irish we have 'láarc,' a fork or 'gobhal.' Finnlarig, both in Duthil and at Killin, means 'Fair Pass,' as Rev. J. Maclean, Grandtully, etymologises the Perthshire name. In Rothiemurchus we have Larach-grue or Lairig-dhrù, probably the pass of Druie river (root 'dru,' flow, as in Gaulish Druentia), which the Ordnance Map, with its wonted perversity, names Lairg Gruamach. The place-name Elrick is common in the county,

and there must be over a hundred such in Scotland; it is from the obsolete 'eileirig,' locative of 'eileireag,' which meant the 'cul-de-sac' bounded by fallen trees and other obstructions into which the deer were driven, and one side of which was formed of a hill, on the face of which the hunters took their place and shot the deer. These hills and places are called Elrick, Eldrick, Elrig, and Ulrig; 'eileir' is given in the dictionaries as a 'deer path,' no doubt from the root 'eln' in 'eilid,' hind. It is sometimes explained as 'iolairig,' a knoll on which eagles rested, which is not likely. The 'bordlands' of the royal and other castles appear in Gaelic as 'borlum,' whence Borlum, near Fort-Augustus, also the old name for Ness Castle, whence the famous and notorious Borlum family got its name. There is Borlum in Skye, and elsewhere.

We will finally consider some interesting individual names, and begin with the furthest west, which is St Kilda. This name is one of those known as 'ghost names'—a geographer's blunder. In Gaelic the island is called 'Irt' or 'Iort,' which means in old Gaelic 'death'; it is likely that the ancient Celts fancied this sunset isle to be the gate to their earthly paradise, the Land-under-the-waves, over the brink of the western sea. The Dutch map-makers of the 17th century are responsible for St Kilda or Kilder. There were some wells near the village famous for their virtues—Tobar-nam-buadh, and there was a Tobar-Kilda among them—one or all of them retaining the Norse name for well, which is 'kelda,' corrupted into St Kilder's Well in the 17th century. Kelda is known in the North of England on Norse ground as 'kild,' as in Kildwick, Kilham (Domesday Chillum), and Halikeld, 'Holy-well.' The well-names got mixed with the true name of the island on the maps. The Dutch were active herring fishers in the western seas in the 17th century, and to them we owe more curiosities than St Kilda—doubtless the Minch is due to them, the Gaelic of which is A' Mhaoil, the Moyle, also the old Irish name for the sea between the 'Maoil' of Kintyre and Ireland.

Rodel, 'o' long, stands for Norse Red-dale, from the colour of the soil.

Lee, in N. Uist, Ben Lee, Skye, N. 'hlídh,' slope.

Lochmaddy, from 'madadh,' a shellfish there.

Heisker, Hellisker, 1644, N. 'Rocky skerry.' Munro in 1549 calls it Helskyr na gaillon (nuns).

Stoney-bridge, in S. Uist, G. Staoni-brig, is for N. Steinbrekka, 'stone-slope.'

Boisdale, N. Bugis-dalr, 'Slight bay dale.'

Dorlin, Ardnamurchan, G. 'doirling,' isthmus.

Glenfinnan, G. Gleann-Fìonain, named after St Fìnan, Ellan-Finan having been the old name of Ardnamurchan parish. St Fìnan lived in St Columba's time, is called of 'Swords in Leinster,' and was latterly a leper, taking the infection for penance. His name appears in Abriachan and Glengarry in Killianan. He is not to be confused with St Finnan (short 'i,' from 'finn,' white); as the following triplet on the last Glengarry shows, the quantity of the 'i' is long: —

'S ann 'na laighe 'n Cill-fhìonain
Dh' fhàg sinn biatach an fhìona,
Làmh a b' urrainn a dhìoladh.

Inveraros, in Raasay, is a good case of hybrid; for 'árós' is the Norse for inver.

Point of Ayre, in Raasay, is derived from 'eyrr,' a gravelly beach, connected in Britain with headlands; we have it in Snizort as Eyre (Ire, 1630), and Ken-sal-eyre or Kinsale (sea-end) of Eyre. There is a Point of Ayre on the north-east coast of Man; and we may perhaps conjoin the Heads of Ayr in the county of that name, and perhaps the county name.

Idrigill, which appears twice as a promontory in Skye, with Udrigle in Gairloch, stands for Ytri-kollr, 'Further or Outer Hill.' It is not connected with 'gil,' a ravine.

Bealach Colluscard (Kilmuir) is interesting again as showing tautology, for Collu-scard means Pass of the Hill (kollr), N. 'skardhr.' It is again repeated in Bealach na Sgairde in Portree, with somewhat ugly emphasis.

Armadale is Norse, meaning 'Bay-dale.'

Skulamus (Strath) seems to be for Skúli's moss, while Strolamus must be for Stúrli's moss (for 'ú' as 'ó,' compare Knoydart, which has a liquid also).

Broadford is a modern name, not Norse.

Talisker, G. Tallasgar, N. T-hallr ?sker, 'Sloping rock.'

Eist (Duirinish), a Chersonese, is from 'hestr,' horse, that is, 'horse-shaped.' Otherwise, as in Eilean Heist, it really means 'Horse'-isle.

Greshornish (Duirinish), pronounced Grìsinnis now usually, is for Grice or Pig Ness.

Rigg (Snizort) and Digg (G. Dìg) are respectively from Norse 'hryggr,' ridge, and 'dík,' a ditch.

Duntulm is the 'dùn' of the 'hólmr,' islet

Staffin, 'The Staff,' from N. 'stafr,' a staff, applied to basaltic and other pillared rocks, as in Staffa (basalt isle) and Dunstafnage (Dunstaffynch, 1309), Dun-stafa-nes.

Loch Arkaig (Lochaber), river Arkaig, from Celtic root 'arc,' dark, W. 'erch,' dusky; Loch Arklet, Stirling.

Corpach, 'place of bodies.' Here, it is said, the bodies carried to Iona for burial rested to await sailing.

Banavie, Banvy (1461); compare Banff, Bamff, also Banba, an old name for Ireland, from 'banbh,' a pig. For meaning, compare Mucrach and Muckerach (Kilmorack), Pres-Mucrach, mucrach meaning 'Place of Pigs.'

Fersit, Farset (Bleau), from obsolete 'fearsaid,' sandbank at the mouth of a river, whence also Belfast.

Fassfern, G. Fasaidh-fearn, 'Abode or stead of the alders.'

Glen-quoich, Glen of the Cuaich river, the river of 'cuachs' or bends. It is a common river name.

Loch Oich; Oich points to a Celtic Utaka, root 'ut,' dread, 'awesome.'

Vinegar Hill, Gaick, is in Gaelic 'A' Mhìn Choiseachd,' the easy walking. The English is a fancy name.

Ettridge is for Eadar-dha-eas, 'Between two falls.' Ness-intullich, Essintullich (1645), is for 'Water-fall of the hillock.' Phoines is for Fo 'n eas, 'Below the fall.' So with Phoineas in Kiltarlity.

Coylum Bridge; Gaelic, Cuing' leum, 'Narrow leap,' which it is.

Achnacoichen (Rothiemurchus), 'Field of the Owls'; so in Lochaber—Achnacochine, in 1509 Auchancheithin.

Rothiemoon (Abernethy), G. Ràt a' mhòin, 'Rath or stead of the peat-moss.'

Pityoulish, in Abernethy, older Pitgaldish, is Pictish in prefix, root, and termination ('-ais'). The root word is 'geall,' pronounced like the word for 'promise.' It is found in many river names: Geldie Burn, running into Upper Dee; Abergeldie; Innergeldie near Comrie; Innergelly in Fife (river Gelly); perhaps Lochgelly there; Glen-geoullie near Cawdor; Allt Gheallaidh at Dalnacardoch and Knockando. The root is 'geld,' as in Norse 'kelda,' a well, Ger. 'quelle,' already mentioned in connection with St Kilda. A shorter form of the root is found in G. 'geal,' a leech, root 'gel,' water. Compare Welsh Abergele.

Granish (Duthil), G. Grèanais (Grèn-), for older Gràinais, apparently from 'gràin,' abhorrence; but likely Pictish,

denoting 'rough place,' from the same root and stem. The place figures largely in Druid lore and writings on account of its stone circles, and is consequently called Grianais, 'Sun-place,' which does not agree with the modern pronunciation.

Aviemore, G. Agaidh-mhór; there is also Avinlochan, the Avie of the loch. Gallovie, as in G. Gealagaidh and present Blairgie, was written in 1603 as Blairovey—both in Laggan. 'Agaidh' may be Pictish; compare Welsh 'ag,' cleft, opening, Gaelic 'eag.'

Craigellachie, whence the war cry of the Grants, has its name from 'eileach,' place of rocks, rock, old Gaelic 'ail,' rock. It is a much be-bouldered and rock-ribbed bare hill.

Morile (Strathdearn), G. Móir'l, seems to stand for a Pictish Mor-ialon, 'Large clearing,' Welsh 'ial,' open space. Hence, too, Balmoral.

Kyllachy, G. Coileachaigh, 'Place of moor cocks.'

The Cuigs of Strathdearn, or fifth parts, are famous: "Is fheàrr aon chóige' an Eireann na cóig chóige' an Strath-Eireann"—"Better is one fifth in Ireland than the five fifths in Strathdearn." The Irish fifth is a province, such as Ulster. The 'Cuigs' were—Cùig-na-fionndruinich ('Bronze Place,' perhaps a smith's place), Cùig-na(n)-scàlan (tents or huts), Cùig-na-sìth (fairy hill, near is the Sìdh-bheinn, the Schiphein of the charters), Cùig-na-fearn (alders), and, likely, Cùig-na-muille (mill).

Scaniport, 'Cleft of the Ferry,' over the Ness.

Foyers, older Foyer, for old Gaelic 'fothir,' good land, evidently 'low-lying land,' as the land of Foyers along Loch-ness is.

Allt-saidh (Glen-Urquhart), 'Burn of the hound (female).'

Fort-Augustus, from William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, so named by General Wade, circ. 1730.

Fort-William, the fort built at Auchintore (Bleaching-field) for William of Orange; also Maryburgh for the village, from Mary, his consort; then Gordonsburgh, from the dukes of Gordon, who disliked 'Orange'; and Duncansburgh, on the 'passing' of the Gordons, from Sir Duncan Cameron of Fassfearn; and now finally settled as Fort-William.

Fort-George, built in 1748, takes its name from the King. The original Fort-George was the Castle of Inverness.

Essich, Essy in 1456, a locative of 'easach,' water-fall stream, rapidly falling stream. The name exists in Strath-bogie, Forfar, and Moray.

Castle Heather presents an interesting 'ghost name.' Further back it was Castle-leather, older Lathir, and we find the Lordship of Leffare (1456) applied to the district along the slope there. It comes from 'leatnair,' a side, found in Leathair nam Manach, at Beauly, 'Monks' Side of the Valley,' 'Monks' Hillside'—the Kilmorack district east of Bleakachy Burn. In the west, we have An Leathair Mhorairneach and An Leathair Mhuileach—the coastland of Morvern and of Mull.

Culloden, Cullodyn in 1238, present Gaelic Cùil-fhodair, 'Fodder-nook,' by popular etymology. It really comes from 'lodan,' a pool, and means 'Back of Pool,' or 'Nook of Pool.' As in many similar cases, there is quite a shower of 'cuils' near Culloden, going over to the Nairn valley, ending with Cuil-chuinneig, 'Nook of the wooden pail,' apparently. It was here that Prince Charles' staff was stationed before the battle.

Brochnain is for Bruach 'n-eidheinn, 'Ivy Bank.'

Tomnahuirich, Gaelic of 1690 Toim-ni-hùrich, 'Hillock of the Yew-wood.' The Wardlaw MS. gives both Tomnihurich and Tom ni Fyrich. This last may account for the derivation of the name from Tom-na-fiodhraich, 'fiodhrach' being alleged to mean 'wood' (A. Mackenzie in Inverness Field Club. Trans. III., p. 11).

Erchless, a quoad-sacra parish, (H)erchelys in 1258, Ercles, 1403, Arcles, 1512, appears to stand for 'air-glais,' On the Glass—the river Glass passes through the Mains of Erchless. Compare the neighbouring Urray from 'Air-ráth,' On-fort or Repaired Fort, and Urquhart and Urchany of Beauly and Nairn (air-canach). The Gaelic is Air-ghlais.

Glen Affric takes its name, as does the loch, from the river Affric, which has the old female name Afric or Oirig (Euphemia), and which comes from 'ath-breac,' Somewhat-speckled, from 'breac,' speckled, a trout. Here it was no doubt a water-nymph's name.

Glen-Convinth and Convent, which was an old parish, appears in old records as Conveth and Conway, and in Gaelic the name is Confhadhaich, which, applied to the river, means 'noisy, stormy,' from 'confhadh,' storm.

Lovat, older Loveth, seems a Pictish word (root 'lu,' stem 'lu-vo,' mud) translated into Gaelic as A' Mhor'oich, the sea-side plain or swamp.

Two districts of Inverness-shire have had their names discussed in detail, and both can be relied upon as much

as any work done in this paper. The districts are Badenoch, which is considered in the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, Vol. XVI., pp. 148-97, and Urquhart and Glenmoriston, the place-names of which are fully discussed in Mr Mackay's work, "Urquhart and Glenmoriston," pp. 571-85.

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*20th FEFRUARY, 1902.*

At the meeting held on this date Mr John Munro, North of Scotland Bank, Inverness; Mr Alex. Kennedy, Great North of Scotland Railway, Inverness; Mr John E. Macdonald, clothier, Bridge Street, Inverness; and Mr D. J. Mackintosh, Huntly Street, Inverness, were elected ordinary members. The following contribution, from the pen of the Rev. Charles M. Robertson, Inverness, and entitled "Sutherland Gaelic," was read:—

## SUTHERLAND GAELIC.

Sutherland, which has been extended as a county name to embrace the parishes of Assynt and Eddrachilles on the west, and the Reay Country or Mackay Country, known by Gaels as Duthaich Mhic Aoidh, and by Norsemen as the Dales of Caithness, on the north, was originally restricted, as it is still in popular local usage, to the part of the county that borders the Moray Firth and extends inland to the central watershed. The southern position of this region, in relation to Caithness and its Dales, procured it the Norse name of Sudhr-land or South-land. At the arrival of the Norse invaders the district seems to have formed a part of the territory of a tribe named the Catti. Caithness is a name given by the Norsemen, and means the ness of the Catti, and Cataibh, in old Gaelic Cataib, a dative or locative case of the plural noun Catti, and meaning among the Catti, is the Gaelic name of Sutherland, and is used locally, like Sutherland itself, with the same restricted application. Caithness was so largely occupied by Norsemen that it was, and is, called by Gaels Gallaibh, also a dative or locative plural, this time from Gall, a stranger or foreigner. The racial connection of the Catti was indicated when the sea on their most northern shore received from the Norsemen the name of Petlands Fjord, or Pictland, now corruptly Pentland, Firth.

The speech of Sutherland before, as after, the Norse occupation was Celtic. Was the continuity broken and Celtic speech extirpated during that occupation, and was there a period during which the language spoken in whole or part of Sutherland was Norse, and only Norse? The answer given by the authorities, in view of the strength of the Norse elements in the population and in the place-names, is that in Sutherland, or in great part of it, as in Skye and in Lewis, Norse was the only language spoken during a certain period, and that Gaelic was introduced, or re-introduced, there after the downfall of the Norse. "Skene," according to Dr Macbain, "regards Sutherland proper—east of the Brae-chat and Dirie-chat range—as Norse, the Gaelic speakers being mostly incomers; but the same must be said of the rest of Sutherland." The soundness of this view cannot be discussed here, but some facts that bear upon the question may be allowed. The retention of the name Cataibh for Sutherland, along with Brae-chat and Dirie-chat, and the use of Gallaibh—land of strangers—and its restriction to Caithness, are to be taken into account. The preservation of the older native name where the Norse had super-imposed a name of their own, as in the cases of Cataibh and Sutherland, and of Srath Ilidh and Helmsdale, is not without significance. The number that has been preserved of the oldest Celtic names, all things considered, is not inconsiderable. Ptolemy has recorded two names, Nabarus flumen (the Naver) and Ila flumen (the Ilidh), that are still in use, and proves a third Oykel, in the Sagas Ekkjalsbakki, by his translation of it, Ripa Alta. In Rogart, Dornoch, and Lairg there are names, to the number of five or six, beginning with the distinctively Pictish word Pit. Altas and Tressady are in the same quarter, and Farr on the north coast. Stream names in 'ie' are fairly well represented; Tealnaidh in Kildonan; Labhaidh, the Lothbeg river; Allt Eilgnidh, above Brora; Lundaidh and Màilidh (Culmaillie), in Golspie; and Grùididh, in Lairg and in Durness. There is a Tirry also in Lairg, and others probably could be added from the rest of the county. Not a few other names are of a kind that may well have come down from the Pictish period. All this must be contrasted with what is found, or rather not found, in Skye and Lewis before the full force of it is seen.

Sutherland Gaelic has come in contact with Norse influence directly of old, and also indirectly to some extent, through the Norse element in Caithness speech. It has also come in

contact, it must be remembered, with English, through intercourse with Caithness, and through military service; and in the case of Sutherland proper, through Dunrobin Castle, and, perhaps, migrations from the other side of the Moray Firth should be added, as well as through all the usual channels. As Sutherland Gaelic, like other dialects, has its peculiarities, so any one desirous to account for them has a choice of influences to which to attribute them. A knowledge of Lewis Gaelic and of Caithness English are amongst the desiderata for reliable explanation.

The dialect spoken in Sutherland proper, that is, the south of the county, and mainly as spoken in its most easterly parish of Kildonan on the borders of Caithness, is that dealt with in the following pages. This dialect agrees with the Southern Gaelic in regard to the change of *eu*, etc., into *ia*. It follows Northern Gaelic in the diphthongisation of *a* and *o* before long liquids, in the use of *iu* in place of *ea* or *io* in certain cases and of aspirated forms of the prepositions de and do, and in the treatment of the verbal particle do after conjunctions ending with *n*—gu na sheinn or gu 'n sheinn for gu 'n do sheinn. It agrees with the west of Ross-shire in the treatment of *u*, *ei* and *i* before long liquids, in having *a* for *ai* before *rd* and *do* for *a* before infinitives, in a slight degree in a tendency—less here than in the Reay country—to metathesis and in the common possession of certain words. Its change of medial *dh* and *gh* to *bh*, and its pronunciation of final adh as *u* prevail in Easter Ross, where also irinn (daughter), tig in place of thig, and mora as genitive of muir and other correspondences are to be found. Other features of the Sutherland dialect are the frequent change of *a* to *o* before *l*, the sound of *ì* for *aoi*, *cwi*, as in Skye, for *cui*, the English sounds of *b*, *d*, and *g*, the frequent substitution of *r* for *n*, the enclitic use of so, the complete assumption of *s* by ann, and the use of the personal pronoun instead of the possessive as the object of an infinitive.

Donald Matheson, to whose hymns frequent reference is made, lived and died in the parish of Kildonan. The second edition of the hymns was published at Tain in 1825. Another edition substitutes its publisher's name and address, and the date of publication (Inverness, 1868), for those of the second edition, but otherwise follows the former edition so slavishly as to retain even the words "second edition" (in Gaelic) on the title page. There are fifteen hymns, numbered I. to XV., by Donald Matheson. His son Hugh is the subject of an elegy (xvi.) by Adam Gordon, Heights of Kildonan, and another son, Samuel, was the author of

an elegy on Sheriff M'Culloch (xvii.) The next three pieces are anonymous unless it is meant to be understood that they also are by Samuel Matheson. The "Oran" to Mrs Gordon, Achnamoine, Kildonan (xviii.), is said by the bard's descendants to have been by Samuel, and also, but less confidently, that to Neil Macpherson, catechist, Halkirk (xix.) Number xx. is an elegy on George Mackay, Arichlinie, Kildonan. The last piece (xxi.) is an elegy on a brother by a grandson of Mackay, Arichlinie.

Except when otherwise stated the letters in phonetic renderings have their standard Gaelic values as to sound, and in the case of vowels are also unchanged as to length. By *h*, *v*, *w*, and *y* are meant the English sounds, and by *û* the French sound of the respective letters. *Ao*, which is a long vowel sound, is written *ăo* to represent the frequently occurring short sound. Nasalisation is shown thus *ã*, and, though only marked on one, extends to both vowels of a diphthong except when one of them is sounded *ao* or *ăo*.

The references to Munro's Gaelic Grammar are to the second edition.

The notes on the dialect of the Reay Country, or of parts of it, as Strathy and Farr, excepting such as are given on the authority of the Rev. Adam Gunn, M.A., Durness, who has dealt ably with the subject on more than one occasion, have been taken from the speech of natives. The differences between the two dialects are rather in particular examples than of a general kind. The change of long *e* (*eu*, etc.), into *ia* is rarer, and metathesis and dissimilation—change of *r* for *n*, etc.—more frequent in the Reay Country than in Sutherland.

### Short Vowels Before Long Liquids.

The changes to which short vowels standing before long liquids are liable, may be discussed on this occasion with comparative brevity. For one thing they are regular in their operation; they are found either in all the words subject to them or in none. In this they are unlike the change of *eu*, etc., into *ia*. They have been discussed, besides, in full, with explanations, detailed enumeration of examples, and Manx and Irish analogies in former papers, especially that on the "Gaelic of the West of Ross-shire" in volume XXIV. of the Transactions. Briefly, short vowels before long liquids are treated in three ways in Scottish Gaelic—they are left unchanged, they are made into long vowels, or they are made into diphthongs. One of the marked characteristics of the Gaelic of Sutherlandshire and of part of Ross-shire is the

absence of the first mode of treatment; none of the short vowels are left unchanged before long liquids in these districts. Accordingly we have to notice here only two ways of dealing with those vowels in such positions.

### Lengthening Before Long Liquids.

The vowels *a* and *o*, whether standing singly or in the digraphs *ea* and *eo*, are lengthened before long *r*,—*rr*, *rn*, and *rd*, as in barr, carn, ard, cearr, cearn, ceard. corr, dorn, ord, eorna; also in words like aird, cairdean, ceaird, coird, etc., which in this dialect are uniformly of the forms àrd, càrdan, ceàrd, córd, etc.

The vowels *u*, *e*, and *i* are lengthened whenever they come before any long liquid, as in mull (for moll, chaff), null, cum, lunn, turr, mill, im, cinn. In the case of *e*, written *ei* in the position in question, the lengthening is concurrent with a change of the vowel to *i*, thus beinn, leinn, seinn, teinn are respectively bìnn, lìnn, sìnn, tìnn

The lengthening of the broad vowels *a*, *o*, and *u* before *r* prevails generally in Scottish Gaelic. What is distinctive, here and in part of Ross-shire, is the lengthening of the slender vowels *e* and *i*, and of the broad *u* before *l*, *m*, and *n*.

### Diphthongisation of *a* and *o* Before Long Liquids.

Before *l*, *m*, and *n*, *a*, and *o* are diphthongised in Sutherland as in the whole of the Northern dialect of Gaelic, as in cam, bann, ceann, com, bonn, pronounced respectively caum, cyaunn, etc. One or two peculiarities fall to be noticed. Before *l*, *a (ea)* becomes *o (eo)*: call, dall, allt, Gallda are respectively coull, doull, oullt, Goullda and geall, seall, geoull, seoull. Anndra, Andrew, and the preposition ann in, which has taken *s* on unchangeably, show, in addition, assimilation of *nn* to the following consonant, Audra (*au* nasal), âus. Greann is pronounced with a diphthong *e*--*u*, greunn. Meall (deceive) and leann (beer) are respectively miull, 'myull,' and liunn, 'lyunn.' Fann (weak) is feann, 'fyaunn,' a change difficult to explain.

Similar diphthongisation is not unknown in local English; such Irish sounding pronunciations as 'bowld,' 'cowld,' 'howld,' may be heard at times for bold, cold, hold, respectively.

### Long Narrow Vowels.

*è, eu, èa, èi.*

The diphthongisation of a long *e*, written variously as above, takes place generally in cases in which the vowel shows compensa-

tory lengthening and in which it has its open sound *è* in Southern Gaelic. The number of words in which this diphthongisation takes place, including borrowed words, is about one hundred and ten, but in no single district is the whole number known to be diphthongised. The balance of undiphthongised words in any district may be made up in various ways. Some may not be known in a particular district; feun (waggon) etc., for instance, has dropped out of use in some districts, and cè (cream) is not known in others. Words may be dealt with in some other way; feusag (beard), in some parts of the north fiasag is in others feòsag, so with geuban, lèabag, etc. Some words are diphthongised only in some particular district so that their diphthongisation is properly to be regarded as exceptional; thus m' fheudail is m' fhiadail in Lewis, eud is iad in Lewis, and, according to Dr Henderson, in Barra, and see reult *sub.* Curiously enough two words, though they are loan words, that are not known to be diphthongised in the North, are so diphthongised in Argyle and in Arran, viz., reusan (reason) 'riasan,' and earlas (arles) 'iarlas.' Sometimes there may be other causes; in north Inverness and in Skye the popular word seud (hero), is diphthongised, while seud (jewel), though in fact the same word, is not diphthongised, perhaps because known mainly or only as a literary word. The fact that geug (a branch) remains undiphthongised in Lewis seems to point to unfamiliarity with branches of trees, and suggests that the word has been taken from literature and that only recently. In other cases, as, for instance, beurla, it is as difficult to say why words should be diphthongised in some districts and not in others as to say why some twelve words and no more should be diphthongised in Arran, in East Perthshire, and in Strathspey, while seventy-six are diphthongised in North Inverness, and seventy-two in West Ross-shire. Like Strathspey, Sutherlandshire, or, at all events, the eastern half of the county, though belonging by position to Northern Gaelic, approximates on this sound to the Southern dialect.

*ia* nasal or not according as it is or is not in contact with nasal liquids, is found in ceudna, 'ciand,' cia meud, sgreuch, brèagh, sè, deuchainn, feuch, bleun, and reul 'rialt,' or oftener 'rialtag' at Helmsdale.

The first seven of those words and also beul have *ia* in Creich, and the first five in Farr. Meud has *eu* throughout the county except in the phrase cia meud (how much).

*iăo* is found in ceud (hundred), ceud (first), Diceudaoin, deug, and creadhach (clay) at Helmsdale. All those, except the last, and ceutach and feusgan have *iao* in Creich.

*eà (yà)* is found throughout the county in beul, neul, and sgeul. Cial, brim of a vessel, also is ceàl, as though its proper form were ceul. In Strathspey cial means jaw. Beàl and bial are both used in Creich.

Matheson has beàl (x., xvii.) with the adjective beàlach (iv.), and rialt (xvii., xx.)

Feusag is feòsag and lèabag, leóbag. At Helmsdale there seems to be a preference for *é*, and in Farr for *è* in the undiphthongised words.

*io.*

Long *i* which sometimes represents an original long *e*, is diphthongised in most of those words in which it is written *io* almost everywhere except in the extreme south. The resultant diphthong in this dialect is *iă* in contact with nasal liquids, and *iăo* elsewhere :

*iăo* in siol, fior, iobairt, cliobadh, crioch, tiodhlaiceadh, biogach (little), diosg, diosgan (gnashing), griosach, sgios, sios, diot ; also iodhal and iosal, here respectively iăowalt and iaostal.

*iă* in mios, sioman, iomhaigh, diomhain, gniomh, crion, fion, lion (net), lion (fill), sion (anything), spion. These words, it may be remarked, have *iă* also in East Inverness-shire and East Perthshire, but in the North-West Highlands and Islands have *iăo*. Diochain for di-chuimhne (forgetfulness), which is diphthongised in some districts, is here deóchain.

*féin* and *tim.*

There are two exceptional instances of diphthongisation in the dialect. The loan word tim, English time, is here pronounced tiam. The word might be expected here to follow the analogy of words like im, and become tìm, but apparently it has been regarded as being tìom, and has followed the analogy of such words as sìoman. As a borrowed word it is naturally apt to be erratic. The other instance is the native word féin (self.) With pronouns of the second and third person it is pronounced here as it is elsewhere, that is, with é (not nasalised.) With the first personal pronouns it is fhìu in the North Highlands generally, "Thu fhéin 's mi fhìn," never mi fhéin. In Sutherland there are two pronunciations. In the south-east of the county, and also in Strathy, it is fhian mi fhian, leam fhian, sinn fhian, ni mi mo

sheunadh fhian (I shall charm myself.) In the remainder of the Reay Country—from Strathy water to Durness—it is fhèin (*è* nasalised) with the first person, mi fhèin, etc. The change to 'fhian' might be supposed to start from the general northern form 'fhìn,' following the analogy of words like fìon, pronounced 'fian,' but the existence of 'fhèin' suggests that it rather is the starting point with words like eun 'ian' as the pattern. It may be a question if the form fhèin is not due to a prejudice against, and a deliberate rejection of, the diphthongised form, though in that case the further question would rise, why was fhéin not used for all persons? Certain it is that during the investigation of the subject the impression was received that the Reay Country people seemed to have a prejudice against the use of *ia* for *eu*, and to take a pride in avoiding it, and the conjecture followed that the paucity of instances of diphthongisation in the Reay Country as compared even with the rest of the county might be the result of deliberate action.

### Interchange of *a* and *o*.

A characteristic of Scottish Gaelic is that it has *a* in many cases in which Irish has *o* for an Indo-European *o*. It has to be remembered, however, that in Irish as well as in Scottish Gaelic the spoken language often has *a* where the written language has *o*. The difference may be explained in two ways. The pronunciation may have changed since the spelling was fixed, or the spelling with *o* and the pronunciation with *a* may represent different dialects. The two explanations, change of pronunciation and difference of dialect, are probably not alternatives, but complements. In Gaelic a number of words that have *a* in one district may have *o* in another without rule or distinction, and it does not seem possible to base any broad, useful test of dialect on the use of the two vowels. A preference for the sound of *a* is often said to be a characteristic of Sutherland Gaelic and a mark of the impression made by the Norse occupation. A somewhat different view has been held at one time. The Rev. John Forbes, Sleat, who, in his grammer, recognises a Northern, an Interior, and a Southern dialect of Gaelic, gives a preference for *o* over *a* as one of the features of the Northern dialect, and in a paper on "Oghams on the Golspie Stone," by the Earl of Southesk (Proc. Soc. Ant. Scot.), we read—"Where the Norse element is strong among the Gaelic-speaking people in the north O is commonly used for A, *e.g.*, Ord for Ard." An occurrence of *a* instead of *o* does undoubtedly strike observers generally as a feature of the dialect of Sutherland,

but it is not, wholly at least, owing to the greater frequency of *a*. The impression is due partly to an unexpectedness in the occurrence of *a* in certain words, such as orm, dorus, lorg, solus, and loan words like brad (alphabet), plod, prop, poit, stoirm. If the following lists of words that show *a* seem to show a preponderance in favour of that vowel the balance is very nearly restored by the lists showing a retention of *o* or a substitution of it for *a*. Words in which the sound is neither *a* nor *o* but *ao*, as in foghar, close *e* as in bàitheach (byre), or other sound are omitted here. All the words in the lists are known to have *a* and *o* in different districts though all such words are not included, *e.g.*, abhainn, which is obhainn in Strathspey, and ofaig, which is afaig in Arran.

Words which have *a* :—

òran 'amhran'
orm (on me)
ostal (apostle)
bolg (to bulge)
bolgum
bonnach
blonag
brod (best)
brad (alphabet)
Calluinn
casgadh
crosg
dòcha
dorus
dàth (singe)
fód
falbh
lorg (track)
pàg
plod (clod)
prop (prop)
solus
sàmhach
smod
tachras
braman
còmhla
"conghlas ort" (an imprecation)
conntrachd
do (to)
màg
spàg

These, excepting the last seven, have *a* at Strathy, where also the following have *a* :—

asa (easier)
colainn
colbh (rib of creel)
collaidheachd
conas
closach
dona, and donas
dorbh, and dorbhach
farum
lorg (stick)
mol (bank of shingle)
moladh (praise)
prac, and pracadair

Words which have *o* :—

| | |
|---|---|
| alt | pronn |
| altachadh | radan |
| altruim, and altrumas | sabhal |
| balt | trasg |
| blabhd, 'blobhsd' | aoradh (for adhradh), 'owru' |
| dalladh (blinding) | brogail, 'sprogail' |
| drabhc (awkward fellow) | dona and donas |
| fallus | farum |
| falt | mara (Gen. of muir) |
| gabhal | moladh |
| gabhar | sgath (lop) |
| Mathanach | smòg |

With the exception of the last eight, these have *o* at Strathy, where the following also have *o* :—

| | |
|---|---|
| ar-sa, 'ors' | conntrachd |
| ballan | màg |
| bàrc (thatch manure) | spàg |
| còmhla | |

Several words noticed under diphthongisation come in here also, as—

| | |
|---|---|
| allt | dall |
| call | Gall and Gallda |

An apparent liking for *o* sounded close, before *l*, is seen also in—

| | |
|---|---|
| dealt, 'deolt' (dew) | geall |
| dreallag (swingle-tree) | seall |
| eallach (load) | steall |

and is found in other districts in those words except dealt.

At Helmsdale orm and arm (on me) are both used. For the Reay Country, Rev. Adam Gunn gives connlach, dona, los, monais, as having *a*, and dorbh as having *o*.

Words which have *ai*—

| | |
|---|---|
| coileach | loinid |
| coire (fault) | maille |
| cloinn (children) | poit |
| goil (boil) | raineach |
| gloine (glass) | troigh |

at Helmsdale and Strathy.

| | |
|---|---|
| oilean | saitheach |
| roimh | stoirm |
| soilleir | toinneamh |

at Strathy.

Eil (of chan eil) also is ail, as it is in Old Gaelic.

Words which have *oi*—

| | |
|---|---|
| bainne | pailt and pailteas |
| baist | plaide |
| fail (stye) | |

at Helmsdale and Strathy.

In Matheson's Hymns fairich and faireachdan (plural) are written with *oi* as a rule ; but, now at all events, the pronunciation (of *ai* or *oi*) is close *e*.

*ai.*

The mutation of *a* by *i* or *e* of an original following syllable, which is variedly written *ai*, *ei*, and *oi*, is even more variedly pronounced in Sutherland as elsewhere. The digraph *ai* has the sound of—

*a* in àilean (a green, marshy place), chaidh (went), caith (wear), fàilte, ràith.

*ã* in aithne, glaine (glass), gràine (abhorrence), maide, maille, nàire, rainsach.

*ai* as in glaic, laigh, nasal and long in taing (thanks).

*ăo* in airgiod, caill (lose), gairm, saill (salt).

*ăoi* in claidhean (door-bar), saidhbhir (rich), saighdear.

*e* close in aig, air, thairis, ainm, 'erm,' airm, baid (gen. of bad), bàitheach (byre), caidil, fairich, pails (commoner than pailteas), tigh for taigh (house) in all its cases ; in mairbh, tairbh, and in gairbhe, mairbhe, and other such oblique cases and comparative forms.

*e* open in ainmig, 'ermig,' faic, Gàidheal, gainmheach, pàidh.

*e* (nasal) in aineolach, ainmhidh, bainis, banmhaighstir, cnàimh, snaim, and also in faigh (get).

*èi* in bràigh.

*ei* (nasal) in aingeal (angel), bainnse.

*i* in aimsir.

*o* in words noticed under interchange of *ai* and *oi*.

A failure of mutation or vowel infection to operate is observable in some cases in this dialect. Taic (support), Ir. taca, E. Ir.

aicce, is here tac.; craicionn (skin) is cracann, and claigeann (skull), clagann. Chiefly it is found in all words of the following type :—

| | |
|---|---|
| aird (direction), 'àrd' | gairdean, gàrdan |
| airde (height), 'àrd' | gairdeachas, gàrdachas |
| airde (higher), 'àrda' | ceaird (trade), ceàrd |
| càirdean (friends), càrdan | feaird (better), feàrd |

Ard and arde for airde (higher) are found in Matheson (xxi.) Thubhairt or thuirt (said) is pronounced thùrd here and in the Reay Country.

The difference between these cases and the others given above in which *ai* has broad vowel sounds, àilean, etc., is that in these cases the following consonants are shown by their pronunciation to be in contact with a broad vowel, while in the other cases the consonants, where sounded, show the influence of the slender vowel, though that vowel is itself silent.

*o.*

There seems to be a preference for the close sound of *o*. The vowel is close in a number of those words in which it takes the place of *a*, as alt, altachadh, altruim, fallus, falt, Gallaibh, gabh (but open in 'gobhail,' taking), gabhar, sabhal, and also those words in which there is diphthongisation, as allt, call, dall, Gall, Gallda, in dealt, geall, seall, steall. It is close also in such words as corr, torr, bord, cord (agree), ord, Gordan (surname), dorn, sgornan, eorna ; in bòidheach, còrg, pòs, sgròban (fowl's crop), tòs (beginning), in obair, olaidh for ulaidh (hoard), ollaich for ullaich, in deò, deóchan for di-chuimhne, deònach, breòite, etc.

*oi.*

The mutation of *o* is pronounced as variedly as that of *a*. Sometimes owing to identity of pronunciation *oi* is written instead of *ai*. It has the sound of—

*o* open, as in oilbheum.
*ói*, as in bóidheach.
*õi*, as in roimh.
*ao* in broilleach, coille, foidhidinn, toill (deserve), toirmisg.
*aoi* in oidhche, foighnich or faighnich (ask).
*e* close in oibrich, oidheirp, oilean (training), droighean, goid (steal), goir, goirid, soidealas, soilleir, soitheach.
*e* (nasal) in toinneamh (spinning).
*uai* (nasal) in clòimh (wool) 'cluaimh.' The word, however, is from Lat. pluma, Irish clumh.

*a* in words noticed under interchange of *ai* and *oi*.

With the failure of mutation in the case of *a* may be compared :—

ógradh, pronounced 'ógru,' for òigridh.
chórd for chòird (agreed).
gort for goirt (sour).

INTERCHANGE OF *o* AND *u*.

Of words in which *o* and *u* are found interchanging the following may be noted :—

Words which have *o*—

| | |
|---|---|
| Murchadh. | ullaich (prepare). |
| uchd (breast). | tùs (beginning). |
| ulaidh (hoard). | |

Pòs, which is pùs in the Reay Country, is here pós.

Words which have *u*—

| | |
|---|---|
| cnò. | molt. |
| còmhradh. | mort. |
| dol. | mosach. |
| conasg 'gunnars.' | Nollaig. |
| gnòsd. | pronnasg (brimstone) 'grunastal.' |
| lomnochd 'lurmachd,' | rongais (ribs). |
| lurc. | tobar. |
| mò. | tolg (dint). |
| moch. | trompaid. |
| mocheirigh. | dongaidh (dank) 'ungaidh' (mouldy). |
| moll. | ospag 'uspag' (a start). |

Bùlas (pot-hook), in the Reay Country fòlais, is here pùlais. Cromba (Cromarty) is Crumba.

Mugha (decay), musgan (dry-rot), and surd, which are found with *o* elsewhere, have *u*, as has also umhail (heed), here umhailt. Dul (six times) and dol (three times), ochd and uchd, and trumpaid, occur in Matheson. Luban (a puddle) for loban, and lubanaigeadh (puddling) occur at Strathy.

*a*, *o*, and *u*.

Of words in which *a* and *u* are met with—
mulachag (a cheese) is here mulchag.
luigh is here laigh.
gal and guil are both used.

And of those in which *a*, *o*, and *u* are met with—

| | |
|---|---|
| bolg to bulge | is balg. |
| connlach | „ conlach |
| gabh | „ 'go' and 'gu' |
| Gallach | „ Gollach and Gullach (a Caithness-man) |
| Gallaibh | „ Gollaibh and Gullaibh |
| mallachd | „ mullachd |
| mallaichte | „ mullaite (wicked) |
| Obair-eadhain | „ Ubair-eadhain (Aberdeen) |
| asa or usa | „ eas' (open *e*) |
| farasda, furasda, or furas | „ fearas (open *e*) |

*ui.*

*Ui* appears as a mutation of all the broad vowels, and also particularly after liquids as a broadening of *i*. It has the sound of—

*u* as in buille, buin, cùil, cuilbheart, cuileag, cuilean, cuin, cuir, cuirm, cùis, duilich, duine, guil, guin, guir, guirean, uile, uileann, uilear, ùine, ùir, Uisdean, etc.

*ui* as in buidhe (yellow), buidhe (glad to), buidheach, cluich, cuilc, cuingean, puingeil (for pungail), etc.

û as in cruineachd, cruinnich, uillt, etc.

*i* as in bruidhinn, bruith, cluinn, cruimh (toothache), cruimheag (maggot), cruinn, cuibheas, cuimhne, cuith (snow-wreath), ùidh (ford), uinneag, an uiridh, uiseag, etc.; also in ruighe, ruith, etc.

*wi*: this is found after *c* mostly, the combination *cui* being sounded like *quee* in English queen, as in cuibhrionn, cuigeal, cuingean. In other words, *c* is sometimes labialised here as it is in Skye, before *ui*. A similar pronunciation may be heard sometimes in guidh ('gwidh') and suim ('swim').

*uai* in 'duain' for dùin (shut.) It is regarded as a Caithness form. Both forms are used here. The infinitive 'duanadh' occurs in Matheson (xvi.) Cf. cluaimh, supra, for clòimh, Irish clúmh, from Latin pluma.

*ăo* in uiread. The pronunciation of the prefix *air* that enters into this form varies greatly in different words.

Ruighe and uidh enter largely into the topography of the county. The former appears on maps as Ruigh, Ruidh, Reidh, Rhi, Rie, Ry, with diminutive Rian, Rien, etc., and plural Rhives, 'Ruigheachan.' Uidh appears frequently in the names of narrow

necks of water or short streams connecting two sheets of water, and has found its way into Dr Macbain's Gaelic Dictionary, in the disguise of "igh, ì, a burn, a small stream with green banks (Suth.)"

*e.*

This vowel rarely stands alone ; it is usually followed by *a* or *i*. It is nasalised here in teine, 'tẽn,' and, as already noticed, in fhéin with the first person, 'fhẽn' in the greater part of the Reay Country. Eile (other) and eilean (island) have open *e*, and chan ail for chan eil has been noticed already.

The digraph *ea* varies greatly. It has the sound of—

*e* open as in ceaba (spade), feart, treabh, treabhair.
*e* close as in beathach.
*e* (nasal) as in teangaidh, neart.
*a* as in eadar.
*ya* as in cearr, 'cyarr,' fearr, bearn, fearn, ceard, etc.
*ã* in reamhar.

Instead of *ea* there is—

*eo* (*o* open) in dreathan-donn (wren).
*eo* (*o* close) in leabhar (book), seagal, and in dreallag (swingle-tree), eallach, 'yollach,' geall, 'gyoll,' seall.
*eó* in lèabag (flounder), 'leóbag (lyóbag).'

INTERCHANGE OF *e* AND *i*.

The infection of *e* results in Gaelic in some districts in *i*, *io*, and in others in *e*, *ei*, *ea*. The divergence into *e* and *i* is met with in other cases also, and is not unknown in the old language. Lios (garden) appears as both less and liss in Early Irish. Miosa (worse) is in Ir. measa, O. Ir. messa. The vowel is—

*e* open in lios, 'leas.'
*e* (*e* nasal) in eanchainn (brain), mil, 'mel' milis, neas (weasel), smear (marrow).
*ya* in tionndadh, with diphthongisation 'tyaunnda.'
*i* (nasal) in gionach (greedy), meadhon, meas (esteem), miosa (worse), miosg (among), miotan (glove), nis, smig, tionail (gather), and with lengthening of *i*, as noticed above, in beinn, leinn, seinn.
*i* as in English 'bit,' 'fir,' in cionta, ciontach, gliong (clang), inbhir, sin.
*yu* in ionndrain, ionnsaich, leann (beer), meall (deceive).
*yû* nasal in iongar, meag (whey), 'myûng,' 'snioghag (an ant) for seangan.
*û* nasal in sreang (string), strû.'

In all those words an interchange between *e* and *i* or *ea* and *io* may be found in Scottish Gaelic. Gionach, tionail, cionta, and ionnsaich, for example, are pronounced in some parts as though written respectively geanach, teanail, ceanta, and eannsaich. The change to *iu* (*yu*, *yŭ*) before the long liquids *l*, *n*, and *m*, is characteristic of the Northern Dialect of Gaelic.

*i.*

The broadening of *i* that takes place sometimes after *r* is exemplified in rinn (did), 'răoinn,' but is usually absent here, as it is also in Arran, at the opposite extremity of Gaeldom—*e.g.*, in righinn (tough), 'righe' for ruighe, 'rith' for ruith, rinn (point), rinn (to us), etc.

*Io*, some of whose pronunciations have been noticed already, has the sound of—

*i* as in iomadh, iomall, iomair (ridge), iomchorc, fios; and nasal as in iongantach, iongantas.
*ì* as in sìoda (silk), here 'sìd.'
*i* as in English 'fit,' in crios (belt).
*yu* as in iolair.
*ù* nasal as in ionnstrumaid.
*ăo* in diog (syllable).

*ao.*

When *ao* represents the old diphthong *ai* or *oe*, it has the sound of French *û* as in aol, gaol, taom, caomhain, Aonghas, aon, daor, saor, glaodh (cry), saoghal, etc.

In craobh, taobh, *û* for *ao* and *u* for *bh* have coalesced into a long Gaelic *u* 'crù,' 'tù.' In naomh *û* and *u* (for *mh*) are both preserved as a diphthong nûu.

The proper *ao* sound, usually in its short form, is heard for *a* or *o* before *dh* or *gh* as in aghaidh, fraghaidh (a warning), foghar, roghainn, dragh, lagh, tagh. The same sound long is heard in aobhar for old adhbhar, and fòghlum sometimes written faolum, but here both have been attracted to the *û* sound ûbhar, fûlam. Aoradh, which is for adhradh and is a borrowed word, is here 'owru,' on the analogy, with change of *a* to *o*, of words like bodhar, odhar. In adharc, fradhrac, the vowel is close *e* short, erac, frerac.

Sometimes the sound represents an old long *e*, as in aodann, also written eudann, old Irish étan, here éudan.

The sound in certain cases takes the place of *a* in the diphthongs *ia* and *ua*, or forms the second constituent when *e* (*eu*, etc.) or *i* (*io*) are diphthongised.

*aoi.*

The mutation of *ao* shows the û sound in some cases as caoin (kind) faoin, sgaoil. More frequently *aoi* is sounded ì as in MacAoidh, gaoith, naoidhean. A case in point is the parish name Clyne, in Gaelic Clìn, for Claoin, a locative of claon a declivity, not as is usually said from cluain, which would not give the local pronunciation.

Caoin (weep) is here, as in the North generally, cóin.

DIPHTHONGS.

The use of the sound of *ao* in place of *a* as the second constituent of the diphthongs *ia* and *ua*, and also of dipthongised *è* and *ì*, is hardly, if at all, noticeable in the extreme south, but increases steadily in frequency northwards until in some districts it nearly displaces *a* entirely. As in so many other cases Sutherland here follows rather East Perthshire and Strathspey. In those districts the tendency is to show *a* before the tenues (aspirated or unaspirated), before liquids, except *ll* and *m*, and before *s*, and to show *ao* before the mediae. It is *a* for example in fiacaill, siach, fiata, cliath, ial, cian, ciar, sgiamh, iasg, cnuac, bruach, fuath, cual, buan, fuar, ruamhair, suas; and *ao* in cliabh, biadh, liagh, ciall, sguab, uabhar, ruadh, gruag, sluagh, uallach, gruamach. Bruadar, however, is not 'bruăodar' but 'bruadar' here. Truas (pity) is etymologically truaghas, and is so dealt with and pronounced truăos here.

In the case of diphthongised *ì*, *ia* is found only where nasalisation caused by contact with a nasal liquid has prevented *a* from being changed into a sound that cannot be nasalised, as is the case with *ao*.

*mh.*

Aspirated *m* is sounded in three ways, or is lost altogether in different cases. It is—

*v* as in dìomhain (idle), iomhaigh (image), nàmhaid, sàmhach, ainmhidh, banmhaighstir.

*w* as in amhaich, amhaidh, amhairc, 'ãwraic,' dìomhain (idle), gamhuinn, iomhaigh (with meaning of 'appearance'), reamhar Samhna gen. of Samhuinn, amhran (song), damhsa, geamhradh, samhradh.

*u* as in cnaimh (bone), here 'crẽu,' creamh (garlic), freumh, naomh, nèamh, ràmh, snámh, tàmh, gainmheach, seanmhathair.

This *u* from *mh* has displaced the proper vowel of the final syllable *amh* or *eamh* in such words as àireamh, aiteamh, caitheamh, here 'cathu,' coinneamh, creideamh, deanamh, seasamh, talamh, toinneamh, and ceithreamh, coigeamh, and other ordinal numbers. In some words as amh, cnàmh (chew), damh, gniomh, sniomh, and the last half-dozen given under *w*, the sound may be either *u* or *w*. It is—

*nil* as in caomhain, cumhang, domhain, cruimheag, umhail (obedient), cuimhne, Domhnach, Domhnall, clòimh (wool), 'cluãi,' cruimh, làimh, càramh, claidheamh, falaimh.

Words with more than one pronunciation appear oftener than once.

*l, n, r.*

The distinction that corresponds in the case of *l*, *n*, and *r* to the difference between unaspirated and aspirated forms in other consonants is wholly lost here in initial position, as only one sound of each is used. Before broad vowels it is the "aspirated" sound that has been kept, that is the sound that is represented between two vowels or at the end of a word by a single liquid. Before slender vowels it is the "unaspirated" sound that has been kept, that is the sound represented medially between two vowels or finally after a vowel by a double liquid. Thus nàire is never nnàire as it ought to be in positions where initial aspiration does not take place, but is always nàire. It is the same with *r*. In the case of *l* with broad vowels the difference between the two sounds is so small that the difficulty is to say which is kept. With slender vowels leanabh, for example, is always lleanabh, never leanabh, neart 'nneart,' and reachd 'rreachd.'

In the case of slender *n* confusion is shown in intervocalic and final positions in some cases.

*nn* instead of *n* is heard in aineolach, coinean, duine, glaine (glass), ùine. This is a prounciation specially characteristic of Arran, Islay, and other islands of the Southern Hebrides. On the other hand,

*n* for *nn* is heard medially in cinnte, uilinnean (elbows), and finally in deuchainn, eanchainn, ionndrainn, righinn, taitinn, talmhainn, tighinn (coming) here 'tighean.'

Instances of *n* for *nn* with broad vowels also occur, as connlach, here 'conlach' and uileann 'uilean.'

*ng*

*Ng* has in many cases the same sound as slender *nn*, that is, the sound of *ng* in English 'sing,' 'song.' In other cases that

pronunciation is reinforced by a *g*, as in English 'finger,' 'anger.' It is—

*ng-g* in cuingean, rongais, teangaidh, gliong, and meag or meang (whey), here 'myûng-g.'

*w* in ceangail, 'cyãwil,' long, 'low,' (not lõw !)

*nil* in aingeal (angel), ionga (nail), here 'yû-an,' iongantach, iongantas, iongar, luingeas, streang.

*c* slender in pungail, here 'puiceil.'

Seangan (an ant), in Arran, East Perth, and West Ross sneaghan, South Inverness snioghan, Manx sniengan, is here snioghag, sniû-ag.

In final position in words written with *nn*, *ng*, or *g*, it is here—

*g* as in bodhaig, cumhann, sgillinn, tàirng or tarrang (a nail), here 'tarag'; also in taing (thanks), with lengthening of the preceding vowels; in fàilling, fulaing, stuthaing (to starch), etc.

### Tenues and Mediae.

The distinction between the tenues *p*, *t*, *c* and the corresponding medial *b*, *d*, *g* has been found difficult to maintain except in initial position, not only in present pronunciation but in the history of the language, *e.g.*, fada, O. Ir. fota thig, Ir. tic. The pronunciation in some districts of the tenues in the middle and at the end of words as if with an aspirate *h* before them is obviously the result of an effort to distinguish them from the corresponding mediae. In an extreme form this effort is accountable for the pronunciation of non-initial *c* in so many districts as *chc*, *e.g.*, in mac (son) 'machc.' In Rannoch and Strathspey a stranger would be apt to say that non-initial *p* and even *t* as well as *c* are sounded with *ch* in front—*chp* and *cht*, for instance in tapaidh, cat. Sutherland follows the districts in which those aspirate and guttural accretions are absent, and the tenues are sounded much as in English except, of course, that in contact with slender vowels, *t* is spirant like *ch* in 'church,' 'rich') and *c* sounded like the Scottish pronunciation of *k* in 'keek' 'like.'

In Sutherland the endeavour to keep a distinction has, perhaps, taken another direction. That, at all events, is one possible explanation of the fact that *b*, *d*, *g* have here often their English instead of their Gaelic sounds. Instances in which those English sounds of the mediae were heard are—

*b* in beag, lèabag, Robaidh (Robert).

*d* in 'càrdan' (friends), 'gàrdan' (arm), Górdan (Gordon), órdag, spàrdan, fada, airgiod, àrd (high), bórd, chórd (agreed), órd,

and as a spirant (like English *g* in 'age,' 'cage'), in aid, for iad (they), and maide.

*g* in gliong, balgum, beag, lèabag, òrdag, sgleog (slap), and slender like the Scottish pronunciation of *g* in such words as 'get,' 'egg,' in airgiod, smig, and in 'g éirigh' (rising).

If the explanation mentioned above for this pronunciation be accepted, the use of the pronunciation in initial positions where it is not needed to distinguish mediae from tenues, is to be accounted for as an extension from medial and final positions. Another possible explanation, however, of this pronunciation is that it has arisen from extraneous influence either Norse or quite possibly recent English.

*bh.*

The pronunciations of *bh* resemble those of *mh*. It is—

*v* in àbhaist, aobhar, cabhaig, eubhachd (calling), fàbhar, faobhar, slobhalt, saoibhir; aoibhneas, cuibhrionn, cuilbheart, arbhar.

*w* in abhainn, ciabhag, cliabh, sliabh.

*u* as in eubh, 'éu,' sgriobh, 'sgrìu,' treabh, 'treu'; in words like balbh, falbh, meanbh, dearbh, garbh, marbh, searbh, tarbh; in inflectional forms like deilbh (warping), seilbh, gairbhe, mairbh, seirbhe, etc. Instead of *u*, *i* is heard in tairbh (bulls), probably an older and more correct pronunciation after slender vowels.

Sibh is pronounced 'siu' (i.e., shu), and of course words like agaibh, 'agu,' annaibh, and plural imperatives follow suit as deanaibh, 'deanu,' rachaibh, 'rachu,' togaibh, 'trogu,' cuiribh, 'cuiru,' ruithibh, 'ruithu.'

In some cases *u* takes the place of *bh* and a preceding vowel, as in beulaobh, 'beàlu,' and cùlaobh, 'cùlu,' which are respectively properly dative plural forms beulaibh and cùlaibh. So also in Cataibh (Sutherland) and Gallaibh (Caithness), which also are likewise mis-written Cataobh and Gallaobh. Leanabh also is 'leanu,' and dìthreabh 'dìru,' while craobh is 'crù,' and taobh 'tù.'

*nil* as in cuibheas, dubhan, easbhuidh, éibhleag, gobhainn, gobhar, inbhir, leabhar (book), sabhal, siubhal, ubhal; dubh, gabh, gabhaidh and gabhail, dhaibh (to them), etc.

Sometimes *bh*, though silent, has given a *u* colour to the following vowel as in treabhar, 'tre-ur.'

*c.*

*C* is broad in craicionn 'cracann.'

*w* as in bodhar, fiadhaich, iodhal; in biadh, fiadh, etc., and in aoradh (for adhradh), 'owru.' This is heard rather than the above *v* at Helmsdale.

*u*: this universally takes the place of final *adh* in words of two or more syllables in Sutherland, e.g., in achadh, 'achu,' altachadh, aoradh, cliobadh (a stumble), féileadh, gàrradh, geamhradh, iomadh, Murchadh, padhadh, peacadh, samhradh, tiodhlaiceadh (burial), ùmhladh (local for ùmhlachd); in subjunctives, bhitheadh, chrochadh, dheanadh, fàsadh, faighead h, gabhadh; and infinitives, baisteadh, cathadh (drifting), caireachadh, cruinneachadh, cunntadh, meileachadh, reubadh, roghnachadh, seunadh, sgathadh, tearnadh, etc.

*nil* as in adharc, bliadhna, cadha (pass), fasgadh, fradharc.

That *u* for *adh* is peculiar, in Scotland, to Sutherland and Easter Ross, but prevails in the same kind of words, excepting the verbs, throughout Ireland except Munster. How *adh* could come so extensively to have the sound of Gaelic *u*, English *oo* as in 'good,' 'wood,' is a question that naturally suggests itself. The indications are that the proper sound of *dh* gave way to, or was replaced by, that of *gh* in some cases, and that of *bh* or *v*, afterwards changed to *w* and *u*, in other cases. It has the sound of *gh* initially universally in Scottish Gaelic, in some cases medially, and in certain districts in the terminations of subjunctives and infinitives. It has even the sound of hard *g* at the end of words in particular districts, e.g., in fiodh in Arran, in achadh in west Ross-shire, etc. On the other hand *bh* or *v* is found, as stated above, in some cases, while in others *w* or *u*, a common reduction of *bh*, is found far and wide in place of *dh*, e.g., in bodhar, 'bowar,' and odhar, 'owar.' The change in words of two or more syllables of final *dh* into *u*, with absorption by that vowel of the preceding *a* is quite in line therefore with the pronunciation of *dh* as *v* in diadhaidh, etc., and as *w* in bodhar, etc.

*s.*

Toiseach (beginning) is here as in Irish tosach.

An original *sv* may be represented in Gaelic by *s* or *t*, and even by *f* or *p*. One instance that demands notice here is the word for a bee, and comes from the root svelni from which come also fill, pill, and till, and seal, Welsh chwyl, a turn, course, chwil, chwilen, a beetle. The word is—

| | |
|---|---|
| seillean | in general |
| teillean | ,, Lewis and in East Perthshire |
| seinnlean | ,, Creich and in Kincardine in Ross |
| seinnlear | ,, Rogart |
| tainnleag | ,, Kildonan |
| tuinnleag | ,, Reay Country |

*Ei* in the first two forms sounds sometimes *e* and sometimes *ei* (*e* close in both), but in either is short and not nasalised. In the second two forms *ei* is a diphthong and is both long and nasal. *Ai* in the fifth form is exactly the same, but is written so because *t* having not its spirant but its broad sound, requires the vowel next to it to be broad, and so with the sixth form where the vowel sound is *i*. In all the Sutherland forms *nn* is not sounded, being assimilated to *l* and giving *ll* in pronunciation, but it (or *mh*) is required in the spelling by the nasalisation of the vowel, and in the South Sutherland forms, by a lengthening in the pronunciation before *l* (like that before *l* in aimhleas, aimhleathan, etc.)

### Intercalation of Vowels.

Consonant groups, of which at least one of the consonants is a liquid, are broken up in pronunciation more frequently in Northern Gaelic, especially on the west coast, than in Southern by the intercalation of a vocalic sound. Here

| | |
|---|---|
| aimsir | is imisear |
| eanchainn | ,, eanachainn |
| guilbneach | ,, cuileabannach |
| iomchaidh | ,, iomachaidh |
| meanmainn | ,, mearamainn |
| Murchadh | ,, Morachadh |
| tachras | ,, tacharas |
| iomchorc | ,, iomochorag |

and so on. It is not specially prominent here, but there are two or three peculiar instances of it.

| | |
|---|---|
| aing (Voc.) | is enig |
| aingeach | ,, enigeach |
| aingidh | ,, enigidh |
| uaigneach | ,, uinigneach |

This last word is generally uairgneach in Northern Gaelic.

The vocalic insertion akin to the above, between two words compounded or closely linked together, is not so prevalent here as in the west. *A* is inserted, for example, after ban in ban-

mhaighstir and after sean in seanmhàthair. Matheson has bonna creidimh (xiii.), seana chridh (i.). Compare also his dar a ni (iii. etc.,) oir a tha (iii.).

ELISION.

A terminal unaccented *a* or *e* is often lost in Scottish Gaelic as compared with Irish, as Irish dàna, Gaelic dàn (bold), Ir. misge, Gael. misg (drunkenness). In Scottish Gaelic, however, two contrary tendencies are found. On the one hand such vowels are not only retained where the old language had them, but are even added where it wanted them. The stronghold of this tendency is in the north-west Highlands and Islands. In other districts those vowels are cut off almost without exception. This latter tendency, along with certain associated phenomena in the treatment of final syllables, is most conspicuous in east Perthshire and in Strathspey. In Sutherland the tendency is to drop those vowels. That is done, for example, in asa, beurla, bliadhna, cadha, ceudna, damhsa docha, dòcha, eorna, granda, ionga, lugha, in genitives as abhna, Samhna ; in àite, aithne, baile, bainne, buille, céile, coille, cuimhne, Di-h-aoine, duine, fàilte, léine, maide, maille, mòine, nàire, oidhche, teine, uile, uine, uisge ; in genitives as gréine ; in participles as briste, duinte, etc.

The elision of the vowel of so (this) when enclitic as in daoine-s' and daoin'-s' for daoine so, and of the pronominal emphatic particle as in mis' for mise, pilleams' for pilleamsa, leans' for lean thusa, and of the vowel and consonant in é-s', etc., for es-an, dha-s' for dha-san, is common in Matheson's book. There also we meet with cùbhr (xix.) and chùr (xvii.) for cùbhraidh (Irish cùmhra), a chrann-cheus' (vi. twice) and chomhfhurt (xiv.) for chomhfhurtachd. The form of the future indicative in certain cases, *e.g.*, fàg mi e, for fàgaidh mi e, I will leave it, ought also, perhaps, to be mentioned here.

The forms of the verb that end in *as* often elide the vowel of the termination ; as ma sheinns tu (for sheinneas), if you will sing ; am fear a theichs (theicheas), the man who flees ; tuitidh e (tuiteas), it will fall. The same kind of elision is found in words like Di-ceudaoin, here 'Di-ciadn,' iasachd or iasad 'iasd,' and sliasad, 'sliasd,' and, like the other kinds, prevails especially in East Perthshire and in Strathspey and is comparatively rare if not absent in the West Highlands.

ASPIRATION.

The imperatives thig (come) and thoir (give, take) which, unlike other imperatives, are aspirated in Scottish Gaelic, are un-

aspirated here; tig nuas, come down; tig as an rathad, come out of the way; toir dha e, give it to him; toir leat e, take it with you. In Easter Ross also they say tig for thig.

Fhuair (got) is unaspirated; fuair mi e, I got it; is e sin na fuair e, that is all he got. Munro notes this from Alex. Macdonald (Grammar, p. 119, n. 2).

Cha dhean, cha dheanadh (Matheson, xix.), are found here as in many other places, not cha dean as in Perthshire, etc.

Aspiration and non-aspiration are equally admissible in the case of *f* in certain positions. After bheil, fios or fhios may be used; bheil fios aig and bheil fhios aig; cha 'n eil fios agam and cha 'n eil fhios agam. Matheson has mur fhaigh mi (unless I get), mus fhaillinneadh aran (ere bread should fail), nach faic, nach faigh and nach fhaighinn, nach failinnich and nach fhail'nich; ni 's fearr, na 's fuaire; cho fad and cho fhad.

In the case of *c*, which may be aspirated or not after cho, he has cho chràiteach and cho chumhang.

The infinitive dol (or dul) to go, is usually aspirated after verbs in Matheson's book; A dhùraigeadh dhul ann, who would desire to go there; 'S gu n deònaichinn dhul ann, and that I should wish to go there (both in ix.); 'S nach fhàr mi dhul as uaith, and 'S nach fhar mi dul as uaith, and that I cannot escape it (both from i.); 'S leis nach deoin dhol dachaidh, and that is not willing to go home (i.), dol dhachaidh being equally admissable.

Daonnan, always, is written dhaontan (viii. twice) each time it occurs; Is tha 'nis 'nan cuideachd dhaontan, and he is now in their company always (xviii.)

The aspiration of the prepositions de and do that is characteristic of Northern Gaelic is variable here. De and dhe, and do and dha, are all found repeatedly in the Hymns; indeed de and dhe both occur more than once in one stanza.

Before the infinitive do, which is worn down in other districts to *a* in this position, is found here regularly as do or rather as da; nach eil thu dol da shuidhe, are you not going to sit; tha e dol da shealltuinn ort, he is going to see you. In Matheson's book are dol do ghabhail (going to take); iad do cheangal (them to join); do dh' fheuchainn (for a dh').

> "Ach c' ait an teid mis' do dh' iarruidh
> Fear do rian-sa anns an t-saoghal." (xix.)

Do is also found in some phrases, as dh-easbhuidh; Cha toir a bho am bainne d' easbhuidh fiach, the cow will not give her milk without something to eat. Matheson has 'do dh' easbhuidh.'

The occasional modification or elimination, when brought between two vowels by the addition of syllables, of certain final aspirates has been noticed in the "Gaelic of the West of Ross-shire." Here the converse is more frequent. *Bh* is sounded *u* in eubh, but *v* in eubhachd, and *mh* which is sounded *u* in cnàimh "creu" and is silent in làimh, is *v* in the plurals cnàmhan and làmhan.

PROVECTION.

Matheson has cor for gar although—

"'S cor am faigh iad na's àill,"

And though they get not all they would. (v. 6.)

Guilbneach is cuilbeannach, and in the Reay Country buinne is puinne as in West Ross and boitidh, the call to a pig, is poitidh.

PROSTHESIS.

Acain (moaning, lamenting), is here facain, àithne, fàithn, imridh (must), fimridh, and ob (refuse, cease, give over, faint), fob. Raghaidh (a warning, West Ross-shire) is here fraghaidh.

Brogail (active, smart) is sprogail, and at Strathy geuban (fowl's crop) is sgeuban.

Eigh (ice) is deigh, and achailleag (a wag-tail) is tachailleag at Lairg.

On the other hand a mole is ath-mhùgach for fath or famh, feadh (length) is eadh, and taidhe (attention) is aidh; "thug e an aidh dha," he noticed it, "toir 'n aidh da," take heed to it, attend to it. Ogan, joy, delight, seems to be for sogan and occurs in Matheson (i.)

ASSIMILATION.

Assimilation is found in the following cases—

*l* to *s* in soillse, Goillspidh (Golspie).

*n* to *l* in coinnlear, innleachd. In coinneal also *nn* is silent.

*n* to *r*, anart (linen) is here 'ãrad,' which may be compared with East Perthshire and Strathspey 'ã-ard.'

*n* to *d* in Anndra, grannda.

*n* to *t* in cainnt, inntinn, muinntir. Deargant is deargad; so ionnstrumaid from instrument, sàcramaid from sacrament, etc. Buntàta from potato is here too, it may be noted, butàt.

*n* to *s* in bainnse, innis (tell) and innis (island), both ìs (i nasal), òinnseach, and with diphthongisation in dannsa, 'dãws,' and anns (in), 'ãws.' In Matheson's book occur "As an earbainnse

m' anam" (i.), to (lit. in) whom I would trust my soul; and "as an Sgire" (xix.), in the parish.

*r* to *l* in the Reay Country, as in Beurla, urlar, there 'ùlar.'

Annlan (condiment) has undergone several processes. *A* having been diphthongised before long *nn*, *nn* having been assimilated to *l*, and *t* having been inserted after *l* the resulting pronunciation is ãultan (ãwltan). In the Reay Country a further change has made the word ùltan (*u* uasal).

Externally a final nasal liquid in article, relative, preposition, or interrogative, or verbal particle is assimilated or lost in this dialect before *s* and *f*, rarely before other consonants. Further, if the preceding word ends with a vowel the whole word, article, relative, etc., is gone.

*n* before *s* is gone in an saor (the carpenter), an seòl (the sail); 'g an sealgadh (hunting them); far an seas e (where he will stand); an sìth (in peace), etc. Tha an seòl aig (he has the sail) is Tha 'seòl aig; so Tha 'saor tighinn (the carpenter is coming). Cha' 'sàs (he stuck fast) for chaidh e an sàs. An so, an sin, an sud are similarly treated. Thoir a' so e (bring it here); Tha' 'so (it is here) for tha e an so. Cha' sin (he went there) for chaidh e an sin. But they appear here as elsewhere also as ann a' so, ann a' sin, ann a' sud, or rather here as an a'so, etc. He is here is Tha' 'so or Tha 'an a'so. In Matheson's book are found a' Sàtan (the Satan, xvii.), a' spioraid (of the spirit xv.), na' sluagh (of the peoples, xvii), 'sàs for an sàs (iv.), 'sa Sgìre-sa (in this parish, xv.), ann a'strì (in strife, xvi.), ann a' sonas (in happiness, xxi.), "Na 's mò na saoghal (greater than the world, i.) 'So' for an so (xviii.) and 'sud' for an sud (xix.) also occur.

*m* before *f* is gone in am fàidh (the prophet), am fras (the shower), am fianuis (in presence), ann am fàsach (in a wilderness), na'm fàsadh e (if it would grow). Ghearr e am feur (he cut the grass) is ghearr e' feur, so Tha 'fraoch a' fàs (the heather is growing). Am fac sibh e is 'fac sibh e; so 'faigh thu e, for am faigh; 'fàs e, for am fàs, etc.

*n* before *d* goes sometimes; gu deach for gu 'n deach.

*n* before *do* the verbal particle; in the spoken language *d* is often, if not usually, kept; an do thuit e, did he fall; an tigh anns an do choinnich iad, the house in which they met; na 'n do chleachd sibh, if you had practised; gu 'n do dhìbir e, that he has forsaken. Do is usually da, however; an t-àit an da rugadh e, the place where he was born; an t-àit an da throg e, the place where he built. A distinctively northern feature

is to change an do, or 'n do into na, as "na sheas e" for an do sheas e, did he stand This is found in Skye and West Ross, and Matheson has far na thog thu (ii. for far an do thog thu) where you have built; ris na chleachd thu (iv. for an do) to whom you used; gu 'n dhìbir (xix. for gu 'n do) that [it] has forsaken.

DISSIMILATION.

A substitution of *r* for *l*, or for *n* in words containing more than one liquid, is quite a feature of the dialect. It takes the place of *l* in—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| gòireag | for | gòileag, or còileag, a haycock |
| meireachadh | ,, | meileachadh |
| Sgèireaboll | ,, | Skelbo, before 1245 Scelleboll |

and of *n* in—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| abharn | for | abhainn |
| airm | ,, | ainm |
| airmig | ,, | ainmig |
| gairmheach | ,, | gainmheach |
| irinn | ,, | inghean (daughter) |
| lormachd | ,, | lomnochd |
| mearmainn | ,, | meanmainn, meanma |
| Euraboll | ,, | Embo, in 1610 Eyndboll |
| seinnlear | ,, | seinnlean, seillean (a bee) |

The local word gàrnardaich, yawning, appears to be based upon some form, possibly Norse, of English yawn, Old English gánian, Scottish gant. Whether gunnars, gorse, whins, here and in West Ross, is or is not based on conas, conasg, is not certain; in the Black Isle it is gunnas.

In the Reay Country Mr Gunn has noted—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| sparraban | for | bannaban (forehead bandage) |
| earachainn | ,, | eanchainn |
| fasaireadh | ,, | fasanadh (pasturing) |
| mearbh | ,, | meanbh |
| githil | ,, | githir |
| grath-muing | ,, | gath muing (mane) |
| torrasgil | ,, | toirsgean |
| eilthir | ,, | oirthir |
| falair | ,, | faraire (a wake) |
| talcuis | ,, | tarcuis |

The three last are used by Rob Donn.

Guilbneach (curlew), here cuilbeannach is guilbearnach in Strathy as in West Ross and in Perthshire. Rob Donn's 'marachan' in "'S mear a ni Eòri mire ri Deòrsa," though it has been attempted to be explained otherwise, seems clearly to be for manachan, the groin.

'C' ainm e', What do you call him, or it, said when a name is forgotten, is here 'C'airm an e' (C'airmean e?). 'Irinn' is the pronunciation in Easter Ross also. 'Loch na h-Irinhe,' loch of the daughter, at Stoer, and 'Achnanirinin,' field of the daughters, in Strathbrora, appear in maps of Sutherlandshire. That the *r* of Euraboll is a local substitution for *n* is proved alike by the West Coast pronunciation which is Eunaboll, and by the old spellings.

Airm for ainm and aram for anam occur in the Book of the Dean of Lismore and are met with also in Irish.

Uaigneach (secret) which is found as uairgneach in Perth, West Ross, Skye and Lewis, is here uinigneach. Seangan (an ant) is snioghag (*gh* silent) and mèag (whey) miong. Searmon (a sermon) following the analogy of sàcramaid, ionnstrumaid, etc., is searmaid. There is more than dissimilation in the transformation of mial-mhàgain (a toad) into nial-mhàgain (Niall-mhàgain ?), in Skye neal-mhàgag (a frog).

*S* is inserted as usual in the group *rt* as dórst for dórt, gorst for gort, etc.

Rob Donn has tastar for tartar, in West Ross-shire tatar. He also has gràist for gràisg; in Arran Gaelic and in Manx a medial or final *sg* often becomes *st* as in the Arran uiste for uisge.

An insertion or addition of dentals is exemplified in iostal for iosal, iodhalt for iodhal and umhailt for umhail. Matheson has gamhaldas for gamhlas, and taghald for tadhal; smuainich and àbhaist appear in the hymns with *t* (smuaintich) but more frequently without (àbhais). He has sùsdan (thousand) v. 1, but sùsana (thousands) x. 2.

There is a strong tendency in Scottish Gaelic to avoid or do away with the juxtaposition of the sounds *n s* by assimilation or otherwise. One method in the case of slender *s* is to substitute *t*. In Perthshire and elsewhere, for example, an sin is an t-sin (or an tin), like an t-suil, an t-sealbhag; an sean duine is an t-seann duine, and 'g an sireadh is 'g an t-sir'. Here it may be heard occasionally; as far an t-seilbhich, for far an seilbhich.

### Methathesis.

This is not prominent here as it is, e.g., in West Ross. Lomradh a fleece, fleecing, is loramadh; lomnochd shows dissimilation

also loramachd and luramachd; uilear is uireal and roghnachadh roghanchadh. The loan words cearcall and coimrig are respectively cealcar and cuimrig and cumraig.

Adharc and fradharc are respectively earag, frearag (*e* close); amhairc is amhraig and iomchorc iomochorag. Agamsa is pronounced agamas, and is so written in Matheson (xix.)

SUFFIXES.

Here, as in West Ross, a syllable *i* is inserted before the abstract suffix *achd* is added to a word; cumaidheachd for cumachd, form, figure; fàsaidheachd for fàsachd, barrenness, state of lying waste; rannaidheachd, versification, doggerel. Matheson, who has all those, uses "cumiachd bhò," of Aaron's golden calf.

Rìsdich, again (Matheson, ix.), for ris or rithisd, and fhathastaich for fathast, show a common addition to those words, but nisean (id., xviii. 5, 18) for nis, now, is more of a novelty.

The suffix *idh* noticed in West Ross is met with here also. A little burn at Marrell is called Alltaidh Skelpick, and opposite Marrell, on the left bank of the Helmsdale river, are Alltaidh Bheich and Alltaidh Sgrigill. Those three are within a mile of Helmsdale. A fourth at Kinbrace is Alltaidh Choinsgill. The four are amongst the smallest tributaries of the Helmsdale river. In the Reay Country there is Alltaidh Phuirt near Armadale. What difference of meaning, if any, is there between allt and alltaidh? The answer given locally is that it is not known unless it be that as a little burn would be called a burnie in English, so alltaidh means a little burn in Gaelic. The suffix has been recognised as a diminutive ending by Mr. W. J. Watson in his Place-names of Ross and Cromarty (p. xxxvi.) An Cam-alltaidh, the crooked burnie, is the name of a little burn in Resolis. The Gaelic Tom Thumb is in Sutherland, Ianaidh Ceann-ordaig, Johnny Thumb-head. I have heard a wife addressed as a bheanaidh, wifie. Leanabaidh, infant, occurs as a noun (Matheson xvii.) A peat cart in north Inverness is fianaidh (little waggon?) from feun, and in parts of Sutherlandshire one of the two kinds of carts in use, the other being a "coup," is called in English a fainie, evidently the Gaelic feunaidh.

Cearn is here as in the north widely cearnaidh, and ceannteaghlaich paterfamilias, is ceannaidh-teaghlaich. The suffix in those two cases does not seem to have any diminutive force.

The local forms biodaidh, breac-mhèanaidh, ceitidh-suibhreag, cùbaidh, fiannaidh, meildidh, purpaidh, and speubhaidh (all

explained Voc.), taken with what goes before, seem to show a fondness for the ending *idh*.

### Phonetic Irregularities.

Irregularities and variations of pronunciation are somewhat numerous in the dialect. Prominent among them are the variations of féin and seillean, and the peculiar development of dissimilation. Such forms as blobhsd for blabhd and craimscean for craimcean, feann for fann, loch-lòinn for loch-bhléin or loch-léin, miong for mèag, breac-mhèanaidh for breac-eunain, nial-mhagain for mial-mhagain (neal-mh. in Skye, however) are to be noted, as also the use of the personal pronoun instead of the possessive with the infinitive. Those and other peculiarities have been held to arise from an imperfect mastery of the language by a people whose mother tongue was sometime Norse, and whose Gaelic was acquired. Whatever the explanation, the irregularities are noticeable.

### Article.

The *t*, originally *d*, of the article is often heard as *d* here ; an d-airgiod (the money), an d-each (the horse), can an d-altachadh (say the grace), chaidh e an d-Ord (he crossed or he passed the Ord [of Caithness]), tigh an d-saoir (the carpenter's house), Cadha an d-Samhraidh, Pass of the Summer (above Marrell, Helmsdale).

### Noun.

Nouns ending in *r* have, as usual, a tendency to go over to the guttural declension, as the borrowed word fodar (straw), genitive fodrach. Mil (honey) also has joined this declension, genitive mealach (Matheson, xvii).

Anam (soul) has gen. sing. anamain and an'main, and nom. plu. anamana in Matheson. Iongain (a nail) *ng* silent, and meanmainn (a tickling in the nostril, supposed to prognosticate a visitor) are old oblique cases of the *n* declension raised to the nominative, like gobhainn for gobha.

Words ending in *n* in the singular drop that *n* in the plural, as eilean, island, plu. eileanan, pronounced here as in many districts eilea'an ; so cuilean (a pup), plu. cuilea'an, and so on.

Cnàimh (bone) has plurals cnainean 'crenan' (*e* nasal) and cnànan as well as cnàmhan.

Such plurals as ceudu (hundreds), ceusu (coarse parts of fleeces), deuru (tears), and speuru (skies, the firmament) recall the old accusatives plural. Matheson's raonta' (fields) and sùsana

(thousands) may have represented similar pronunciations. Matheson also has geatacha' (gates), oighreachd'a (estates), and sealach' (seals), but dàintean (poems), gaoitean (winds), and feartainn (virtues).

The younger generation is able without feeling any incongruity to say na h-òrdan (the hammers), na dall, pron. dowll (the blind, plu.), bogha an d-uisge (the rainbow), leabhar na-h-amhranan (the song book), tha an t-saoir tighinn (the carpenter is coming), cionnus tha an fheur a' sealltainn (how does the grass look), ghearr e an fheur (he cut the grass). However rare such mistakes may be, the mere fact that they occur at all is an indication of the tendency that is in operation.

### Numerals.

Aon, one, is pronounced ûnn, at Strathy ùnn, when used as an adjective—unn bhean (one woman), and an when used pronominally—bheil an agad (have you one). In enumeration at Creich unnan is used—Cia meud a th' aige? Unnan. (How many has he? One). Unnan deug (eleven).

### Personal Pronouns.

A for e (he) and àid, èad for iad (they), are heard in the usual positions: An e sin a (is that he), C'àit bheil aid (where are they), An èid th'ann or an èad th' ann (is it they).

### Pronominal Emphatic Particle.

The emphatic third personal pronoun esan is variously written in Matheson's Hymns e-sa, é-sa, è-sa, é-s', è-s'. Dha-s' (to him) and àits (his place) also occur, and an cuid leon-s' (their wounds).

On the other hand, misean for mise occurs in xix., and thusan for thusa, dhuit-san (to you), and ad dheigh-san (after you), all in xviii., probably by the same author. It is in xviii. that nisean appears twice for nise (now).

"Those parts of the verb which have personal terminations," says Munro (Grammar, p. 205), "assume the pronominal increase sa, se, ne, or e, to express emphasis." His examples include also the second singular imperative where it is less general. Matheson has dean-sa (for dean thusa), pill-sa, seall-sa (all xviii.), seall-s' and lean-s (both xvii.). It is common in the metrical Psalms, *e.g.*, dean-sa (thrice), and saor-sa in the fifty-first.

### Possessive Pronouns.

Instead of ar, ar n- (our), n-ar is often used, and instead of bhur, bhur n- (your), n-ur.

"Gheibheadh sinn n-ar di-sairsc',"
We should get our discharge.—Matheson, ii.

"'S e dh' iarradh n-ar cridhe dhuinn,"
What our heart would desire for us.—Matheson, xvi.

"'S ann bu mho n'-ur fabhar,"
The greater were your favour.—Matheson, x.

### *The Demonstrative* So.

So (this) is treated often as an enclitic, *e.g.*, anns a' ghleannsa (in this glen), aig an teamhars' de 'n bhliadhna (at this season of the year, or at this time of year). Matheson has an àls' for an àl so (v.), na daoine-s' and na daoin'-s' for na daoine so (both x.), 'sa Sgìre-sa for san Sgìre so (xv.), air an taobhs' for air an taobh so (iii. and xvii.), 'n tìd reothts' for an tìd reothta so. An dràsda for an tràth so appears as an tràthsa (ix.), an traths' (v.), and an tràs (xvii.).

### Verb.

"In Sutherland, Ross-shire, and other parts of the north Highlands," says Munro (Grammar, p. 97), "the future indicative terminates in *as*; as bitheas mi, tu, e, etc." Matheson has bitheas (xiv.), but in pronunciation here as in East Perthshire, etc., the termination is not *as* but *s*; múchs tu e (you will smother it), so fàgs (will leave), togs (will raise), éisds (will listen), tuits (will fall), caills (will lose), caoins (will weep), beirs (will catch), etc. The form is used only before the pronouns tu, e, i, and iad. Before the other pronouns mi, sinn, and sibh, it wants the *s*, but otherwise is the same; seun mi mi fhéin uaith (I will charm myself against it), not seuns, nor seunaidh, so tilg mi e (I will throw it), streap sinn e (we will climb it), iarr sibh (you will ask), etc.

The infiinitive of *ich* verbs is formed by broadening *ch* and adding, not *dainn* as in West Ross, but *dain*, as beannaich, beannachdain. Matheson has aithneachdan; dealachdain, dealachdan, and dealaichdean, faireachdain, and inndreachdan (for inntreachdan.

The passive participle in the Isle of Man and in East Perthshire has its final vowel in some cases retracted before the *t*, as

beannaichte, in Manx, banniit, in East Perth, beannaichit. The passive subjunctive is dealt with similarly here. Matheson has several instances :—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| bhithite | for | bhiththeadh (xviii.). |
| dar chithite | „ | dar chiththeadh (xviii.). |
| gu'm faicid | „ | gu'm faicteadh (v.). |
| na'n gabhaid | „ | na'n gabhteadh (x.). |
| gu'n ruithead | „ | gu'n ruiththeadh (v.). |
| ged sgapaidhte | „ | ged sgapteadh (i.). |

The subjunctive used for rach, go, is theidhinn, an tigh gus an teidheadh tu (the house to which you would go). Matheson has it some ten times: Oir theidheadh iad cuideachd (for they would go together, i. 14), Cha d'theidhinn rìsd as an deigh (I would not go again after them, x. 2), etc.

Tàir (get, obtain, come), used by Matheson, is written thàr, thàras, thàradh, but after the conjunction nach, fhar, and fhàr.

"Dar dheargas am bàs orm
'S nach fhar mi dul as uaith." (i.)

### Prepositions.

Ann, which, like some others of the prepositions, takes on *s* before the article and the relative, is here invariably anns, pronounced often ãws and also as ; anns Maraill in Marrell ; anns Raoghard in Rogart ; anns cabhaig in haste. Dr Macdonald, Ferintosh, being storm stayed on one occasion, on a journey to Caithness by the Ord, preached in Helmsdale each day until the road was open, and at his last service commended the people for coming out so well, "anns gaoth is anns uisge, anns sneachd is anns reotha" (in wind and in rain, in snow and in frost). Matheson has anns mo chrann-chur (in my lot, viii.), anns do nàdur (in thy nature, xvi.). As an earbainnse m' anam (to (lit. in) whom I would trust my soul), occurs also (i.). As (out of) is sounded e's (*e* open, *s* broad).

Bhos, is heard in place of o chionn (since), Cha d' thàinig e bhos mios (he has not come for (lit. since) a month). The same form is used also as a conjunction in place of o'n, bho'n ; Is fhada bhos nach fhac mi thu (it is long since I have seen you). "Bhos a thàinig e" (since he came), was heard in Kiltarlity.

### Conjunctions.

Ach an (until) is common ; feithidh sinn ach an tig e (we shall wait until he comes). Matheson uses it, and once has ach an, and the equivalent gus an, in the same stanza (x. 8).

Mus, not mu'n, is used for before :—

"Chuir e fitheach do ionnsuidh
Le meildidh gu 'thearnadh
Le meildidh gu 'thearnadh,
Mus fhaillinneadh aran." (viii.)

He sent him a raven with food to save him, with food to save him ere bread should fail.

Air neo (or else, otherwise), is expressed by na dheadh; rach ann ann màireach na dheadh cha'n fhaic thu e (go to-morrow else you will not see him). Elsewhere air deadh, air dheadh (air deodh, air dheodh in Perthshire) are used.

Cor for gar (though not), occurs in Matheson; "'S cor am faigh iad na's àill" (and though they get not all they would have).

An for anns an is of course common, an t-àite an do rugadh e (the place in which, or where, he was born), an t-àite an do throg e e (the place where he built it), "Anns an dlùithteachd an d' fhag e (in the unity in which he left [them]), xix.

Far an (where) seems somehow to be unfamiliar in the north. In West Ross chon an, or thon an, takes its place. Here c' àit an, the interrogative where, is actually used instead—Bha mi c' àit an d' robh e (I was where he was). Yet Matheson often has far an.

Air chor 's gu 'n (so that), which occurs in xvi., Air chor 's gu 'm b' urra mi iomradh (so that I could tell) appears (negatively) in xix., as Cor nach fhar mi do 'n innseadh (so that I cannot recount them) for air chor 's nach. In some districts 's for is, or agus (and), is omitted.

### Idiom.

In place of ge b' oil le (in spite of) Matheson has na 'm boil le or nam boil le (four times); Na'm boil le ceann an t-Satain (in spite of Satan's head—iii. twice). Ge olc (however bad) is da olc, Is da olc 's gu 'm bi an grund (and however bad be the soil—ii.). Bheag air mhòr (xviii.) for bheag no mhòr (little or much, small or great) is common in the north.

The use of the unaspirated *do* in place of the usual *a* before infinitives falls under Aspiration, as do cheangal (to tie), do ghabhail (to take), do ghlanadh (to cleanse), do dh' iarraidh (to seek), do dh' fheuchainn (to show), all from Matheson. Sometimes instead of do (or a) it is gu. that is used: gu aithneachdan naomhachd (to discern holiness—vi.), gu àrach an anamain (to nourish the soul—viii.), gu dearbhadh nan naoimh (to test the saints—xi), gu milleadh siol (to destroy seed—iv.),

"Ach seall's gun dail 'nuas air na dh' fhag
Gu toirt dhoibh pairt de 'n ionmhas ud"

(But look Thou down quickly on those whom he left, to give them a part of that wealth—xvii.).

When the object of the infinitive is a pronoun gu is the regular preposition in Gaelic, and is sometimes used by Matheson, as gu m' dhìon (to shield me), but its place is often taken here, as in West Ross-shire, by do, so that where do is regular gu is used instead, and where gu is regular do is substituted: cha 'n eil mise dol do 'thoirt dheth (I am not going to take it off), théid e d' am faicinn (he will go to see them). Matheson has do m' dhion (to save me), d' a gleidheadh (to keep her), d' ar treigeadh (to forsake us), d' ur milleadh (to destroy yourselves), d' an dion (to save them),

"Thig e-san mar Earraid
Le cabhaig do m' iarraidh"

(It [death] will come like king's messenger to summon me in haste—i.).

Do, perhaps following the above analogies, occurs in two cases in which there should be no preposition.

"Bha do bhuaidhean-s' do aireamh,
Cor nach fhar mi do 'n inneadh"

(Your virtues were countless, so that I cannot enumerate them [cor for air choir s']—ii. 6), "Cha 'n urra . . . do dh' ainmeachadh (it is not possible to name it—xvii.).

Compare also Is da olc 's gu 'm bi do chlann (and however bad thy children be—ii. 3) and Is da olc 's gu 'm bi an grùnd (and however bad the soil be—ii. 6) for ge olc.

The object of an infinitive in Gaelic is in the genitive case if a noun, and if a pronoun is the possessive form if there is such; bheil thu 'g an cluinntinn (do you hear them), not bheil thu ag cluinntinn iad; but bheil thu ag cluinntinn sin (do you hear that). The decay of declension tends naturally, of course, to show itself here also when the object is a noun. When the object is a personal pronoun the right idiom is sometimes used, perhaps rather in stereotyped phrases than in extempore combinations: Tha mi ag ionndrain bhi 'g ur cumraigeadh (or cuirmigeadh) and Tha mi a' facain bhi 'g ur cumraigeadh, which both mean I am sorry to trouble you. Ordinarily the personal pronoun is used instead of the possessive: "Bi beannachadh sinn" for Bi 'g ar beannachadh (be blessing us), "Cha bhi mi ag cumail sibh" for 'g ar cumail (I will not be detaining

you), "Tha e a' deanamh e" (pronounced Tha' 'deanu a) for Tha e 'g a dheanamh (he is doing it), Bidh sinn a' faicinn sibh for Bidh sinn 'g ar faicinn (we shall be seeing you), "An d'robh thu ag ionndrain e" for 'g a ionndrain (were you missing him), "Bha mi a' togail an aird i" for 'g a togail an aird (I was lifting her up). Those examples and others were heard far and wide from young and old both in Sutherland and in the Reay Country. I have heard "ag iarraidh e" seeking him (or it) for 'g a iarraidh in Kiltarlity.

VOCABULARY.

aing, hatred, spite, ill-will; in Lewis, anger, displeasure; pronounced here ainig (enig, *e* nasal) like aingidh, here ainigidh. Cf. Ir. aingeis, a curse or malediction.

aingeach, malicious, spiteful.

ainmhide, a heifer; Creich, etc. The dictionaries give "ainmhide, a fool, an idiot." Maceachen (2nd edition) adds to these "a beast," which is the primary meaning, the others being metaphorical uses of the word. Ainbhte, noticed in the West of Ross-shire, is the same word with intercalated vowel after *n* in both cases and *bh* in the one and *mh* in the other silent. Cf. Irish, ainmhinte and ainbhinte, beasts.

ainmhidean, a one-year-old heifer, or heifer stirk; Creich.

ainmhidh, a heifer; pronounced here, in Creich, and in Farr, ana'i and ena'i (*n* long), while in ainmhidh beast *mh* retains its sound of *v*. In Arran the word commonly means a horse. In Farr, ainmhidean, the plural of ainmhide above, is used as plural also of ainmhidh. It is this word that appears in Rob Donn's 'S Mear a ni Eòri mire ri Deòrsa, in the line

"Casan an fhleasgaich mar shlachdan ri èanaidh."

The slachdan is a piece of wood forming part of a cow's tether.

alachd, glossed "a carcase" (Matheson, xi.). For falachd from fuil?

an-lus, weed (Matheson, vii.).

bàdhan, a burying-ground, churchyard, Matheson has it written bhabhuinn :—

"Tha 'n Righ 's am Baigear
'S an aon staid anns a bhabhuinn (xv.).

bàight, bait, enticement; baoit (Lewis), E. Macdonald's Faclair Gàidhlig.

bàighteag, an earth-worm (bait for trout) from above; baoiteag (Macbain).

barra-seisein, corn-yard, premises, belongings. Tha brad barra-seisein aige, he has a well-filled stack-yard. Cha-'n eil leithid a ui air mo bharra-seisein, I have not such a thing in my possession. The English *possession* altered?

bàth, foolish; bàth, a fool, etc., Macleod and Dewar.

biodaidh, an imp, pest, one who annoys. Cf. biod to pick, gall, vex. E. Macdonald.

bìogach, little.

blabhd, a loud bark; here and in Farr blobhsd.

breac-mhèanaidh, freckles

breathadh, disease or rottenness in potatoes. Thàinig am b. anns a' bhuntàta; nach iad tha air b. For breothadh, from breo, breoth, rot, etc.

breodhuinn, breodhuinn-cheapaig, a wheel-barrow. Alness in Ross-shire also. E. Macdonald has bleodhan.

buinte, relationship, kinship. In Arran bointe.

bùiteach, a scolding, rating. Thug e bùiteach air, he gave him a scolding.

bùitich, to scold, rate, threaten. Bùitich air falbh e, drive him away. Bùitich air falbh am balgair sin, drive that dog away. "Ged a bhùitichte bàs orra," though they be threatened with death. Matheson i.

cadaisde, the catechism.

cadal-inchean, the prickly feeling in a torpid limb; cadal-ìneach in Farr.

ceangaldair, a reel for winding yarn in hanks.

céitean, mood, humour. An d'robh céitean math air, was he in good humour.

ceitidh-suibhreag, a frame for holding filled reels of yarn; called ceiteag in Farr.

cliseach, side of body, etc. Matheson xix.

còchaidh, soft, spongy, *e.g.*, as a decaying turnip; Reay Country also. Còthaidh Glenmoriston, còthoch, West Ross.

coileach-teth, the quivering seen near the surface of ground on a clear day; crith-theas, Macleod and Dewar.

creuthachas, disgust. Chuir e c. orm, it disgusted me, or it made me shudder.

craimcean, a little stout man; craimscean, Farr.

crodhaich, glossed "something that adulterates the milk" (Matheson, i.). Said locally to mean a disease of the stems or shaws of potatoes; black spots or lumps form and the top falls down. For creòthach from creòth?

cùbaidh, pulpit, for cùbaid; East Ross-shire, also

dam, mud, mire.

deathadh, would go; used as subjunctive of rach: for teidheadh, after an.

di-beathte, welcome. Tha sibh di-beathte, you are welcome.

diosgaidh-dàsgaidh, the sucking sound made in walking with water in boots.

dìtheachadh, destruction.

duain, close, shut, rare here but common in Caithness; duanadh (infinitive), Matheson, xvi.

duaineil, ugly, ill-looking. Cf. duainidh, west of Ross-shire.

duch, nightfall; only in phrase, bho mhuch gu duch, from morning to night.

dùr-fhoghar, the dog days.

fàine, lower; àine for fhàine occurs in Matheson, xviii.

fiannaidh, a thin or slender person.

fliothasg, an earth-worm; in West Ross-shire, frilisg, in Lochalsh, friosg.

flò, stupor, stupefaction, amazement. Chuir e flò orm, it amazed me, it dazed me. Thàinig flò chadail air, he dozed or slumbered.

foisgeil, free, frank, open-hearted.

fradhaidh or fraghaidh, a warning; raghaidh (radhaidh?) West Ross-shire.

gàrradh-arbhair, stackyard, cornyard.

garra-gartain, landrail, corncrake.

geanmhuinneach, glossed "joyful or merry," Matheson, xvii.

gearraiseach, a hare; in Farr, giorraiseach.

gleusan, Matheson, xiv., glossed "Leòintean," wounds.

glifeid, sleet; Farr also.

gradhan, Matheson vii., rhymes with Sàcan, etc., and therefore gràdhan, glossed "Feum no bleadh."

gunnars, whins, gorse; also in Farr and West Ross-shire; in the Black Isle gunnas.

innean, ankle, Chaidh e dhe 'innean, he went off his ankle, dislocated his ankle. In Farr the protuberance at the root joint of the little toe.

labhallan, pronounced la mheallan and la-mhallan, "a mythical animal, supposed to be larger than a rat, and very noxious, lives in deep pools," Rev. A. Gunn. Rob Donn has the word in "Briogais Mhic Ruairidh":—

"Na leigibh ri bràigh' e
'M feadh bhios e mar tha e
Air eagal gu 'n sàraich
An luachair e :
Na leigibh o bhail' e
Do mhòinteach nan caileach,
Mus tig an labhallan
'S gu 'm buail i e."

Among the characteristics ascribed to the animal in various popular accounts are that it frequents water and damp places, that it strikes its victim with a discharge of venom, that no one in whose face it breathes will long survive, that it sucks blood like a vampire, that it has four feet, and that the length and breadth of its body are about equal, and measure from twelve to fifteen inches. What animal it is that has lost its identity and acquired such a fabulous character has been much disputed. Jamieson, in his Scottish Dictionary, has given "lavellan, a kind of weasel," as a Caithness word on the authority of Pennant. Macleod and Dewar say, "A shrew, water-shrew, or mouse." The popular conception of it as an aquatic and noxious animal supports the view that the animal designated by the name labhallan, before it set out upon its fabulous career, was the water-loving and harmless, though supposed noxious, water-shrew. Rob Donn, who associates the labhallan, as will be noticed, with the damp mòinteach or moss, evidently considered it a harmless creature, for the man who, if not kept at home, ran the risk of being smitten by the labhallan at the moss, was in equal danger of being harassed by the rushes on the moor.

làmhadh, an axe. This shows that the proper spelling of the word for the West of Ross-shire is not làmhag, as given in connection with that dialect, but làmhadh, which would be pronounced làmhug as it is there.

mealbhan, sea-bent; Easter Ross also. Called elsewhere mùran. In West Ross-shire the banks or dunes of sand on which this grass grows.

meilidh, glossed "lon biadh," food, provision, Matheson, viii. ; a form of meiltir, meildreach. See quotation under Conjunctions.

muircinn, ankle ; cblique case, proper nominative, muirceann.

pìreas, appearance ; West Ross-shire also.

poitidh, the call to a pig ; boitidh in West Ross-shire and Macbain's Dictionary.

pollach, a cod ; Easter Ross also ; in Farr, a half-sized cod.

préisgeadh, preaching, from English, Matheson, xv.
purpaidh, purple.
rabhan, in West of Ross-shire rabhann, often met with in place-names. In the Reay country and in the heights of Kildonan it is pronounced rafan. A native of Farr (Sutherland-shire) gave the information that it is the name of a grass that grows in still water, and that sheep often wade in to eat and are lost. This confirms the explanation in West of Ross-shire Gaelic.
rèap, an untidy person.
reusbanadh, mal-treatment, ill-usage. Is tu a rinn an r, air, how badly you have beaten him, or have used him.
sar, "a little black insect that infests sheep"; sheep-louse, Macleod & Dewar.
seacha-mhinntinn (seachamh-inntinn? but *mh* = *v*), gratification, satisfaction, Thug sud s. gu leòr dha, that satisfied him fully. "Siach-inntinn," Matheson, vi., 3; "Seach-mhinntinn," MS. correction on margin of a copy I have seen.
sgalbhail, continued barking of a dog.
sgeolldair, the jelly-fish, Farr.
sgléap, a scolding, rating. Thug e sgléap dha, he gave him a scolding.
sgleog, a slap; Farr also.
sgrugaill, neck of a bottle, or of a hen. Cf. sgruigean.
sguch, to move, stir; na sguchaibh, don't move, sit still. Farr also.
siaraidhean (plural) rheumatism; lit. 'contortions.'
sineag, a wick made from a rush by peeling off the green outer covering, Farr; a rush, Dornoch, Creich.
sìthte, glad, pleased, contented; lit. "pacified,' Rob Donn has it in "Tha sinn fo mhulad 's a coimhead a chéile."
smachd, a syllable.
snàthadag, the tit-lark; also in West Ross-shire and Perthshire.
solumas, glossed, 'abundance.' Matheson ix.
spaoileadh, staring, gaping, looking in alarm.
speubhaidh, spavin.
spionnag, a bandage round the forehead as for headache.
spuaic, a mole or spot on the face.
stallag, a bandage over the cheeks as for toothache.
starach, sagacious, wily.
stràilleach, sea-weed, sea-ware; Easter Ross also.
strianach, beam or ray as sometimes seen radiating from the sun amongst clouds near the horizon; from srian which has the meaning of streak or stripe [whence strianach, a badger.]

**stuaic**, a glum or sullen look.

**suilleach** in Matheson i. ; said to mean clear, bright.

"'N tra dh' eireas a Ghrian orr'
A nios gu suilleach
Gheibhear iadsan an tra sin
Mar aon àl ann do bhroilleach."

In the rhyming word broilleach *oi* sounds here *ăo* ; so probably soilleach ?

**sùsdan**, a thousand, Matheson v.; plural sùsana id. x.

**tac**, prop, support, dependence ; for taic.

**tachailleag**, the black and white wagtail, pied wagtail, Farr also. At Lairg achailleag.

**tairg** *(ai* as *é* short ; in Reay as *ăo)* "Cionnus a tha thu ?" "Tha tairg agam," How are you ? I am fairly well Tha tairg aige he is fairly well. Tha mi an tairg mhath and Tha tairg orm, which are heard in some parts, are considered bad idiom in others. Compare Tha mi tairgse I am fairly well, and Tha mi tairgse bhi ag gluasad I am able to move about, heard in West Ross-shire.

**tàlmag**, "a long-nosed mouse-like animal frequenting old walls" ; the shrew-mouse, evidently.

**teamhair**, time, season ; aig an teamhairsa de 'n bhliadhna, at this time of the year, at this season of the year ; teamhair fhuar, cold weather. Rob Donn has it in "Oran nan Casaga dubha." In North Inverness and West Ross, dàmhair.

**teidhinn**, would go, used as subjunctive for rach, go ; Matheson, passim. See under Verb.

**toimhsean**, sense, judgment. Cha 'n eil t. aige, he has no sense.

**trèasgan**, a useless person, good-for-nothing ; in West Ross, triasg.

**tuirsg**, to lift, bundle up, prepare and begin, or set out. Thuirsg e air (he set out, he began) synonymous with thog e air and thrus e air. Thuirsg e air do shealltainn oirre (he bestired himself, and went to see her). Tuirsgeadh is glossed, "preparing for a journey," in Matheson, i.

**ultanaich**, a slender wiry-looking grass, the earliest that grows on the moors, called from its appearance deer's hair grass.

**ùmhladh**, obedience, submission ; so Matheson, iv.

**ungaidh**, mouldy, musty. Dongaidh is in West Ross tungaidh.

**uspag**, a start aside, a shy. Thug an t-each uspag gu taobh (the horse shied, or started, to one side).

*27th FEBRUARY, 1902.*

At this meeting the following were elected members of the Society, viz.:—Mr Robert M. Copeland, 38 High Street, John Trendall, Queensgate, Inverness; and Mr D. Butter, auditor, Highland Railway, Inverness. The following contribution, entitled "Fragments of Breadalbane Folk-Lore," by Mr James MacDiarmid, Killin, Perthshire, was read:—

## FRAGMENTS OF BREADALBBANE FOLK-LORE.

A belief in the existence of ghosts, witches, fairies, and urisks was at one time general in Breadalbane, but now, owing to various causes, few of the people believe in ghosts and witches, and fewer still believe in fairies and urisks.

Without doubt the reading of books and newspapers has helped to destroy old superstitious beliefs, and we can fairly assume that many interesting tales and legends have been lost to us simply because the influence of the press has become so powerful in the land. In the olden days the natives of Breadalbane spent the long winter nights in listening to, or in relating, stories of the marvellous, but the present race prefer the items in the daily newspaper, or the serial story in the weekly, to the tales that delighted or frightened their fathers. So the folk-lore of the district is gradually vanishing.

During the Breadalbane clearances in 1839 and in the forties of last century scores of families were expelled from their holdings, and with their expulsion doubtless many weird tales and traditions associated with certain parts of Breadalbane were irretrievably lost. Still, some of the old people in the district can recall a few of the 'sgeulachdan' which were common in their youth. To these old men and women I have to confess my indebtedness for the ghost, witch, and urisk stories which I intend to introduce later on, and which are illustrative of a part at least of the folk-lore of Breadalbane. Before doing so it may not be out of place to refer to several other superstitions which formerly had a firm hold of the minds of all.

Even at the present day a few individuals of both sexes at Lochtayside firmly believe that they have occasionally seen the 'gealbhan' or 'solus'—a moving light which is said to be the precursor of a death or funeral. I was lately told by an old

man of my acquaintance that on a winter night nearly forty years ago a light was seen by his mother moving along a hillside in this neighbourhood. Shortly after that a young man was lost in the snow, on the same hill, while attempting to gather his father's sheep. My informant also avers that he himself witnessed an equally strange sight one night. He saw a brilliant light going east the highway, then it turned down in front of a crofter's house, illuminating everything. An hour later the crofter's corpse was brought east to his house.

The following tale may, not inappropriately, be introduced here: —In the days of auld langsyne a ferryman who lived on the north side of Loch Tay one evening heard a shrill whistle proceeding, as he thought, from the other side of the loch. As a whistle or a loud halloo was the usual signal given by persons who required his services, he immediately launched his boat and set out for the south side. On reaching his destination he saw no one, but waited a short time to see if any person wished to cross. At last a horrible thing like a big bag of wool rolled down the brae and entered his boat, sending it further into the water. The boatman was brave, and, though startled, he rowed his uncanny cargo to the north side. Just as the boat touched the shore the horrible thing was transformed into the likeness of a large white bird, which flew, flapping its wings and screeching loudly, towards Lawers burying-ground. Shortly afterwards a young woman died suddenly and unexpectedly on the south side of Loch Tay, and the man had to convey her corpse in his boat to Lawers burying-ground. So runs the tale, believe it who may.

Strange as it may appear, there is still an odd person here and there who is convinced that animals, especially cattle and horses, are yet subject to 'beum-sul,' or the malign influence of the 'evil eye.' A woman told me lately that the sovereign cure for an animal thus afflicted was to take water in God's name from a stream across which the living passed and the dead were carried, put it in a pail or dish along with a silver coin, then sprinkle some of the water into the ears and on the back of the afflicted animal. Finally, the rest of the water was given to the cow or horse to drink, and if the coin adhered to the bottom of the dish the cure would be complete. If the above conditions were fulfilled, water from a loch would be equally efficacious, and I have heard of one instance at least in which water from Lochtay was used for a similar purpose. It seems that the 'evil eye' could so affect cream that no amount of churning was sufficient to convert it into butter.

A strange thing in connection with the 'evil eye' was that occasionally its unenviable possessor might not be at all malevolent; but if an animal took his fancy, it was in danger of becoming ill.

A certain 'wise' man who lived near Fortingall, and who died some time in the sixties of last century, pretended that he could cure animals that had been 'overlooked.' From all accounts, he appears to have cured many animals which were really ill. His method of procedure was to retire to his closet, from which the listener heard mutterings and strange noises proceeding. After an interval the wizard came out trembling and perspiring, and gave the person consulting him a white powder for the sick horse or cow. The modern wizard followed the example of his ancient forerunners, who 'muttered and peeped,' but, judging him impartially, I fear we must come to the conclusion that he was a clever rogue, who, with a good knowledge of farriery, traded on the ignorance and superstition of his fellowmen. It must be stated that he charged well for his powders.

When a particular kind of disease was prevalent among the cattle of a district or locality, 'teine éigin,' or need fire, was resorted to as a remedy. All fires were extinguished, and then the strongest men tried to produce fire by friction. The fir or oaken beam of a house was selected, and then a hole was bored through it. A dry stick, with a handle like that of an auger, was inserted in the hole, and turned rapidly and continuously round so as to generate enough heat to set fire to some combustible material that was provided for the occasion. Every hearth in the neighbourhood got its share of the 'need fire,' and the remedy was considered rather efficacious.

An old man told me that he had assisted when a young man in producing the 'teine-éigin.' A farmer's cows were supposed to be dangerously ill, and the work was performed in the byre in which the animals were. It was very fatiguing work, and the men were almost beat before they could get anything to burn. Some straw was burned in the byre, but the packman, for such he was, did not say whether the cattle recovered or not. One of the Mornish crofters tells me that he remembers seeing the 'teine-éigin' holes in the oaken main couple of Crannich old schoolhouse, which stood on Cragganester farm, on the north side of Lochtay.

Was the 'teine-éigin' a survival from the times of the Druids? It is to be feared, however, that the Breadalbane people were not always content with such harmless rites as

the 'teine-éigin.' There is a tradition that, once upon a time, when a pestilence raged among the herds on the south side of Lochtay, a ghastly tragedy was enacted. Actuated by a heathenish desire to propitiate some evil spirit or other, the people seized a poor 'gangrel body,' bound him hand and foot, and placed him in the ford of Ardtalnaig burn. The ford was a little further up the stream than the present bridge. All the cattle in that district were then driven over his body, and the poor creature's life was crushed out. The idea of a human sacrifice must have come down from a very remote antiquity.

But leaving such speculations, we may turn to a consideration of the 'tarbh-uisge,' or water bull, and his habits. Possibly, and probably, there may have been many small lochs in Breadalbane which were reputed to have been the home of the 'tarbh-uisge,' but instances of these will suffice for my purpose. Lochan-an-tairbh-uisge is situated on Mornish hill, and there a water bull is said to have had his abode in the days of yore. When Mornish hill was held in common by many small tenants, more than sixty years ago, their Highland cattle were sent up to graze in the summer and autumn months, and the son of one of these tenants, who is now upwards of seventy years of age, informed me lately that in his boyhood all calves which had short ears and black curly hair were attributed to the water bull. On questioning him as to whether his father or any of the other tenants kept a black Highland bull, he replied that as far back as he could remember the bulls kept were brindled, yellow, or red in colour.

There is also a story of a cow belonging to a crofter near Killin, which periodically left the croft and wandered up Glenlochay. In due course of time a calf appeared on the scene, and its glossy black coat and other peculiarities proclaimed the paternity of the water bull. On one occasion the cow was watched and followed for three miles up the glen. When near a 'lochan' on the west side of Glenlochay the water bull came down to meet the cow, and so the men were convinced that their surmises regarding the calves had been correct. According to all accounts, the water bull was a harmless animal, and even in this year of grace the Breadalbane tenants would not object to the appearance among their cattle of so useful an animal. Perhaps the black colour of the calves could be accounted for by the law of reversion to ancestral types and forms.

But a far more dangerous creature than the water bull was believed to have frequented some of the lochs, and there is a gruesome legend of a water horse, 'each-uisge,' which had his abode in Lochan-larig-eala. The 'lochan' is midway between Killin and Lochearnhead, and lies beside the Oban and Killin Railway. The narrative runs thus:—Once upon a time, and on a fine summer day, a party of nine children were playing near the loch, when a white horse made his appearance, and lay down on the grass. The children could not resist the temptation to have a ride on such a quiet animal, so all mounted his back. Then the horse at once showed himself in his true colours, and was in the water in a twinkling. One of the children, who was seated behind the others, caught hold of the tail and swung himself off the animal's back. His eight companions met with a horrible fate. They disappeared under the water, and the terrified boy hurried home to tell the awful news. Their bodies could not be found, having been devoured by the ferocious and voracious water horse; but the following day their lungs were found floating on the water, and were reverently buried in a hillock, which is called Cnoc-nan-sgamhan to the present day. Another version of the story is to the effect that the children were Sabbath-breakers, and that the boy who escaped happened to have a leaf or two of the Bible in his pocket. A wise old 'cailleach' had advised him always to carry a Bible in his pocket as a protective charm against all evil. Acting on her advise, he had carried the Bible in his pocket till it had all gone to pieces, and nothing remained of it save a few leaves, but these were sufficient to ensure his safety. This version has a too modern look about it, and we know that the old Highlanders were not very strict Sabbatarians. So much for the water horse.

Some forms of superstition die hard, and a few of the good folks of Breadalbane are still inclined to believe that special noises and sounds are ominous of bad tidings. A peculiar sound in the ear, 'glaim,' the crowing of the cock at an untimely hour, and the howling of dogs at night fortell some calamity, such as the death of a relative or acquaintance. To my own personal knowledge there are several persons on the south side of Lochtay who are fully persuaded that there is such a phenomenon as a double presence. That is to say, a man may be at home, but his likeness or apparition may be seen in a totally different place, and that in broad day-light. A worthy farmer near Ardtalnaig was one day working in a field close to the public road. Lifting his head, he saw one

of his neighbours passing by. A few seconds after he looked again, and was amazed to find that his neighbour had disappeared from his view. Nothing will convince the farmer's daughters that their father did not actually see his neighbour's apparition.

As is well known, Beltane, or the first day of May (old style), was one of the sacred days of the ancient Highlanders. In my grandfather's youth it was the custom for the young men and maidens of Lawers to climb to the summit of Ben Lawers on that day to see the sun rise, and it was a race between the young men which of them would first reach and drink out of a spring called 'Fuaran Bhain-tighearna Labhair' —the Lady of Lawers's Well. There is a 'tobar' (spring) on the farm of Claggan * which in former times was supposed to possess great curative virtues, especially for children, and its fame had spread far and wide. Sick children were brought from Rannoch and other distant places to be bathed in, or sprinkled with, its water. The sick child was placed between two stones on the brink of the 'tobar' on Beltane eve, and his parents watched through the night by his side. When the sun was visible the child was dipped in the pool, or sprinkled with the water, according as his strength allowed. The parents, on leaving the 'tobar,' were mindful to put a coin or some offering in it. Many years ago a shepherd found an old Scots coin in or at the 'tobar,' and it was in his possession for a long time.

Sometimes a superstitious ceremony was performed by 'giseagach' (envious or greedy) women who were not content with their own milk supply. Early on Beltane morning one or two persons, as the case might be, would draw a hair rope along the dewy grass, saying: "Bainne an té so shios, bainne an té so shuas 'nam ghogan mór fhéin." If their neighbours had only one cow each, 'bó' or 'boin' could be substituted for 'té.' At other times the incantation ran thus: "Toradh a' mhuidhe so shios, toradh a' mhuidhe so shuas 'nam mhuidhe mór fhéin." That work was called gathering dew, or 'trusadh an dealta.'

It is probably seventy or eighty years since a Mornish crofter, who happened to be passing across the fields at an early hour on the 1st of May, came unexpectedly on two women

* Claggan is on the south side of Loch Tay, right above Ardtalnaig. In former times when there were several holdings, the name was Gleann-aird-talnaig, the name Claggan being only applied to one of the holdings.

who were plying their unhallowed vocation. Not being a believer in 'giseagan,' and being angry at them for what they were doing, he cut the rope with his knife. It was recently told me by one who has frequently seen such ropes that they were made of the long hair which grew on the tails of the Highland cattle, and were generally used as cart ropes.

Other superstitious persons put a 'cnag,' or pin of rowan, on their cow's tail to preserve the animal from all malign influences. One thrifty dame on the north side of Lochtay was observed by her neighbour carefully fixing a 'cnag' on crummie's tail on the first of May, evidently thinking that that was a more favourable time than any other.

According to all accounts, witches had a strange partiality for certain animals, whose form they assumed when they wished to play pranks on other people. The hare seems to have been an especial favourite with them, and when one of the sisterhood desired to steal her neighbour's milk, she went to the cow in the shape of a hare, and left none for the owner. The following short story will perhaps serve to illustrate the commonly accepted belief on this point:—

One of the tenants of Baile-an-t-sagairt was annoyed at finding that his two cows were giving little or no milk, and as it was summer time, and as every circumstance was conducive to the cows giving a liberal supply, he began to be suspicious that some evil influence was at work. One evening a gamekeeper and he were talking together, when they saw a hare running direct for the byre door. The gamekeeper, who happened to have his gun with him, fired at the hare, which disappeared through the open door. It is not said whether the gun was loaded with the never-failing piece of silver or not. For the next three weeks the wife of a neighbouring tenant was ill in bed, and when she again appeared in public one of her eyes was blind, a conclusive proof, according to the reasoning of her neighbours, that she was a witch, and had been shot in the form of a hare. The holdings of Baile-an-t-sagairt were south-west from Kenmore, but it is long since the houses disappeared, and the name is known to few.

In the 'sgeulachd'—'Binn Chloinne Ghlaisrich'—which I will introduce later on, the witch takes the form of a hen.

Fairies seem to have been very numerous in Breadalbane, and almost every green knoll was their habitation. The pranks they played on the natives were somewhat similar to those recorded of them in other parts of the Highlands. New-

born babes and their mothers had to be carefully looked after, or else they would be spirited away by the mischievous fairies, and blocks of alder wood laid in their place. There are several stories of men who, after dancing with the fairies for a twelvemonth, were under the delusion that they had been only a few minutes so occupied; but as these tales vary so little from those current elsewhere, it is unnecessary to reproduce them here.

In "Sìthchean Chnuic-an-tiobairt" there seems to be something different from the ordinary run of Highland fairy tales, and on that account I have chosen it to represent the fairy part of the folk-lore of the district.

The urisks were about as numerous in Breadalbane as the "Lady of Lawers" prophesied the mills would be—"Bithidh muileann air gach sruthan." I am indebted to a friend for a list of the principal urisks, which runs thus:—

"Peallaidh an Spùit
Is Bruinidh an Easain,
Bàbaidh an Lochain
Is Bruinidh an Eilein;
Padarlan a Fearnan,
Peadragan, Patragan.
Triubhas-dubh a Fartairchill,
Fuath Coire Ghamhnain,
Cas-luath Leitir,
Amhlagan-dubh
Is Catan Ceann-liath,
Is Uruisg dubh mór Eas-amhlagan."

I have as yet been unable to discover the haunts of Bàbaidh an Lochain, Peadragan, Patragan, Amhlagan-dubh, and Catan Ceann-liath. Even as regards most of the urisks my enquiries are, I fear, a generation too late. On questioning old and middle-aged men about certain urisks, such as Peallaidh an Spùit, Brùinidh an Easain, and Triubhas-dubh a Fartairchill, their answer invariably has been that they had heard about these urisks when children, but that they can now remember little of what was then told them.

'Peallaidh' had his abode near the upper falls, and 'Brùinidh an Easain' near the lower falls of the Moness, or Aberfeldy burn. Of course everyone knows that these falls have been made famous by Burns in his song, "The Birks of Aberfeldy." If report belies them not, these two urisks did

not respect the eighth commandment, but went down when it suited them and took away surreptitiously what belonged to the villagers. Indeed, honesty does not seem to have been a prominent feature in the character of the Breadalbane urisks.

'Triubhas-dubh' dwelt near Fortingall, and of him I can say little. 'Brùinidh an Eilein' frequented the island at the east end of Lochtay, and 'Padarlan' dwelt in a deep, rocky burn west from Fearnan, on the north side of Lochtay. The doings of 'Padarlan' have been fairly well remembered, and examples of them can be furnished later on. 'Cas-luath an Leitir' dwelt on the side of Drummond Hill which lies eastward from Fearnan. After making many enquiries, I have come to the conclusion that Coire-Ghamhnain, where the urisk 'Fuath' lived, is none other than Coire-Ghamhnain on the farm of Auch, where also Duncan Ban M'Intyre's beloved Ben Dorain is. Auch is, and has been for centuries, in the possession of the Campbells of Breadalbane, and though it lies on the Argyleshire side of the county march, 'Fuath' could come in a short time to Tyndrum. It is extremely probable that he was the urisk that used to be seen sitting on the rocks in that locality

The urisks, according to popular accounts, were usually bigger and stronger than ordinary mortals, and had a rougher aspect. They generally frequented deep, rocky streams, and many of the Breadalbane urisks at all events had a decided preference for being near fords, bridges, and places where the people had to pass when going to or from markets and fairs. 'Padarlan,' 'Cas-luath an Leitir,' and 'Brùinidh an Eilein' could command the road leading from Lawers to Kenmore, where at a former period many fairs were held. It is unnecessary to dwell further on this point, as the urisk stories which will now be introduced will perhaps explain my meaning more fully.

### Uruisgean Bhraid-albainn agus Aobhar an Imrich.

'S gann a bha eas no allt domhain am Braid-albann anns nach robh uruisg a gabhail comhnuidh. 'S gun teagamh idir b' aobhar eagail na h-uruisgean do shluagh na dùthcha. Chuir sgread an eich iaruinn an teicheadh air na sìthchean gu tur, ach dh' fhalbh na h-uruisgean a Braid-albann mu 'n d' thàinig bàta na smùid no 'n t-each iaruinn do 'n dùthaich. Corr uair bha uruisgean ann a dheanadh obair airson daoine

's an oidhche, agus is olc, ro olc gu 'n d' fhàg an seorsa sin am fearann so. 'S iad a bhiodh feumail air an latha 'n diugh 'n uair a tha luchd oibre tearc r'a fhaotainn. Tha deadh iomradh air uruisg a bha 'n iochdar Ghlinn-lochaidh. Fhad 's a bha bualadh r'a dheanamh thigeadh e gu dichiollach, pungail 's an oidhche, agus bha am bualadh deas aige mu 'n éireadh muinntir an tighe. Bha biadh air chuir 's an t-sabhal gach feasgar airson an uruisg, agus bu mhath a b' fhiach sin a dheanamh. Ach tha mor eagal orm nach robh na h-uil' uruisg cho comhnachail, cuideachail. Coltach ris a chinneadh-daoine bha droch uruisgean ann mar an ceudna.

Tha allt Aird-eónaig ro-dhomhain, chreagach, agus o shean bha na h-uruisgean a tuineachadh ann. Faodaidh e bhi gu 'n robh Peadragan no Patragan, no eadhon Catan Ceann-liath a gabhail còmhnuidh ann ged tha an ainmean air dol air dichuimhne nis. Air feasgar latha àraid 'nuair a bha bean an tighe a' fuineadh bhonnach ann an aon de thighean Bhealaich Aird-eónaig, co thàinig stigh air an dorus ach uruisg òg. Shuidh e gu còmhnard taobh an teine, agus a shùil air na bonnaich. Cha luaithe a bheireadh a' bhean bonnach bhar a bhranndair na bha an uruisg an sàs ann 'ga itheadh. Chaidh sin air adhairt car tim, agus cha dubhairt a' bhean facal. Mu dheireadh bha i air fùrlachadh ris an uruisg oir cha robh e coltach gu 'n gabhadh e sàsachadh idir. Bha a fuineadh agus a saothair an dìomhain. Cha deanadh leithid sin an gnothach; dh' fheumadh a stad air doigh éigin. Bha corruich na mna ag éiridh, agus sguab i bonnach teth bhar a bhranndair, agus grad chuir i air glùinean lom an uruisg e. Mo chreach! 's ann an sin a bha an sgreuchail oillteil. Leum an t-uruisg le a ghlùinean dòite mach air an dorus agus thug e an t-eas air. Bhuail e air a bhan-fhuineadair gu 'm biodh an seann uruisg aig an tigh ann an ùine glé ghoirid, agus chrann i an dorus gu teann agus chuir i nithean trom de airneis r'a chùl. Bha na h-uinneagan cho cumhann 's nach b' urrainn an t-uruisg dol trompa. Bu mhithich do 'n dorus bhi air a chrannadh. Thàinig an t-uruisg mór le stairn chruaidh air an dorus, agus dh' fheuch e le breabadh agus le spionnadh a ghualainn a bhriseadh. Mór thaing do'n fhiodh mhath, agus do thiuighead an doruis dh' fhairtlich air olcas a dheanamh. Mu 'n d' thàinig na daoine dhachaidh aig beul na h-oidhche leig e dheth a oidhirp aingidh. Fhad 's bu bheò i cha robh a bhean sin tuilleadh gun sgeul r'a innseadh mu na h-uruisgean.

Tha naidheachd ann mu dheidhinn uruisgean Allt a' Bhlair-mhóir agus tha i fior choltach ri tè Aird-eónaig. Tha

linne 's an allt da 'n ainm Linne-na-slige, agus fàgus do sin bha o chionn iomad bliadhna air ais dà uruisg a gabhail còmhnuidh. Theireadh iad Sligeachan ris an uruisg mhór, ach chaidh ainm an uruisge oig a dhi-chuimhneachadh. Ma 's fior an sgeul, agus gu cinnteach is fior, bha bean tighe a' Bhlair-mhóir air a sàrachadh leis an uruisg og o latha gu latha, agus bha e sior fhoighneachd dhi, "C'ainm th' ort"? Gu ro ghlic, sheòlta, fhreagaireadh i—"Mi-fhéin, 's mi-fhéin, 's gun ghin tuilleadh ach mi-fhéin." Ge b' e cho tric 's a bha 'cheist tighinn uaithsan bha ise deas le—"Mi-fhéin, 's mi-fhéin, 's gun ghin tuilleadh ach mi-fhéin." Coma co dhiubh thàinig ceann air foidhidinn na mna. Cha b' urrainn dhi giùlan na b' fhaide le casan lom agus le cròg an cronail an uruisg. Thog i soitheach lan de bhurn goileach agus spairt i m' a luirgnean e. 'N uair chuala Sligeachan an uruisg òg a caoineadh gu muladach thàinig i agus bréid uaine air a ceann mach 'n a choinneamh, agus dh' fheòraich i—"Ciod a thachair dhuit?" Fhreagair an t-uruisg òg—"Chaidh mo luirgnean a phlodadh." Sligeachan—"Co rinn sin?" An t-uruisg òg—"Tha mi-fhéin, 's mi-fhéin, 's gun ghin tuilleadh ach mi-fhéin." Thuirt Sligeachan—'S math nach d' rinn gin tuilleadh e no bheirinn-sa orra."

Mar sin fhuair a bhean cuidhte de 'n uruisg a bha ag cur dragh oirre, agus cha robh fios riamh aig Sligeachan gur i a thilg am burn goileach air a mac.

A reir iomradh na dùthacha bha uruisg Eas-na-slige ro làidir agus barraichte math air snìomhadh. B' urrainn di uiread snàth a shnìomhadh ri seathnar bhoirionnaich sam bith eile.

Ma 's breug uam, is breug dhomh. Ach a dh' fheuchainn nach robh gach uruisg olc, foadaidh sinn smuaineachadh car tiota air a chunntas mhath tha air a thoirt mu thimchioll Adai Ghlinn-lochain. Bha nàdur an aon uruisge cho eadar-dhealaichte o nàdur an uruige eile 's a tha an ni ceudna measg dhaoine. Gun teagamh ghabhadh leudachadh air a phuing sin, ach cha bhiodh e feumail duinn san am so. Tha Gleann-lochain 'n a laidh eadar Gleann-cuaich agus Ach-na-frithe am Bràigh Ghlinn-amain.

Bha Adai na uruisg ro chòmhnachail, agus caoimhneil 'n a dhòigh. 'S iomad oidhche a chuir e seachad a' meileadh mine sa' mhuileann a bha air allt Ghlinn-lochain, agus bha na seann daoine ag radh gur esan a thug caoraich an toiseach do Ghleann-cuaich agus do Ghleann-amain; tuilleadh air sin

gu 'n robh Adai na leigh math measg nan caorach 'n uair a bhiodh iad tinn. Thuig Adai aig am àraidh gu 'n robh feum aig aon de mhnathan Ghlinn-amain air bean ghlùin. Thug e leis each a stàbull agus mharcaich e do Ghleann-cuaich airson a bhoirionnaich fheumail sin. Fhuair e a' bhean-ghlùin, agus shuidh i air a chùlaobh air an each. 'N uair a bha iad am meadhon Ghlinn-lochain thuirt i ris, agus an oidhche dubh, dorch—"Tha eagal orm roimh Adai Ghlinn-lochain." Fhreagair esan—"Na gabh eagal sam bith; cha ghabh e gnothach riut." Rithist agus a rithist thuirt i an rud ceudna. Mu dheireadh thuirt Adai rithe—"Cha bhi Adai ni 's fhaisge dhuit an nochd na tha e aig a' cheart am so." Tha uamh Adai aig bun craige fagus do Loch-mhuilinn.

Tha deadh iomradh air uruisg eile d' am b' ainm Cleitean, agus bha muileann air ainmeachadh air. A reir coltais b' e a ghnàth a bhi deanamh min 's a mhuileann 's an oidhche, agus ghleidheadh e beagan de 'n mhine dha fhéin airson a bheòshlainte. Dh' fhaodadh am muillear bhi 'na dhuine toilichte leis mar bha gnothaichean dol air adhairt, agus 's e bha sona, agus bu mhór ghabhadh e dragh no campar a chuir air an uruisg ghasda bha deanamh uiread oibre dha. Ach mar bha am breamas ann ciod a thachair ach gu 'n d' imir biast lonach, leibideach de bhoirionnach a teanga fhada a' leigeil sgaoilte air Cleitean bochd a chionn gu 'n robh e ag uisinneachadh beagan de 'n mine aice mar a luach-saoithreach. An déidh sin dh' fhàg Cleitean am muileann, agus tuilleadh cha deachaidh fhaicinn 's an tìr.

Chaidh luinneag a dheanamh air a chuis sin, agus tha pairt dhith mar a leanas.

"I horo an d' fhairich no 'n cual' sibh
Mu 'n mhuileann bh' aig Cleitean
A chuir ann an teagamh,
Gu 'n innsinn dhuibh beagan
Mar chual' mi.
Thàinig tè aig an robh meiltir
A dh' iarraidh cuid fhéin,
Is och mo léir nach d' fhuair i e."

Labhair ise.

"An tomad a dh' fhàg mi,
Bha tuilleadh 'so 'ghràin ann.
Chuir cuideigin lamh ann
'S gur fuathasach e."

Bha Cleitean a sealladh na cailliche, ach chuala e i agus fhreagair e—

"A bhradag gun nàire
Bha càth agus dus ri fhuadach as.
'S mise chuir làmh ann
'S bhleith 's an am e,
'S cha d' thug mi as gràn
Airson tuarasdal."

Fhuair mi an naidheachd mu Chaobarlan o charaid tha agam an Gleann-lìobhann. Thug iad Caobarlan mar ainm air uruisg a bha gabhail còmhnuidh aig Lag-an- tairbh-dhuibh fagus do mhonadh Dhrumainn. B' e a chleachd, agus gu dearbh cha robh an cleachd sin r'a mholadh, a bhi tilgeadh caoban eabair, agus clachan air an dream a bha gabhail an rathaid mhóir. Ach rinn Caobarlan dà ghniomh chliùiteach mu 'n d' fhàg e an dùthaich, agus tha iad airidh air an innseadh. Anns na linntean chaidh seach bha bean thapaidh, dheanadach am Fearnan aig an robh trusdar bodaich a shàraich ise le leisg agus le neo-shìobhaltachd. Bha bó na mnatha dol corr-uair 's an oidhche am mearachd stigh do choille Dhrumainn. Mu 'n am sin bha Caobarlan a lionadh na coille le fuaimean uamhasach agus neo-thalmhaidh. Aon de na h-oidhchean thachair gu 'n d' fhuirich a' bho gu ro anmoch sa' choille, agus cha rachadh am bodach mosach leasg ceum g'a h-iarraidh; 's ann dhiult e gu h-iomlan dol air tòir a' mhairt. Le roinn de chrith-eagail dh' fheum am boirionnach còir i fhéin dol a shealltainn airson an ainmhidh gun tùr, agus an tràth thàinig i gu ionad-còmhnuidh Chaobarlain thuit falluinn a bhàird oirre, agus ged a bha crith 'na guth' thòisich i air rannsachadh—

"Beannachd air t' anam,
Fhir tha san alltan.
Moch no mu anmoch
As'd cha gha'um all-sgath."

Air cluinntinn sin thàinig Caobarlan mach a' àros, agus thug e mór bhuidheachas do 'n mhnaoi airson am beannachd a ghuidh i air, agus thuirt e—"'S e beannachd o neach de sliochd Adhaimh an t-aon ni ris an robh mi a' feitheamh cho fada." Dh' fhoighneachd e dhi am b' urrainn da còmhnadh a thoirt dhi an dòigh sam bith. Dh' innis i gu 'n robh i air tòir a' mhairt, agus nach rachadh fear an tighe g'a sireadh.

"' Mata," arsa esan, " tha do bhó ann an lag thall an sud, agus tha laogh grinn dubh tairbh na coise." 'S ann mar sin, a chaidh an t-àite ainmeachadh, 'Lag-an-tairbh-dhuibh.' Chuidich Caobarlan dhachaidh i leis a bh6, agus an sin thug e deadh lunndrainn do 'n bhodach bheag-nàrach. An déidh na h-oidhche sin cha 'n fhacas Caobarlan tuilleadh an tìr nam beò.

Tha mi smuaineachadh nach robh cliù ro mhath aig Padarlan agus Cludarlan a measg sluagh na dùthcha; 's ann tha h-eagal orm nach robh annta ach na dearg mhèirleich. Bha 'n dithis dhiubh 'nan aobhar eagail do gach neach bhiodh aig faidhir 'sa' Cheann-mhor, agus a thigeadh seach Leitir-Eilein no Allt-phadarlaidh 'na ònrachd. Rachadh a spùilleadh mur biodh fios aig' air facail diomhair Chludarlain agus Phadarlain. Mar a bha a' bhochdainn ann cha deanadh facail diomhair Chludarlain an gnothach airson Phadarlain, ni mo bha facail Phadarlain freagarrach airson Chludarlain. Air an aobhar sin bha daoine truagh mar gu 'm b' ann eadar dha theine, agus bha e seachd uairean ni bu duiliche do dhuine snàg seachad air an dà bhéist na'n tuiteadh dha bhi air an daoraich. Anns an staid sin cha ruigeadh e leas smuaineachadh air dol as uapa. Is e nach ruigeadh; bhiodh a theanga neo-lùthmhor, agus a chuimhne diultadh a gnothach féin a dheanamh. Theireadh e facail Chludarlain ri Padarlan, no facail Phadarlain ri Cludarlan, no bhiodh breisleich éigin g'a labhairt riu. An sin cha robh ann ach an sporan a thoirt aon chuid do Chludarlan no do Phadarlan. Cha b' iongantach ged bha gach neach a gabhail an rathaid le h-eagal agus ball-chrith 'n uair bha da chròchaire coltach ri Padarlan agus Cludarlan feitheamh orra taobh na slighe. 'S i mo bharail gur e Cludarlan agus Bruinidh-an-Eilein an t-aon uruisg.

Thachair gu 'n do thuit Padarlan an gaol ri nighean àraidh de mhuinntir Labhair, agus an tràth rachadh i 's an t-sàmhradh do 'n bhothan àiridhe 's a choire bhòidheach uaine bhiodh e 'ga leantuinn, agus thigeadh e an dràsda 's a rithist thun doruis a bhothain. Cha 'n fhios domh cia mar chaidh leis an t-suiridhe aige-san. 'S dàcha leam nach do shoirbhich e.

Tha naidheachd eile ann mu Phadarlan, agus tha mi 'sa bheachd gur airidh i air àite dhi féin anns a phàipeir so.

Cha ruig sinn leas fhoighneachd cuin a thachair e? Cha ruig gu deimhin, oir bu faoin an ni sin.

Air latha a' mhàil thug aon de thuathanaich Bhaile-na-suim each leis, agus mharcaich e air falbh gu sunndach,

surdail, le bhreacan glas mu ghuailnean, sios do Bhofrac a phàidheadh 'fhiachan. Theagamh gu 'n d' òl an duine còir dileag 's an tigh-òsda, ach co dhiubh thàinig e air ais ann an deadh mhisneach, agus bha 'n t-each bàn na throt aige tighinn seach Fearnan. Bha e an dùil nach robh uruisg air da thaobh Loch-tatha b' urraimn greim a dheanamh airsan. Bha 'n t-anmoch aige mu 'n d' ràinig e Allt-phadarlaidh, ach chuir e an t-each na chruaidh ruith thairis, a saoilsinn nach robh e an comas Phadarlain, no neach de a threubh làmh a chuir air. Luath 's mar a bha 'n t-each leum ni subailte, aotrom 'n àirde air an t-sumag air culaobh an tuathanaich, agus ghlaodh e—"Bò! a bhodaich!" Cha robh am bodach idir gealtach agus thuirt e—"Bò! thu-fhéin!" Aig a cheart am thilg e a bhreacan timchioll air an ni bha air a chulaobh, agus cheangail gu teann tarsuinn air o bhroilleach e. Faodaidh sinn a chreidsinn nach robh an duine fada dol dhachaidh, agus nach deachaidh an t-each ban a chaomhnadh leis. 'Nuair ràinig e Baile-na-suim thuirt e ri fear de na gillean—"Bheir air an rud so tha air mo chulaobh, agus thoir gu curamach do 'n cheàrn e." Ri aon eile thuirt e—"Thoir gu h-ealamh an coltar as a chrann, agus cuir ultach mór de mhòine air an teine." Chaidh am breacan, agus na bh' ann a ghiulan do 'n tigh, agus ciod an rud a bh' ann ach uruisg òg. Bha an tuathanach na dhuine seòlta, gramail, agus bha lan fhios aige gu 'm biodh Padarlan air tòir an uruisge òig an ùine glé ghoirid. Uime sin dh' iarr e an dorus a dhùineadh gu daingeann, agus ged bu duine ro làidir, agus ro-fhoghainteach e féin, chuir e an coltar gu grad san teine air eagal ciod a thachradh. Grathunn an déidh sin thàinig Padarlan gu buaireasach thun an doruis, agus bhuail e gu garg air glaodhaich—"Thoiribh mach dhomh mo mhac." Dh' éisd an sluagh a bha stigh, ach cha do fhreagair neach sam bith e an toiseach. Mu dheireadh chaidh Padarlan dh' ionnsuidh na h-uinneig agus thuirt e—"Am bheil thu stigh a bhodaich? Ma tha thoir mach dhomh am pàisde." An duine—"Feumaidh tu gealltainn gu 'm fàg thu an dùthaich mu 'n faigh thu do mhac." Padarlan—"Théid mi do 'n Charn-dearg." An duine—"Cha dean sin an gnothach; feumaidh tu an dùthaich fhàgail gu buileach 's gu bràth, no cha 'n fhaigh thu am pàisde." Padarlan—"Géillidh mi dhuit; fàgaidh mi an dùthaich agus cha till mi tuilleadh. Nis cuir am pàisde mach air an uinneag dhomh." Air na còmhnantasin thug an duine a' mhac do Phadarlan. Thuirt Padarlan

"Thoir dhomh crathadh de do làimh san dealachadh, a bhodaich." An duine—"Ni mi sin le 'm uile chridhe, Phadarlain." Ciod rinn am bodach carach, cuilbheartach ach gu 'n d' thug e an ceann teth de 'n choltar do 'n uruisg, agus chum e féin greim air a cheann fhuar. Bheir Padarlan gu teann air an iarunn agus thoinneamh e mu 'n cuairt, agus mu 'n cuairt e gus an robh e coltach ri sgrobha. Aig deireadh na h-ealaidh thuirt Padarlan—"Beannachd leat, a bhodaich, is cruaidh agus is tioram do ghreim!" Tha soilleir o sin gu 'n do thog Padarlan imrich mu 'n deachaidh an dà dheug mu dheireadh de na h-uruisgean a Braid-albann.

Bha uruisgean Bhraid-albainn ag coinneachadh, no ag cumail mhòd ann an àitean sònruichte a chum an gnothaichean féin a rèiteachadh, agus is ann san oidhche bha iad a cruinneachadh. Cha robh iarrtas sam bith aca gu 'm biodh daoine a' faicinn, no ag cluintinn ciod a bha 'ga radh, no 'ga dheanamh aig a mhòd. A réir innseadh cuid de shluagh bha na h-uruisgean a coinneachadh fagus do Fhearnan, agus fagus do Fhartairchill, agus ann an tigh-chaorach aig Calellochan. Gun teagamh tha e glé choltach gu 'n robh àitean eile aca airson cruinneachadh thuilleadh air na dh' ainmich mi, ach cha 'n 'eil fios agam-sa orra aig an àm so.

Aig amanna suidhichte thigeadh gach uruisg a b' urrainn thun a mhòid, agus, corr uair co dhiubh, bha solus aca. Chunnaic cìbeir air taobh tuathair Loch-tatha solus aig oidhche an dràsda 's a rithist san tigh-chaorach aig Calellochan, agus ghabh e umhail gu 'n robh daonnan uiread so de thìme eadar gach oidhche san robh an solus ri fhaicinn. Thuig e uime sin ciod an oidhche air am bu chòir do 'n t-solus a bhi dealrachadh sa' bhothan, agus cha do chuir e riamh an teagamh nach ann aig na h-uruisgean a bha 'n solus. B' e a rùn amharc air na h-uruisgean, oir bha déidh mhór aige air sealladh fhaotainn diubh a chum gu 'm biodh fhios aige ciod a ghnè chreutairean bh' annta. Gu sàmhach, ciùin streap e air oidhche àraidh suas air sparran an tighe-chaorach agus chrùbain e ann an àite dorch mar b' fhearr a dh' fhaodadh e. Thàinig an uair, agus thòisich na h-uruisgean air tighinn a stigh aon an déidh aon. Sheas Peallaidh air taobh stigh an dorus, agus dh' fhàiltich e gach uruisg air ainm 'n uair chaidh e steach. Chuala 'n cìbeir da ainm dheug, agus 'n am measg bha Triubhas-dubh, Cas-luath, Cludarlan, Uisdean 'us Mairtean. Dhi-chuimhnich an neach dh' innis dhomhsa an naidheachd an corr de na h-ainmean. Las na h-uruisgean sgolban de ghiubhas, agus thoisich iad gun dàil air bruidhinn.

Shnàg an cìbeir beagan a mach as an oisinn dhorcha san robh e, ach bha na sparran ag géisgeil, agus thuirt fear de na h-uruisgean, "Dè e siod?" Fhreagair fear eile—"O tha logaistean an t-seann tighe." Dh' fheuch na facail sin nach b' e Gàidhlig Bhraid-albainn a bh' acasan. Mar a bha 'n tubaist air a ghnothach, thug an cìbeir oidhirp air sealladh ni b' fhearr fhaighinn de na bha dol air adhairt, ach aig deanamh sin charaich e stòl smiùraidh agus thuit an rud sin le glag air claignean nan uruisgean. Spleuchd aon diubh 'nàird agus chunnaic e an cìbeir. An sin dh' eigh e mach—"Tha mi 'g aithneach air a mhaoile gur daoine na logaistean!" Thog sin troimh-cheile nach bu bheag 'nam measg agus ghrad chuir iad as an solus, agus mach air an dorus bhrùchd iad gu cabhagach. Bha coltas gnò, borb de na h-uruisgean, agus bha iad ni bu tomadaiche, agus ni 's ròmaiche na daoine. Ghabh iad leithid de bhoile a chionn daoine bhi cho leibideach, agus cho bheag-narach, 's gu 'n d' fhàg iad Braid-albann air fad.

O'n oidhche sin gus an latha 'n diugh cha 'n fhacas, air son math no olc, uruisg san dùthaich. Faodaidh a bharail thoirt gu 'n deachaidh iad ni b' fhaide gu tuath, oir cha bhuineadh an cainnt do Bhraid-albann.

### Sithchean Cnuic-an-tiobairt.

O thoiseach an t-saoghail bha daoine anns gach cearn de 'n domhain déidheil air a bhi a' rannsachadh nithean diomhair, agus cha robh na Gàidheil air dheireadh air càch. Bha na sìthchean 'n an aobhar iongantais 's a Ghàidhealtachd, oir a réir cunntais is ann dhoibh-san da rìreadh a bhuineadh aighear na hò-ige, agus barr-guc na slàinte. Cha robh na beannachdan sin aig daoine an còmhnuidh, ach bha iad aig na sìthchean.

O chionn fad air ais bha duine san dùthaich aig an robh déidh mhòr air na sìthchean fhaicinn. Bha e na dhuine tuigseach, ceanalta, agus shuidhich e roimh làimh an t-àm, is an dòigh anns an rachadh e dh' ionnsuidh Chnuic-an-tiobairt far an robh na sìthchean a tuineachadh. Tha na Cnuic air an suidheachadh ann an àite tha fuar agus peilte * ni 's leòir 's a gheamhradh, oir tha iad fagus do Shith-chaillionn.

Ach dh' fhalbh an duine a dh' ainmich sinn air oidhche bhlàth shàmhraidh. Ràinig e an tiobairt mu mheadhon

* Cold, chilly.

oidhche, agus sheas e dlùth air an àite anns an robh iomradh na dùthcha ag cur nan sìthchean. An tiota chual e ceòl binn, agus fuaim dannsaidh teachd o na Cnuic. Bha a chridhe làn aoibhneis, agus smuainich e gu 'm faodadh e féin iorraman, no òran a thoirt dhoibh. Sheinn e le guth ard agus le càil mhilis air fonn "Alasdair Mac Alasdair," no port coltach ri sin na facail a leanas—

"Dì-luain 's Dì-mairt,
Dì-luain 's Dì-mairt,
Dì-luain 's Dì-mairt,
'S Dì-ciadain."

Thàinig na sìthchean a mach nan sgaoth, agus le iolach ard a dh' fheuchainn an toil-inntinn tharruing iad leo an duine gu 'n àite còmhnuidh, far an do thoisich iad air seinn—

"Dì-luain 's Dì-mairt,
Dì-luain 's Dì-mairt,
Dì-luain 's Dì-mairt,
'S Dì-ciadain."

Bu lùthmhor, sgiobalta dhannsadh iad ris a phort sin. Ghabh iad ris an duine le mór ghreadhnachas. Bha 'n t-àros aca air a shoillseachadh le ficheadan de lochrain bheaga de gach seòrsa dath, agus bha 'n sluagh beag iad féin air an còmhdachadh le aodach uaine. Chaidh an tìm seachad le cridhealas agus sùgradh, agus bha 'n duine gu taingeil, toilichte. Thig gach aighear gu crìch, agus mu dheireadh b' éigin do 'n duine companas sunndach nan sìthchean fhàgail, agus rinn e sin car neo-dheònach. 'Nuair a chuala fear de a choimhearsnaich mar thachair dha, agus gu 'n do ghabh na sìthchean gu faoilidh ris, bha farmad air a bhurraidh, agus cha deanadh ni an gnothach, ach gu 'n rachadh e féin mar an ceudna thun Cnuic-an-tiobairt. Cha robh ann ach ceòlan de dhuine, ach bha e cho ceann-laidir ri tarbh Gàidhealach.

Ach ciod a bha esan dol a sheinn? Sin a cheist a bha ri fhreagairt. Thuirt Gleusdan ris—"Mata, feuch iad le 'Dir-daoin.' Dh' fhalbh an t-amadan mór làn thoilichte dh' iarraidh conaltradh nan sìthchean, agus faodaidh e bhi nach robh a chàil ro bhinn. Coma co-dhiubh co am fear a b' urrainn 'Dir-daoin' a sheinn gu milis, blasda?" Bha na sìthchean a dannsadh gu cridheil, sunndach agus a seinn—

"Dì-luain 's Dì-mairt,
Dìlluain 's Dì-mairt,
Dìlluain 's Dì-mairt,
'S Dì-ciadain,"

le farum mór. Thoisich am fear air a raoiceadh—"Dir-daoin, Dir-daoin." Mach a bha na sìthchean nam ficheadan, agus spion iad leo e gu neo-bhàidheil, 'ga phiocadh agus ga phutadh rompa, agus ag radh ris—"O nach robh fàitheam air do theanga!" Thug iad e am fianuis am ban-righ agus chuir iad e air a dha ghlùin air an làr. Air dha éirigh bha croit air a dhruim. An sin dh' fhuadaich iad e le mór mhirùn mach as an uaimh. Gu latha a bhàis bha cuimhneachan aige-san air deanadas nan sìthchean.

Cha ghabhadh an treas coimhearsnach rabhadh o na thachair do Chroitein. Dh' fheumaidh esan, biodh an rud mar a thogradh e, céilidh a thoirt do na sìthchean. Bha e na dhuine dàna, neo-ghealtach agus dùr, agus cha b' e idir a dhòigh-san bhi gabhail rabhadh o ni sam bith a thàinig air daoine eile. Ciod air bith thigeadh 's an rathad bha esan deas airson a choinneachadh. Dh' fhoighneachd e—"Ach ciod a sheinneas mise chum gu 'n coisinn mi deadh ghean daoine beaga na h-uaimhe?" Fhreagair Gleusdan e—"Dh' fhaodadh tu am feuchainn le—

"Dì-haoin 's Dì-sathuirn,
Dì-haoin 's Dì-sathuirn,
Dì-haoin 's Dì-sathuirn,
'S Dì-dòmhnuich."

Dh' fhalbh e le mór thogradh, agus le fonn 's fead a dh' fhaicinn nan sìthchean. Cho luath 's ràinig e na Cnuic thog e a ghuth, agus sheinn e gu suilbhir gun sgàth no eagal—

"Dì-haoin 's Dì-sathuirn,
Dì-haoin 's Dì-sathuirn,
Dì-haoin 's Dì-sathuirn,
'S Dì-dòmhnuich."

Mo chreach! ' se thog am buaireas am measg nan sìthchean. Stad an ceòl, stad an dannsadh, agus mach leum iad air ga tharruing a stigh air a fhalt agus a chiabhan. An déidh droch làimhseachadh a thoirt dha, agus tè de na sùilean a spionadh as, bhreab iad air falbh e, agus thug iad air seasamh a chlaidheimh a dheanamh * air taobh mach na h-uaimhe, agus gach aon diubh a sgreadail—"Gabh sin ablaich! gabh sin ablaich gun nàire!" Chuir e farran air na sìthchean leis an fhacal, "Dì-dòmhnuich," ainmeachadh, or bha am facal sin toirmisgte nam measg-san.

* Car-a-mhuiltein a chur dheth (*lucus a non lucendo*).

Cha 'n 'eil e ceaduichte do na h-uile duine diomhaireachd nan sìthchean a rannsachadh, agus cha 'n urrainn gach uile fear companas a chumail gu tèaruinte riu. Agus bha cuimhne aig Croitean agus aig Sùileag fad an làithean mar thachair dhoibh 'n uair a dh' iarr iad conaltradh nan sìthchean.

## Binn Chloinne Ghlaiserich.

O chionn fada air ais thachair gu'n robh fear de Chloinne Ghlaiserich mach sa' mhonadh latha fuar, fliuch aig deireadh an fhogharaidh. B' e a ghnothach dol a dh' fhaicinn an robh an crodh agus na caoraich a deanamh gu ceart. 'Nuair a bha a obair criochnaichte car latha chaidh e steach do bhothan, dh' fhadadh e teine de mhòine thioram, agus shuidh e sios air cathair de fhàl chum e féin a gharadh agus 'aodach a thiormachadh ris an teine. Còmhla ris bha cù agus galla agus lean iadsan e stigh do 'n bhothan. Bha an cù garg 'na nàdur, agus olc ri coimhich, ach bha a ghalla gealtach agus ciùin. Ann an tiota thàinig cearc gu dana stigh air an dorus, agus sheas i mu choinneamh an teine 'ga tiormachadh féin. Chum Mac Ghlaiserich a shùil oirre agus bu neònach leis gu 'n robh i sior fhàs ni 's mò, agus ni 's mò. Thubhairt e 'na iongantas —"Is mór leam tha thu fàs a bhiastag." Fhreagair a chearc —"Tha m' iteagan agus m' oiteagan ag éiridh leis a bhlàthas." Mar sin shìn, agus shìn, agus sgaoil a chearc a mach gus mu dheireadh an do thionndaidh i 'na boirionnach. An sin thug i ròpan dearg do Mhac Ghlaiserich, agus thuirt i—"Cuir an ròpan so mu amhaich do choin." Bha an cù 'na laidh an cùil dhorcha, agus chuir Mac Glaiserich an ròpan air maide a bha sa' chùil, oir ghabh e droch amharus de 'n rud. Thòisich a bhean air naidheachdan innseadh dha, agus air móran bruidhinn a dheanamh, ach an dràsda 's a rithist theireadh i—"Teannaich, a ròpain." Lean i mar sin car tim gus an do shaoil i gu 'n robh an cù air a thachdadh. An sin leum i air Mac Ghlaiserich le fearg uamhasach, agus bhiodh e air a mhilleadh leatha mur biodh an cù air deanamh cobhair air san àm. Chum an cù a ghreim, agus bha Mac Ghlaiserich 'ga stuigeadh oirre. "Thoir dhiom do chù," ars' a' bhuidseach, "agus innsidh mi dhuit nithean a ni feum dhuit an déidh so, agus tachairidh gu math dhuit agus do d' chinneadh, ach mar toir, bithidh mo mhallachd ort-sa agus air do chinneadh, agus sgapar sibh feadh an t-saoghail air doigh 's nach bi smùid

tighe aoin de Chloinne Ghlaiserich an sealladh smùid tighe aoin eile." "Cha toir mi dhiot mo chù," fhreagair esan. Chaidh a bhuidseach a mach air an dorus agus an cù a gram-achadh rithe. Cha 'n 'eil e air innseadh cia mar a fhuair i as o'n chù. Coma co-dhiubh chaidh i a sealladh a ghille, agus thill an cù gu a chois. Bha Mac Ghlaiserich an iomagain mu 'n ni iongantach a thachair sa' mhonadh, agus air an rathad dhachaidh bha e sior smuaineachadh air. 'Nuair a thàinig e gu tigh a mhaighstir bha a' bhana-mhaighstir 'ga h-uidhmeachadh féin airson an tigh fhàgail. "C'àite am bheil sibh a' dol?" thuirt Mac Ghlaiserich. "Tha mi dol a dh' fhaicinn tè de 'm bhana-choimhearsnaich a tha ris a bhàs," fhreagair ise. "Fhuair mi fios gu'm bheil an tinneas air bualadh oirre gu h-obann, agus nach 'eil dùil sam bith gu'n téid i am feobhas." "Thoiribh dhomh-sa biadh, agus théid mi maille ribh," thuirt esan. Cha robh i robh dheònach gu'n rachadh e còmhla rithe a dh' fhaicinn a bhoirionnaich bha tinn, gidheadh dh- aontaich i mu dheireadh . 'Nuair a ràinig iad tigh am bana-choimhearsnaich, agus chunnaic i aghaidh Mhic Ghlaiserich tighinn fagus dhi thionndadh i a gnùis ri cùlaobh na leapach. Ach bu leòir an sealladh sin do Mhac Ghlaiserich, oir co bha tinn san leabaidh ach an fhior bhuidseach a chuir dragh air sa' bhothan. Uime sin ghlaodh e—"Cuiribh teine mór air, agus loisgidh sinn a bhuidseach so." Dh' innis e ciod a thachair sa' mhonadh, agus bha e dian airson a losgadh, ach ghuidh na mnathan a bha lathair nach deanadh e sin, oir gu'n robh am boirionnach aig uchd a bhàis. Leig e dheth an sin, agus chaochail a' bhuidseach an ùine ghearr, agus thuig na mnathan a bha 'g ullachadh a cuirp airson 'adhlac ciod a b' aobhar d'a bàs. Bha broilleach a chreutair thruaigh air a reubadh dhi leis a chù.

Cha robh ni sam bith aig aon àm a chuireadh tuilleadh mulaid no trioblaid air fior Ghaidheal na e bhi air a sgaradh o chinneadh. Thàinig fàidheadaireachd na buidsich gu crich, agus luidh a mallachd gu trom air Chloinne-Ghlaiserich. Chaidh an sgaradh, agus an sgapadh o chéile air chor 's nach robh smùid tighe aoin Mhic-Ghlaiserich an sealladh smùid tighe aoin eile dhiubh. Agus aig an latha 'n diugh cha 'n 'eil neach san dùthaich de 'n chinneadh a tha giùlan an seann ainm—Mac-Ghlaiserich.

### Cunntas mu Mhortadh Lochan-nan-cat.

Air latha àraid bha maighdean òg cheanalta air an tuathair de Loch-tatha 'ga deasachadh féin a chum turus a

ghabhail. 'Nuair a bha i ag cur cearb agus cearb de a h-aodach uimpe is ann le mór dhragh a b' urrainn i sin a dheanamh leis an dol as a bha aig cù an tighe. Leumadh e suas rithe a beirsinn air a h-aodach mar gu'n dùraigeadh e a thoirt uaipe. Rinn e mar an ceudna miodal rithe, agus dh' imlich e a làmh 'nuair a bha i a fàgail an tighe. Thubhairt bean bhochd a bha cìreadh olainn 's an tigh aig an àm, agus a chunnaic gluasad a choin—"Cha 'n 'eil mi foighneachd dhiot c'àite am bheil thu dol, ach bheirinn-sa comhairle ort gu'n thu dhol an car a tha thu rùnachadh, na ma théid, thoir leat an cù." Cha ghabhadh i comhairle, ach dh' fhalbh i, agus smàd i an cù air ais ged' a bha e ro-dheònach air a leantuinn. Thill e agus earball 'na ghobhal, agus thòisich e air donnalaich aig ceann an tighe. Chaidh an nighean air a turus, ach cha d' thàinig i dhachaidh tuilleadh. Shaoil a muinntir gur ann a chaidh i a thoirt céilidh d'a càirdean ann an Gleannlìobhann, agus ged' nach do thill i an ùine beagan de làithean cha robh iad fo iomagain mu a timchioll. Thachair an ùine ghoirid an déidh sin gu 'n robh brocair a' faire saobhaidh air taobh Beinn-Labhair os ceann Lochan-nan-cat. Beagan roimh bhriseadh na fàire thòisich na h-abhagan aige air dranndail, dh' éirich colg orra, agus chruinnich iad mu a chasan. B' iongantach leis ciod a bh' ann, ach air togail suas a shùilean chunnaic e aogas boirionnaich 'na seasamh f'a chomhair. Ghlac uamhas e, oir bha clàr a h-aodainn dearg le fuil. Cha robh lid aige r'a radh car tamuill, ach mu dheireadh thuirt e —"O bhobh! bhobh! a bhoirionnaich, ciod e a chuir thusa an so aig an àm so, agus ciod e do ghnothach rium-sa an dràsda?" "O bhobh! a dhuine, 's fhada a bha thu mu 'n do bhruidhinn thu," fhreagair ise. "Ma chi thu a leithid so tuilleadh na bi cho fhada gun bhruidhinn. Chaidh mo mharbhadh, agus tha mo chorp san Lochan. Far am faic thu columan ag' itealaich, gheibh thu mo chorp san àite sin." Aig briseadh na fàire chunnaic e columan ag éirigh o àite sònruichte de 'n Lochan, agus chaidh e agus fhuair e corp a' bhoirionnaich ceart mar a dh' innis an tannasg dha. Thog e an corp a mach as an uisge, agus ghiùlain e leis e gu truacanta a dol air aghaidh a chuid agus a chuid cuibhrinn mhath astair gus an d' thàinig e gu cruach mhòine, far an do shuidh e a ghabhail anail, agus an corp paisgte 'na bhreacan . Chaidh latha an déidh latha seachad, agus 'nuair nach do thill an nighean dhachaidh lion amharus cridhe a dlùth chàirdean, agus chuir iad neach do Ghleann-lìobhann a dh' fheòrachadh air a son. 'Nuair a thill

an neach so agus nach d' fhuair e cunntas mu a thimchioll an sin sgaoil an naidheachd feadh na dùthcha gu'n robh i air a call, agus thionail àireamh de shluagh Taobh-loch-tatha gu sireadh-mairbh a dheanamh air a son. Chunnaic am brocair iad a tighinn an car a bha e, agus dh' éirich e nan coinneamh agus thuirt e riu—"Tha mi a smuaineachadh nach ruig sibh a leas dol móran na 's fhaide, oir tha mi a tuigsinn ciod a tha sibh ag iarraidh. Thigibh an so, agus feuchaidh mise ni éigin dhuibh." Lean iadsan e gu ruig bun na cruaiche mhòine, agus an sin chunnaic iad corp an neach air an robh iad an toir. Thog iad leo sa' bhreacan an eallach mhuladach, agus chaidh iad gu brònach dhachaidh leatha.

Bhris e amach gu 'n robh saor de mhuinntir Ghlinn-liobhainn air fàgail tigh 'athar, agus nach robh fios ciod an rathad a thriall e. Ged' a bha na maoir air an cuir na dhéidh cha do ghlac iad e, oir anns an àm sin cha robh dòigh air fios ealamh a chuir do chéin-thìr.

Bha gearradh domhain an clàr aodainn na h-ighinn, agus cha robh teagamh sam bith aca nach ann chaidh a mharbhadh agus a tilgeadh 's an Lochan, agus bha fios aig sluagh gu'n robh an saor aon uair ag cumail conaltradh rithe. An latha air an d' fhàg an nighean tuathair Loch-tatha chaidh an saor fhaicinn a dìreadh a mhonaidh agus giullan òg maille ris. Thill an dithis san fheasgar, ach an ath mhaduinn bha an saor air teicheadh, agus a airgiod agus a chuid a b' fhearr d'a aodach air a thogail a a chiste. Tuilleadh o'n latha dubh sin bha an giullan gun sunnd, gun mhisneach, agus mu dheireadh gheill a inntinn, agus cha robh ann ach nothaist thruagh rè a làithean. Gu tric chluinnteadh e a g' radh—"Ghearr e a ceann le gilb, agus thilg e san Lochan i." Iomad bliadhna an déidh sin thàinig litir gu neach an Gleann-liobhann o America, agus san litir bha iomradh air fear a fhuair bàs ann an àite sònruichte de 'n tìr sin, agus a dh' aidich air leabaidh a bhàis gu'n do mharbh e boirionnach òg le gilb, agus gu'n do thilg e i ann an Lochan-nan-cat. A thuilleadh air a sin gu'n do bhagair e an giullan a mharbhadh cuideachd mu'r tugadh e a mhionnan nach innseadh e a chaoidh mu 'n ni a thachair.

Mar sin chaidh mortadh diomhair Lochan-nan-cat a dheanamh soilleir do gach neach san dùthaich.

*17th APRIL, 1902.*

At the meeting held on this date the following were elected members of the Society, viz.:—Dr Cattanach, 3 Alvanley Terrace, Edinburgh, and J. Harvey Shand, Esq., 38 Northumberland Street, Edinburgh. Thereafter the Rev. Archibald Macdonald, Kiltarlity, read his second article in continuation of his "History of Kiltarlity and Convinth."

## PARISH OF KILTARLITY AND CONVINTH.

### No. II.—TERRITORIAL FAMILIES FROM 1400 TO 1815.

During the two centuries beginning about 1400 a number of baronial families appeared and disappeared in the Aird district, while one family—that of Fraser—gradually rose into territorial possession and influence which eclipsed all rivals. The authorities are much at variance as to the circumstances in which the Frasers took the place of the Grahams as barons and constables of Lovat. Patrick de Graham is mentioned in a mandate from King Edward III., of date 4th March, 1334, for the restoration of the third part of the Vills of Sempring, Dalton, and Merton, in Berwickshire, to Thomas de Weston, which had been given to his father, John de Weston, by "Patricius de Graham de Lovet," and, as he is not styled *quondam*, it may reasonably be inferred that he was still alive at that date. This, however, is the latest notice of a Graham of Lovat, and the family may be said to have passed out of history about 1340.

Most writers on the subject are agreed that the Frasers got into the position formerly occupied by the Grahams through marriage into that family; but once we leave this general statement and go into details, the subject bristles with difficulties. We do not propose in this connection to discuss the origin of the Frasers in the South of Scotland, or their supposed French extraction, as to both of which subjects much has been and could still be said. We are here concerned with their origin as a great Highland family, and their connection with the particular region of Inverness-shire at present occupying our attention.

It is generally agreed that the family of Lovat is lineally descended from Sir Simon Fraser, the famous warrior who figures in the War of Scottish Independence, first as a supporter of the English pretensions, but afterwards as a strenuous patriot and follower of Robert Bruce, and who finally lost his life at the battle of Halidon Hill in 1333. The statement may further be advanced—and this has an important bearing upon our subject—that this Sir Simon was the individual from whom the chiefs of Lovat have derived the Celtic title or eponym of Mac Shimidh, or Mac Simon. The proof of this statement lies in the fact that in the letter of "John Elder Clerk, a Redshank," written to Henry VIII. in 1542, a chief of Lovat stands on record under the designation of "Mac Shimi." Going back from that date, we find no Simon whose son could bear that title until we come to this Sir Simon Fraser. The inference is that the first Mac Shimidh must have been a son of Simon who was killed at Halidon Hill—in the same way as the first MacDonald was the son of Donald, or the first Mackenzie the son of Kenneth. This appears to be a safe position, and it is in the light of it that the points of genealogy connected with the family and period have to be considered. This conclusion does not prove either that Sir Simon Fraser married—as it is supposed by some—one of the Grahams of Lovat, or that he was Constable of Lovat; but it proves his position as the progenitor of the Clan Fraser of the Aird district of Inverness-shire.

How Sir Simon Fraser came, either in his own person or through his posterity, to be connected with the lordship of Lovat, is a question which seems to admit of but one feasible explanation. We gather from Robertson's Index of Missing Charters that Sir Simon married Margaret, daughter of John Earl of Caithness, who, according to the best authorities, was married to a daughter of Graham of Lovat, presumably David, son-in-law of the first John Bisset. David de Graham was succeeded by his son Patrick, who died without issue before 1340. In that case his eldest sister, the Countess of Caithness, became his heir, and, after her, her daughter Margaret became heritable proprietrix of Lovat. But as Patrick de Graham certainly survived Sir Simon Fraser, the latter, though married to the niece and heiress of the former, never occupied the position that would have belonged to him as the husband of the Lady of Lovat. Yet, his connection with the Aird was an imposing

one, both on account of his own personal worth and valour as a Scottish patriot, and his marriage with the heir-presumptive of the de Grahams. So much was this the case that his name, as we have noticed, has been the patronymic of his descendants for something like 550 years.

There is no doubt as to the identity of Hugh, the first baron of Lovat, but whether he was the son or grandson of Sir Simon Fraser is a question as to which authorities are at variance. According to the genealogists, Sir Simon Fraser had two sons, Simon and Hugh, the latter of whom succeeded him; but from careful consideration of the evidence, it will, I think, appear that his younger son was named, not Hugh, but Alexander. We have seen that Margaret, daughter of the Earl of Caithness, and widow of Sir Simon Fraser, was the niece and heiress of Patrick de Graham, and that she succeeded him in the possession of Lovat. It does not appear that her older son, Simon, ever assumed possession. Thus, in 1345, the name of Simon Fraser, without any territorial designation, appears as witness to a charter of lands in the barony of Urquhart, granted to Sir Robert de Chisholm, Constable of the Castle there, by John Earl of Moray. Anderson, the historian of the Frasers, tells us that Simon took part in some of the stirring events of his time, and, according to Froissart, he accompanied Sir William Douglas in the surprise and capture of Edinburgh Castle in 1341. He was, according to the same authority, one of those sent in that year to bring David II. back from France to Scotland. He fought and was wounded in the battle of Durham in 1346, after which he returned to Lovat, where he died unmarried and without issue at a comparatively early age. He never owned Lovat, his mother, the Lady of Lovat, being apparently still in life.

Alexander, the younger son, succeeded his brother in the male representation of the family, but apparently not to the estates. Notices of Alexander appear in contemporary records. In the account of a naval victory gained in 1337 by the English Admiral, John de Ros, over two Scottish ships, in which were many of the wives and children of the nobility returning from Flanders, Alexander Frisel, at that time a boy, is named among the 'filii nobilium' who were on board and captured. This Alexander married a daughter of Sir Alexander Moray of Bothwell, and we find him on record as receiving a safe conduct to England on 13th July, 1361,

probably to visit his brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Moray, one of the hostages for the ransom of David II., and who died of the plague in London about Michaelmas of that year. We have no evidence that he, any more than his brother, succeeded to Lovat, but each in turn would have borne the Gaelic designation of 'Mac Shimidh.'

In 1367 Hugh Fraser appears on record as baron of Lovat and portioner of the Aird. We cannot definitely say that this was the year of his succession, nor can we state with certainty whether he succeeded his father or his grandmother as proprietor of the estates. As we have seen, he is represented by the historian of the family and by other genealogists as the son of Sir Simon Fraser; but we agree with the historian of the Frasers of Philorth, that Hugh was the grandson of Sir Simon, through Alexander, the younger son, whose career, as well as that of his older brother, Simon, has already been glanced at. The authority just referred to developes a heraldic argument as to Hugh's position in the line, which appears to be fairly conclusive. The device upon the seal of Hugh Fraser of Lovat attached to charters in 1377 and 1390 is a triangular shield bearing three rosettes or cinquefoils within a border charged with nine stars or mullets. According to Nisbet, the best of our Scottish writers on heraldry, these borders charged with figures were used to distinguish younger sons, so that the seal points out that Hugh was the son of a Fraser father who was a younger son, and a mother whose family had stars or mullets for its cognizance. These latter devices are found in the arms, not of the family of Caithness, into which Hugh's grandfather married, but in that of Moray, the family to which his mother belonged. In this way Hugh, baron of Lovat, is found by parallel lines of evidence to have been the grandson of Sir Simon Fraser, and the son of his younger son, Alexander.

That 1367 may have been, and probably was, the year of Hugh's succession to the lordship of Lovat and his share of the lands of Aird, seems authenticated by two records of his signature for that year. First, he appears early in 1367 as witness to Walter de Leslie's charter as Hugh Fraser, without any territorial designation, while later on, on the 12th September of the same year, he comes to the Chapter-house of Moray as portioner of the Aird and Lord of Lovat, to do homage to the Bishop of Moray for his share of the half davoch land of Kiltarlity and Ess, and the fishing of the river Forn 'ex adverso' of the same, in obedience to the fourth citation. It

is thus obvious that in the interval between the two signatures the last heritable proprietor of these subjects had passed away.

Four years after the date of his succession—1371—Hugh Fraser of Lovat is present at the Coronation of Robert II. In 1377 Hugh Fraser, 'dominus de Lowet,' resigned the lands of Fayrelehope, in the barony of Linton and sheriffdom of Peebles, into the hands of James de Douglas, Lord of Dalkeith and Linton, to whom he was vassal, to be held by Adam Foster for homage and service, as Hugh Fraser had held them before his resignation. These lands he had inherited from his father and grandfather.

Hugh Fraser was not too punctual in the payment of his various rents to the bishopric of Moray for the Church lands and fishing that once belonged to John Bisset of Beaufort. For this reason, on 30th November, 1384, a new compact was formed between himself and Alexander, Bishop of Moray, in which he agreed to pay £20 sterling, in two equal parts, at the terms of Whitsunday and Martinmas, at which latter date he was also to pay a sum of 50 shillings. For these payments, for one year, the arrears of his annual rent for Kiltarlity were to be remitted. He also promised to support the Bishop in the possession of his rights, and to help him in the recovery of that part of the rent of Kiltarlity and the Ess which pertained to a "certain noble man," William de Fenton. Evidently the old difficulty of exacting the de Fenton bishopric rents had not quite passed away.

This Fraser of Lovat was concerned in an agreement between the Earl of Moray and Alastair Carragh of the Isles, first of Keppoch, drawn up at Cawdor on 5th September, 1394. The Macdonald chief was to have under his protection all the lands and possessions of the regality of Moray, and all the Church lands thereof. From this agreement—by which the Lord of Lochaber was to be policeman in general for Moray—three barons were excepted, Hugh Fraser of Lovat, Thomas de Chisholm, and lord William of Fodryngham, there being already a bond between them for mutual friendship and protection. The agreement was to last for seven years, and during its currency the Earl of Moray was to give Alexander of the Isles each year the revenue of 80 merklands, namely, for Bonacht £20, and the lands of Ess in Kiltarlity £20 and 2 merks, to be paid in two instalments, one at the Feast of Pentecost next to come, and the other at the following Martinmas—and so on for each year until it shall be declared

by the Council of the Earl of Fife that the 20 merklands which Malcolm of Grant possessed belonged to the Earl of Moray. Other perquisites which need not be detailed were likewise to accrue to the Chief of Keppoch for his service in restraining his own clansmen and other caterans from destroying and consuming this favoured region. It appears from these details that the lands of Bonacht were in dispute between the Earl of Moray and the Chief of Grant.

Hugh Fraser of Lovat was lord of Kinell—dominus de Kinell—in 1390, and is the first of the family found in that position. That year he gave a charter of lands in the barony of Kinell to Walter Tulloch, and he also granted another, without date, but probably about that period, to William de Camera, dominus de Auchnawys, in the same barony, which is situated in Forfarshire. In the charter he gave to William de Camera, he says that for stronger evidence and additional security, the seal "domini mei John Dunbar, Earl of Moray," is also affixed. That seal shows couche, a shield bearing three cushions within the royal tressure; crest, a stag's head; supporters, two lions sejant regardant. Hugh Fraser's crest was the same, and he probably adopted it from his feudal superior. Hugh, first Fraser baron of Lovat, died between 1407 and 1410, and was succeeded by his son Alexander. History has little to record of this chief of Lovat, and he died before 1416. By Elizabeth de Keith he had two sons, Hugh and Alexander, by the former of whom the line was carried on. During the time of this baron of Lovat the grasp of the Frasers upon the Aird was considerably strengthened by the acquisition of new territories, and the policy of ousting the smaller barons began to be successfully carried out. Hugh married Janet, sister to William de Fenton of Beaufort, a union which considerably advanced the territorial prestige of the Frasers. On 13th March, 1415, William de Fenton granted to his sister, her husband, and their heirs the lands of Guisachan, Comar-Kirkton, Mauld, and Wester Eskadale lying in Strathglass, within the barony of the Aird; and until the lands of Uchterach in the parish of Kilmorack were recovered, the two Buntaits of 10 merks of old extent were given in pledge; while for dowry Lord Hugh Fraser was to give £20 lands of the lordship of Golford, in the sheriffdom of Nairn, and, if there was any deficiency, this was to be made up by Hugh out of the lands of Dalcross. These lands of Dalcross formed part of the Bisset territories in the sheriffdom

of Nairn which had not gone, like the rest, to the Roses of Kilravock. It may be remarked that Lovat obtained possession of Uchterach at a later date, but, notwithstanding this, continued to retain his hold on both Buntaits. This Fraser of Lovat was a member of the Court of the Earldom of Moray in 1420, and was one of the party that went to England in 1424 to meet and welcome James I. on his release from captivity in England.

In 1424 the 3rd Baron Fraser of Lovat was Sheriff-Depute of Inverness. This was the year of the famous rebellion of Alexander, Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross, and the parish of Kiltarlity was the scene of strife between the Macdonalds and the inhabitants of the Aird. The Lord of the Isles, on setting out for Lochaber, left a strong party in the neighbourhood of Inverness, and these laid siege--unsuccessfully, it is said—to the Castle of Lovat. The neighbourhood of this stronghold, Fanellan, and the moor of Caiplich, were successively the scenes of obstinate and sanguinary combats, in which the Lord of Lovat bore a prominent part.

In 1430 Lord Lovat received extensive additions to his estates. We have seen that he had a younger brother, Alexander, and he had become seased in extensive lands in the Aird, Abertarff, and Glenelg; how, we have no present means of knowing. Alexander died without heirs male of his body, and his estates passed by inheritance to the baron of Lovat. On the 11th February, 1431, he presides as Sheriff of Inverness over a jury which met at the Church of Nairn, at the instance of Alexander Stewart, the famous Wolf of Badenoch, and the King's Lieutenant in the North, to decide whether John Ross and his predecessors had confirmation of the lands of the two Kilravocks and Geddes. On 11th April of the same year he presided over a jury at Nairn to decide as to the tenure of these same lands, which, through ward of the Earl of Ross, were in the King's hands. Alexander Earl of Ross was at this time a prisoner in Tantallon Castle.

Despite the strife between the Lord of the Isles and Fraser of Lovat in 1429, we find them a few years after in friendly business relations. On 8th January, 1436-7, Hugh Fraser of Lovat and lord of the third part of Glenelg granted, "magnifico et potenti domino Alexandro de Ile Comiti Rossie," the lands "prefate tertie partis mee de Glenelg." This charter for the third part of Glenelg was dated at Inverness, and

among the witnesses were "John Vicar of Kilmorack" and "Patrick peirson of Wardlaw." This Lord of Lovat died about 1438.

The first notice we have of his successor is in 1440, when Thomas Fraser, Dominus de Lovat, is witness to a charter from Alexander, Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross, granted at Inverness to Hugh Rose of Kilravock. Thomas occupied the lordship of Lovat for about sixteen years, but, unlike his father, he has left no impression on contemporary records. He died in 1456, for the Chamberlain preceding William of Cawdor charges himself that year with £143 rents for the lands of the Aird, Strathglass, Abertarff, and Stratherrick, these being in the hands of the King by the death of the late Thomas Fraser of the Lovat, in the ward of the Earldom of Moray. Thomas was succeeded by his son Hugh.

So far, there do not seem to have been any offshoots from the House of Lovat on whom the succession might devolve in the event of failure in the main line. This explains a Deed of mutual entail into which Hugh of Lovat entered on 19th July, 1464, with his cousin, Alexander Fraser of Philorth, by which it was provided that in the event of the former dying without heirs male of his body, he grants the latter all his lands of Kinnell, in the shire of Forfar, and the third part of the barony and lands of the Aird with the pertinents, also Stratherrick and the third part of the lands of Glenelg, also Guisachan, Kirkcomyr, Mauls, and Wester Eskadale, lying in Strathglass, the barony of Aird, and shire of Inverness, and all the lands of Lovat; in fact, all his territorial possessions. Sasine followed upon this deed, and Thomas of Philorth executed a similar entail in favour of Lovat. Seeing that the two kinsmen were cousins five times removed, the transaction, as already suggested, betokens probably an entire absence of collateral branches of the Lovat Frasers. The Lord of Lovat secures on behalf of his wife, "Violette Lyonne," a reasonable terce of his effects. His fears as to the succession proved groundless, for after his time a number of families sprang from the parent stock, so that the clan became one of the most powerful and numerous in the North of Scotland. This chief is said to have lived till 1501, and to have witnessed the government of two Regents and four Kings—that is to say, the regencies caused by the minorities of James II. and III., and the first four Kings of that name. Having now brought the Frasers of Lovat down to the end of the 15th century, we

shall return to the annals of the de Fentons of Beaufort during the 15th century, and show how the Frasers became established in the position which they held in the Castle of Beaufort and adjacent properties.

Walter de Fenton of Beaufort, who died in 1438, left no male issue, and his possessions descended to four daughters. His estate consisted of the following lands in Kiltarlity, namely, Belladrum, Oldtown of Convinth, Easter Eskadale, Kenairies, Culburnie, and the two Moys, while they also included the lands of Moncref (Bunchrew?), Phopachy, and Englishtown. These lands were divided among Walter de Fenton's four daughters, but the principle of division is not clearly disclosed, nor is it easy to find out in every case the various owners into whose hands the portions respectively fell after the de Fentons finally disappeared. All we know definitely is that the de Fenton fourths, like the Bisset thirds, appear in various instruments of tenure, long after the time of those among whom they were originally divided. Margaret, the oldest daughter, was married at the time of her father's death to Walter, son of Alexander Ogilvy of Auchterhouse, and brought to her husband, not only the fourth to which she was entitled, but also the castle and manor of Beaufort. In 1439 she gave her husband a charter for all her lands, at the same time entailing them upon mutual heirs, failing which, upon her husband's nearest heirs, but reserving them to herself during her lifetime. On 26th February of the same year this charter received the royal confirmation.

Walter de Ogilvy, Margaret de Fenton's husband, was Stewart of the Abbey lands of Arbroath. In course of defending the monastery in 1445 from an attack by his brother-in-law, the Earl of Crawford, he was wounded and taken prisoner. The Earl was also severely wounded, and it is said that the Countess, Walter de Ogilvy's sister, thinking her husband was on the point of death, smothered her own brother while lying sick of his wounds.

Margaret de Fenton married, as her second husband, David Lindsay of Lethnot, by whom she had one son, David, and four daughters. She was a widow in 1458, for in that year she surrendered her lands, and the King granted them to Walter Lindsay of Kinblathmont and his heirs. This Walter was the second son of the Earl of Crawford, and the nephew and nearest heir of Margaret's first husband, Walter de Ogilvy; and the disposition in his favour was in accordance

with the marriage contract of 1439, on the failure of heirs between them. The connection of the Ogilvys with the Aird did not, however, terminate with the death of Walter de Ogilvy, though it is not easy to determine his genealogical connection with those whose names appear towards the end of the 15th and the beginning of the 16th centuries.

In 1485 we find Patrick Ogilvy of Calybroch giving a charter to his son and heir, Andrew Ogilvy, of the fourth of the barony of the Aird. Between this date and January, 1508, Andrew, Patrick's heir, has died, for at the latter date Patrick sold his lands of the fourth part of the Aird, including Belladrum, Oldtown of Convinth, Easter Eskadale, Kenairies, Culburnie, the two Moys, and certain lands in the parish of Wardlaw to John Ogilvy of Laverocklaw and his heirs male, who failing, to John Ogilvy, prebendary of Dingwall, his brother, and heirs. Whether these Ogilvies were descendants of Margaret de Fenton, or by what right or title they came to acquire the fourth of the Aird barony, is not very clear.

Walter Lindsay, second son of the Earl of Crawford, in whose favour Margaret de Fenton surrendered her lands in 1458, continued proprietor of the Castle and estate of Beaufort for about 36 years. He died in 1494, and was succeeded by his son, Sir David Lindsay, on the 14th May of that year. On 13th May, 1495, he obtained sasine of his lands of the barony of the Aird and Beaufort by the delivery of earth and stone at the old Castle there, under the sheriffship of Duncan Macintosh, Captain of the Clan Chattan. He did not long retain possession, for in 1498 we find him conveying Beaufort Castle and his share of the lands of the Aird to the Earl of Argyll. This year James IV. attained to his majority, and there was a Parliamentary revocation of all charters granted in his name while he was a minor. This, however, only partially explains the deed of Disposition, for the granter explicitly states the lands were conveyed in lieu of a certain sum of money given him by the Earl in his urgent necessity. The Disposition to Argyll is of interest on account of some of the place names it contains. The lands are described as the fourth part of Quihilbrune with the castle and fortalice thereof, the two Moys, Balcrum (Belladrum?), Conwich Mor, Sanevalle in Conwich, Eskadale, Arderoyn, Kynerich, all in Kiltarlity, and Moncref, Appathy (Phopachie?), Nelston (Englishton?), in Wardlaw, and the superiority of all and sundry the lands of Beaufort belonging hereditarily to Sir

David Lindsay of Beaufort, Kt., lying in the lordship of Beaufort. We find here, perhaps for the first time, the name Quhilbrune, or, in its modern form, Culburnie. It is not to be identified with Beaufort or Dunie in the limited sense of the site on which the old fortalice was built, though it included that spot. It embraces part of the region north of the burn which is formed by the confluence of two streams, one taking its origin about two furlongs north of Loch Bruiach, and the other a similar distance from Loch an Fheoir. This burn, which in its higher reaches is called 'Allt an Lòin,' runs generally south-east, takes a turn nearly due east, and joins the Bruiach burn in its southern course. The two combined run into the Belladrum burn, the three, by the time they join the Beauly river, having a common estuary. The lands lying to the north-west of the lower reaches of this stream, including the crofter township called Culburnie and the modern home farm of Beaufort, seem to have been embraced in the name Quihilbrune. This part of the burn would have been called Braon, a name no longer surviving in its independent form as applied to this stream, and Culburnie or Quihilbrune meant the lands beyond it or at its back. Nine years after this—1507—Archibald Earl of Argyll set and alienated to Thomas Fenton of Ogill, his heirs and assignees, the lands of Beaufort with the pertinents, and these remained in possession of this branch of the Fenton family until 1524. As will afterwards appear, these lands embraced under the general title 'Bewfurd' the half davoch of Easter Eskadale, the half davoch of Kenairies, and certain properties in Kirkhill.

Another daughter of Walter de Fenton was Jonet, who married Sir James Douglas of Railstone, and brought him another fourth of the family estates. It appears from later records that this Sir James Douglas was forfeited, for what disloyalty we cannot say, though it may have been under the general revocation of titles to which reference has already been made, and which took place in 1498. He was succeeded by his son, who appears on record in 1509 as Henry Douglas of Culburnie, and who thus appears to have obtained restitution of his estates. The name of another daughter of Walter de Fenton was Jonet Junior, who married William Hacket of Hacket in 1471. Hacket died in 1487, and his wife in 1491. The name of the fourth daughter is not known, but it is known that she became the wife of David Narn of Sandfurde. Both

these ladies brought their respective fourths to their husbands. It does not appear that they or their descendants had any prolonged connection with the Aird, and it is possible that the share of one or both was acquired by purchase or inheritance by Patrick Ogilvy, whose position in the Aird we have already found it difficult to account for.

In the course of time, the lands whose history we have been detailing were destined to pass into the hands of the barons of Lovat. In 1509 Thomas Fraser of Lovat acquired from "Henry Douglas of Kilbernie" the fourth of the de Fenton property which belonged to Jonet Senior. This conveyance included the hill of Culburnie on which the Castle of Beaufort stood, but not the Castle itself. The charter was granted and witnessed at the Parish Church of Wardlaw, on the 15th October, 1509. On the 12th January, 1511, this grant received the royal confirmation, and one of its provisions was to the effect that the charter was not to be rendered invalid by the forfeiture of Sir James Douglas, the granter's father. The same year, Thomas Fraser of Lovat acquired from John Ogilvy the fourth part of the de Fenton lands which had been disponed to him in 1508 by his father, Patrick Ogilvy. The charter was given at the Church of Wardlaw on June 14th, and it received the royal confirmation on 31st July following. The granter is designated John Ogilvy of Laverocklaw. In these charters the modern Bunchrew appears as Munchrew or Monchrew, signifying a wooded moor.

The settlement of the family of Chisholm in the Aird district has already been noticed, and at this stage it is only necessary to refer to it in connection with the Haliburtons, whose connection with the Aird lasted for about one hundred years. Thomas of Chisholm, son of Margaret del Ard, was succeeded by his son Alexander in the lands of Strathglass; but he died in 1422 without male issue, and there appears to have been a division of the lands between the descendants of Catherine, daughter of Alexander, on the one hand, and the descendants of Wiland, the brother of Alexander, on the other. Catherine married Walter, second son of the first Lord Haliburton of Dirleton, to whom she brought a grant of the barony of Pitcur, in Forfarshire, in 1432. Judging from subsequent events, Catherine of Chisholm must also have brought her husband property in Strathglass and other parts of the Aird district. Walter Haliburton was succeeded by his son John, who, in view of the grant of lands

bestowed by him on his son and heir, William Haliburton, possessed extensive estates. In this charter there are included the lands of the three parts of Englishton, the lands of Knocktoun of Kingeile, with the yairs of the same; the lands of Crywe, Fanellan, brwlch (Bruiach?), the half of Kiltarlity and its fishing, Ardblair, of a part of Fanblair, two parts of Culmullynemore, three parts of Belladrum with Culmullinbeg, the lands of Downegorre, the mill of Beaufort, with the crofts of Dumballoch; the salmon fishing of the Kylach of Cloynbaky, the two Erchlesses, and the tenandries of Inchberry in the barony of the Aird, county of Inverness. This charter was confirmed by the King on the 28th June, 1496. We do not know whether William Haliburton actually survived and succeeded his father, or whether he left male issue; but we find James Haliburton, in 1512, receiving from James IV. the same lands as those granted in the charter of 1496, and all created into the free barony of Erchless. The connection of the Haliburtons with the Aird terminated in 1528. Two years before then—25th September, 1526—Robert, Bishop of Moray, gave precept of sasine to Thomas Lord Lovat of the lands of "Kincallartie and fishing of Ess." In this case the lands and fishing went together and in equal shares. On 2nd March, 1528, the King gave Lovat a grant of all the lands and fishings that belonged to George Haliburton of Gask, the latter having resigned them into the King's hands. This grant included the complementary half of Kiltarlity and the fishing of Ess, the other half having been given two years before. All these lands—that belonged to the Haliburtons, and which have been detailed—were incorporated with the lands of Kirkton, Inglishton in the barony of Aird, Wester Struie, Easter Croychell, Wester Croychell, Wester Comire, Kilbaddy, and Daheny, with fishings and outsetts in Strathglass, which had formerly been erected into the free barony of Erchless. The lands of Comar na Cille—the Gaelic form of Comar Kirkton—had, along with some others, been in the possession of the Lovat family for 120 years. They had been apprized by James IV. for certain sums, probably overdue Crown rents by Thomas of Lovat, but now they were restored to his son by the charter of 1528.

In 1536 the same Hugh of Lovat received another addition to his already considerable estates. By his first wife, Anne, a daughter of Grant of Freuchie, he had one son, Hugh. By his second wife, Janet, daughter of Walter Ross of Balnagown,

he had two sons, Alexander and William. On July 19th, 1536, the King confirmed to Hugh Lord Lovat and his wife, Janet Ross, the lands of the two Moys called Ardrannich, the lands of Kilbrenie, with the hill of the Castle of these same called Bewfort in Ard, and the lands of Phoppachie in the lordship of Bewfort, sheriffdom of Inverness, which Hugh resigned. These were to be held by Lord Lovat and his wife, and the longer liver of them, in joint fee-farm, and after them by Lovat's heirs whatsoever. As it turned out, Alexander became his father's successor, and William, the youngest son, became the founder of the Cadet family of Struy. In this charter of 1536 the name Kilbrenie—equivalent to Culburnie is applied to the rising ground on which Beaufort Castle is situated. We also find the place name Ardrannich applied to the rising ground embracing the two Moys—that is, Bruthach Moy and Teanamoy—though, strictly speaking, it only applied to the latter. The same year Lord Hugh Fraser of Lovat acquired the lands of Easter and Wester Aigas, in the parish of Kilmorack, with the mill and multures of the same, from John Forbes of Pitsligo, and this charter was confirmed by the King on the 28th December. This was the final termination of the ancient Forbes connection with the region of Strathglass.

In 1539 the family of Lovat seems to have attained very nearly to the summit of its territorial ambition, for the King that year confirmed to Lord Hugh Fraser a number of extensive baronies, namely, those of Lovat, Stratherrick, Aird, Abertarff, and Erchless, and the lands of Ardrennich, Kilburnie, the fourth of Belladrum, etc., with the relative castles, and the fishings on the waters of Forne and Avech, with the lands of Comar na Cille in the barony of the Aird. Hugh personally resigned all these, and the King incorporated them in the free barony of Lovat, ordaining that the Castle of Lovat should be his principal messuage and residence. All this time the superiority of the lands of Beaufort, so called, which had been given over to the Earl of Argyll in 1498, lay in the hands of his successors. This was terminated in 1542—presumably through Argyll's resignation—for the King that year gave over in fee-farm to Hugh, Lord Fraser of Lovat, the lands of Beaufort, namely, the davach of Glenconvinth and the half of Ardellane.

We now come to a year which proved of tragic import to the Chief and race of Fraser. The battle of Kinloch-Lochy, or 'Blar Leine,' as it is known in Gaelic, was fought in 1544

against the Clanranald, who were under the redoubtable John of Moydart, Chief of the Clanranald. That sanguinary engagement need not be detailed here; suffice it to say that the manhood of the Clan Fraser was almost annihilated on that stubbornly contested field; Lord Lovat; Hugh, his son and heir; William Fraser, first of Culbokie; John of Farraline, and others being among the slain. This Lord Fraser of Lovat was a man of enlightened views, who had an eye to the social welfare of his vassals. He established cattle markets for their convenience at various points on his estates, one being the Fair of Saint Mauritius near his own residence at Downie, another at Glenconvinth, and one at the cross of Beauly.

After the battle of Kinloch-Lochy we do not find much to chronicle regarding the Aird district for quite a number of years. The clan had received a stunning blow, and though tradition loves to speak of the fecundity of the women whose husbands fell on that fatal day, it would take a generation before the sons thus providentially born would come to man's estate. Lord Hugh Fraser, who was killed at Blar Leine, was succeeded by Alexander, his older son by Janet Ross of Balnagown. He was better educated than was usual with the barons and gentlemen of his day. The neighbourhood of the monastic establishment was an educational advantage, Robert Reid, Bishop of Ross, who resided at the Priory, taking charge of the young chief's training. Alexander of Lovat died at Aigas in 1557, and was buried in Beauly Priory. He was succeeded by his son Hugh, who was served heir to him in 1560. At his succession he was a minor, and William of Struy was appointed tutor. His father had received a procuratory of resignation of the lands of Easter Kilmylies by Hugh Simson from the Bishop of Moray in 1550, but seisin was not obtained until 1566. This instrument included possession of the valued subject, "Kintallartie cum piscaria de Ess."

During these years Lord Lovat acted a prominent part as a member of the Privy Council of Scotland, and in that capacity his name appears frequently in the records of the period. Reference may specially be made to his presence at a convention of noblemen in Edinburgh on 26th July, 1569, where he voted for the Queen's divorce of Bothwell. On the 14th February, 1571, Walter, Abbot of Kinloss and Prior of Beauly, gave a charter to Hugh, Lord Fraser of Lovat, in

terms of which his lordship was appointed constable and custodier of the palace, houses, and principal messuages in said Priory, built on the south side of the Church of Beauly by the late Robert (Reid), Bishop of Orkney and Prior of Beauly, with the power of applying to his own use the fruit of the gardens and orchards. This charter made hereditary the office of Bailie of the barony of Beauly, and it created a new office, that of constable and keeper of the Priory palace erected by Bishop Reid, which was also made hereditary. Among the lands contained in the barony of Beauly are the third of Meikle Kilmoling, the third of the Easter Glen of Convinth, and the fourth of Fanblair, all in the parish of Kiltarlity. These thirds and fourths of lands are survivals of the portions of the Bisset and de Fenton heiresses respectively.

Hugh Fraser, 6th Lord Lovat, died in 1576, and Simon, his son and successor, was a child of five at the time. There was serious danger of a conflict between two prominent members of the clan as to who should exercise the much coveted duties of tutor or guardian to the young lord. After the interment, Thomas of Knockie made his appearance with 500 men at Glaschearn, near Beaufort Castle, where the principal gentlemen of the Clan Fraser had met to appoint a tutor to the new chief. William of Struy, his grand-uncle, was the other claimant, and insisted upon his right, on the ground that he had discharged the same trust on behalf of the late lord, and had done so with the approbation of the clan. Factions arose over the grave dispute, and Mr Donald Dow Fraser, who at the time served the cure of souls in Kiltarlity, Kilmorack, and Wardlaw, hastened secretly to Beaufort to ask the Dowager Lady Lovat, a daughter of the Marquis of Athole, to interpose and ask Struy to abandon his claims. The minister received an evasive reply. Much as she respected him, she said that propriety and a sense of her own dignity forbade her intervention or presence at their meeting, seeing they had not deemed her worthy of being consulted. She further said that, whatever befel, not a drop of Stewart blood would be shed. The minister was determined not to fail in his mission, but his anger got red hot at the haughty dame's answer. He used an argument inconsistent with his peaceful calling, but with the merit of effectiveness. He unsheathed his dirk, and told her that her own blood would be the first to flow if she did not comply with his request.

The lady at once sat down, doubtless in fear and trembling, and wrote a letter to Struy in the terms desired. Thomas Fraser of Knockie, afterwards first of Strechin, was appointed Tutor, and proved in after years a pillar of the House of Lovat. That same year, in February, he compeared before the Lords of Secret Council, and gave in his band as apparent tutor to the son and heir of his brother, Lord Lovat, and also as donator to the ward and nonentries to the lordship and living of Lovat.

The young Chief of the Frasers received every educational advantage. He was sent to King's College, Aberdeen; but Simon loved not the groves of Academus, and in July, 1586, we find him running off to Ireland, where, after the lapse of a few months, his guardian heard that he was enjoying the hospitality of Sorley Buy Macdonald, Lord of the Route and Glens of Antrim. He seems to have remained there for the best part of two years, but at last Strechin repaired to the King, and obtained a letter commanding Sorley Buy to restore him to his friends. He is said to have returned in June, 1588.

An interesting circumstance connected with the minority of Lord Simon is based upon a document which, so far as I am aware, has never been published. After the death of Hugh, 6th Lord Lovat, father of Lord Simon, a dispute appears to have arisen between the two Dowagers as to the fishings of the river Forn. One of these was the widow of Alexander, 5th Lord Lovat, and grandfather of the lord who was now in his minority. In the history of the Frasers she is called Janet, but in the record referred to she is Jane Campbell. She was a daughter of Sir John Campbell of Cawdor, second son of the Earl of Argyll, and at the period of which I write she possessed one third share of the salmon of the Forn as a part of her jointure. The young Dowager Lady Elizabeth Stewart, whose name has not come down with fragrant memories, was presumably infringing upon this right, and on her own behalf and that of the young lord, then about 18, had to obtain cautioners that the older lady's rights would be respected. The document explains itself, and, not being long, may be quoted in full:—

"At Innernes the tent day of Junij 1589 the qlk day Johnne Chesholme apperand of Comer and William Fraser of Foyer of thair awin motive fre willes are becum be thir presentis cautionaris and souerteis junctlie and severallie for

ane nobill elizabet Stewart Ladie of lovet. That the third of ye salmone fysches of ye watter of forne tane and to be tane fallis furth and comane to ane nobill Ladie Jane Campbell ladie of lovet as law will Be ye lowsing of ye arreistment put at ye said Dame Jane hir instaunce upoun ye salmone fysche thairof at ye corfhous of bewlie be Alexr. Nicolsoun Messenger conforme to our Souerane Lords Letters reasit yrupoun in that part And siclyk ye saids Symond Lord Fraser of Lovet and ye said Elizabeth Stewart are becum acted and obleist to releiff and skaithless keip ye said Johnne and William of thair souerteis & cautionaris aboue wreittin at ye hands of ye saids Dame Jein Campbell and of all riskes and skathes that they sall incur thairthrow. In witnes heirof the saids cautionaris hes subscriuet yr. presentis as followis lyke as also ye said nobill Lord and Ladie hes subscriuet ye same wt. thair hands day yeir and place forsaids Befoir yir witnesses Allan Mc ranald of ye leyis Thomas Fraiser son to umqll. Hucheon Fraiser Mr Mc leane Loggy notar publick."

The document is signed by Lord Lovat and his mother and the notar. Hucheon Fraser appears, from a word partly erased, to have been the son of Hugh Fraser, 2nd of Guisachan, who afterwards succeeded his brother Alexander.

Simon of Lovat is frequently on record in contemporary chronicles. He seems to have paid due attention to all the public duties of his position, and his name appears with praiseworthy regularity at meetings of the Privy Council, the Convention of Estates, and the Commission of the Peace. In 1610 he was commissioned under the Acts establishing Courts of ecclesiastical high commission for the provinces of St Andrew and Glasgow, and, like his successors, adhered to the tenets of the Reformed Church in Scotland. History and tradition combine to hand down his name as a generous but somewhat too confiding chief, whose household was conducted on a scale of Celtic magnificence, but who, for these reasons, allowed his princely patrimony to be considerably dilapidated. He parted with the baronies of Drumchardney and others to his kinsmen of Belladrum and Guisachan, who are said to have overreached him. In 1620 he sold his lands of Muirton for 2000 merks, and mortgaged others. He built a castle at Dalcross that same year, which he gave to his third son, Sir James Fraser of Brea, while he himself resided as occasion seemed to demand alternately at Beaufort, Inverness, Beauly, and Lovat. He also built the house of Bunchrew, where he died in 1633.

His obsequies were observed with great pomp, and his funeral sermon was preached by Mr William Fraser, minister of Kiltarlity, who also served the cure of Kilmorack. He was buried in the Priory of Beauly.

His successor, Lord Hugh, took little or no part in the public life of his time. The deaths, first of his wife, and afterwards of his oldest son, are said to have so beclouded his mind that he fell into deep melancholy, and handed over the management of his estates and the leadership of his clan to his brother, Sir James Fraser of Brea. A strong hand was needed to guide the helm, and Sir James was able to lead the Frasers into the ways of the Covenant, of which he was a strenuous upholder. Other gentlemen of the Clan Fraser are found at this time on the same side, among them William Fraser of Guisachan and Culbokie, who erected the fort of Carse at Kingillie, and Alexander of Phoineas, who commanded the garrison at Lovat. The Clan Fraser were at the battle of Auldearn, fighting for the Covenant, and are said to have suffered severely. Sir James of Brea died in 1649, and the Civil War in Scotland having changed from being a quarrel between the King and the Covenant to one between the King and Parliament, the Clan Fraser espoused the Royalist cause. In 1650 Charles II. came to Scotland, and a general Rising of the loyalists followed. Lord Lovat had died in 1646, and been succeeded by his grandson, Hugh, a child of three, with his uncle, Alexander, as Tutor. This Alexander received a commission to raise the Frasers in the King's interests, and a large number obeyed the summons. Among the gentlemen who held officers' commissions were Thomas of Beaufort, Alexander of Phoineas, and Alexander, younger of Clunevackie. The Frasers arrived at the Royalist camp at Stirling on 6th May, 1651, and afterwards took part in the disastrous battle of Worcester, where Alexander, Tutor of Lovat, was taken prisoner. In 1653 the representative of Lovat came in to Cromwell, the Tutor being bound for the whole name and clan of Fraser.

In 1659 Hugh Lord Lovat, then aged 16, was induced by Sir George Mackenzie of Tarbat—afterwards 1st Earl of Cromartie—to perpetrate a marriage which historians allege to have been the bane of his life. The lady, Miss Ann Mackenzie, a sister of the 1st Earl of Cromartie, was double the bridegroom's age. A son of this marriage—his father's successor—was born in 1666, and the day after his birth was

baptised by Mr William Fraser, minister of Kiltarlity. On the 4th September, 1665, Lord Lovat came of age, and was infeft in his estate upon a precept from the Chancery proceedings upon Retour of his special service as heir to the Master of Lovat, his father. Having at this time no male issue, he executed a Deed of settlement, recorded on 15th February, 1698, conveying the estate to himself in liferent, and Ann Fraser, afterwards Lady Kennaird, who was born in 1660, in feu, but redeemable by male heirs to be procreated of Lord Lovat's body on payment of £10,000 Scots, and containing provisions in favour of his younger daughters. Upon the precepts of seasine therein contained, Ann Fraser was infeft in 1666.

After 1670 Lord Lovat set about repairing and improving his house at Beauly, and for that purpose is said to have demolished the old residence at Lovat in order to get its oak roof and beams and hewn stones for the more modern, but less interesting and unhistoric, residence. He died at Beauly on 27th April, 1672, and was succeeded by his son Hugh, who was only six years of age. The Earls of Seaforth and Cromartie and Hugh Fraser of Belladrum, his tutors, finding the estate encumbered, did not make up titles, but purchased apprisings standing out and affecting it, particularly one of 23rd June, 1665, at the instance of Isabel, Annabel, and Agnes Mackenzie, for the accumulated sum of 7950 merks 12s 4d Scots, and an adjudication at the instance of David Robertson, upon which infeftment followed.

This Lord Fraser of Lovat was by all accounts a man of inferior intelligence and little force of character. He espoused the Revolution, but his people refused to follow him, and joined Dundee in the short-lived triumph of the Stewart arms. Under Thomas of Beaufort, his grand-uncle, the Frasers fought for James at Killiecrankie, and Lord Lovat, finding that he was left alone, finally resolved to follow where his clan led, and joined Cannon during his short stand in the Jacobite interest.

Reverting to the position of the Lovat titles, upon Lord Lovat attaining to his majority the tutors conveyed to their pupil the apprisings and adjudication referred to, and on 3rd February, 1694, he expede a charter under the Great Seal, sasine being recorded on 14th May of that year. He died in 1698, leaving four daughters, of whom the eldest, designed Lady Fraser of Lovat, married in 1702 Alexander Mackenzie

of Fraserdale, only son of Roderick Mackenzie of Prestonhall. The estate being still encumbered, it was not thought proper to serve her heir; but Lord Prestonhall set about purchasing several of the outstanding debts and diligences, obtained four charters, and thereupon executed a settlement in tailzie in favour of Alexander Mackenzie of Fraserdale and Hugh, therein designed Master of Lovat, oldest lawful son of Fraserdale, and Amelia, Lady Fraser of Lovat.

Fraserdale continued in possession until 1715, when, owing to his being involved in the Jacobite Rising of that year, his estates were forfeited. The history of the Lovat family about this time has been so often told that a repetition of all the detail would serve no good purpose. So far as the male representation of the family is concerned, there is no doubt that on the death of Lord Hugh in 1698 the succession devolved upon his grand-uncle, Thomas of Beaufort, who was 12th in succession of the Barons of Lovat. Had the entail been preserved as of old, he would have succeeded to the estates, and it was evidently the intention of Lord Hugh that he should do so. It, however, transpired that the latter had executed a marriage settlement (which I omitted at the proper place to note) that, in default of heirs male, his estates were to devolve upon the eldest daughter, the wife of Fraserdale. No subsequent deed could annul the marriage contract, and for a considerable time Lady Amelia Fraser was able successfully to dispute the pretensions of Thomas of Beaufort and his son, the notorious Simon. She had powerful friends in the family of Athol, her near relatives, and the Earl of Tullibardine is said to have aimed at marrying her daughter, the heiress of Lovat, to one of his own sons. This scheme, and another to the effect that the heiress should marry the oldest son and heir of Lord Saltoun, were bitterly opposed by the Frasers, and proved in the end impracticable. The Frasers, in fact, had ideas of their own as to the disposal of the hand of the young Amelia, then a mere child. Fraser of Tenakyle is said to have undertaken her abduction from Beaufort, that she might be under the control of the Frasers till she came of age; but repenting of his action, he burst up the scheme by confiding it to Athol. The visits of Lords Saltoun and Mungo Murray to the Dowager Lady Lovat, their capture and imprisonment at Fanellan, the confinement—in the sense of imprisonment—of Lady Lovat within her own Castle of Beaufort, and her forced marriage with Simon, the prime author of all the mischief, followed each other in rapid

succession. Unsuccessful attempts were made to capture the Beauforts, father and son, dead or alive, while legal proceedings were taken against them, ending in their being sentenced to death and their estates forfeited. This sentence was passed on 6th May, 1698, which year Thomas of Beaufort retired to Skye, to the residence of his wife's nephew at Dunvegan, where he died in May of the following year. He was buried in the Churchyard of Duirinish, where a somewhat conspicuous pyramid to his memory was erected by his son and successor. Another monument to Thomas of Beaufort stands in the mortuary chapel of Kirkhill, with an eulogy inscribed in characteristic terms, less to the virtues of the departed than to the trials and triumphs of his son.

The relations between the Lords of Lovat and their vassals during the 17th century do not disclose very special features differentiating them from others. The tenure of land by tack and wadsett was in evidence, while the indwellers had their rights of living on the land secured to them by the obligation under which the chief lay of furnishing fighting men in time of war, and men to follow the hunt in the halcyon days of peace. Tacks and wadsetts were usually indications of a hard-up condition on the part of the chief, who was glad to give his lands in security for a loan. The inferior gentry always seemed as ready to lend as the superior was in case to borrow. The casualties and dues imposed upon the vassal, in the name of rent or feu-duty, varied in kind. In some cases "four sufficient kids" afford evidence of goats being a kind of stock largely kept in that age. We naturally conclude from this fact that plantations of trees must have been few and far between. The longest set of lands that we have come across was that of the town-lands of Fanblair in Convinth, extending to one half davoch land of old extent. The lease was drawn up at Beauly, on 27th April, 1670, and was to endure for three terms of 20 times 19 years each. In terms of the tack there should still be 905 years to run, but Simon of Lovat seems to have succeeded in reducing it in a manner favourable to himself. Among the casualties for this tack was 100 loads peats "out of the monath to the stackhill of Beauly ilk year."

The Lords of Lovat, like other Highland chiefs, maintained their staff of musicians. There was a piper in receipt of pay in 1673, when he received a sum of 150 merks for playing at the funeral of Lord Hugh, who died the previous year. There was also a piece of land which seems to have

been the fiddler's perquisite, being known as the "Violer's Croft." Industrial pursuits were not neglected by the magnates of Beaufort, for on the threshold of the 18th century we find reference to the "waulk-mills of Castle Dounie."

Soon after his father's death, Simon of Beaufort obtained pardon for the political offences of which he had been guilty, and for which he had been sentenced to death, and the pardon was signed by King William. It did not, however, cover his offences against private individuals, the trial for which was fixed for 17th February, 1701. For this trial he was duly summoned, and afterwards outlawed for non-appearance. He had a powerful friend in Argyll, and no immediate steps were taken against him, but Athol—still more powerful in the north—was always on his track, and though he continued to skulk in the Aird and Stratherrick districts, he found the country so hot for him that in July, 1702, he made his way to the Court of the exiled James, and for some time thereafter played a prominent part in its intrigues. He became acquainted with Louis XIV. of France, and in deference probably to his views adopted the Romanist creed, to which with more or less consistency he always adhered.

In 1703 he paid a short visit to Scotland for the special purpose of organising a Jacobite Rebellion. In the course of this visit he passed through imminent dangers, from which nothing could have saved him except his own coolness and effrontery. It was at this time also that he commenced the acting of that double part in the political intrigues of his day to which he consistently adhered during the remainder of his life. While bearing a commission from King James, he opened confidential communications with the English Government. He returned to France the same year, and found that his double dealing had been exposed, encountering the displeasure both of the French Government and the Court of St Germains. His adventures on the Continent need not here be detailed. While in France he was deeply distrusted, and was vritually a prisoner from 1703, when he returned thither, to 1714, when, with the assistance of Major James Fraser of Castleheather, he was able to elude the vigilance of the spies and cross in an open boat to Dover on 14th November. In 1715 a bail bond of £5000 for his future behaviour was signed by the Earl of Sutherland, Forbes of Culloden, Munro of Fowlis, and others, but owing to adverse influence at high

quarters his pardon was not then obtained. He left London in 1715, accompanied by Major James Fraser and other friends. This being the year of the Jacobite Rising, he showed great activity in stamping out the lingering embers in the North, and, Mackenzie of Fraserdale having been forfeited through his complicity in the Rebellion, Simon received a gift of his escheat, and a full pardon was signed on 10th March, 1716.

Though Simon of Beaufort had attained to the foregoing measure of good fortune, he was still far from the goal of his ambition. Fraserdale's escheat was not a heritable property so far as Simon was concerned, but must, on the death of the former, pass on to his son. Further, Lady Amelia Fraser of Lovat was adjudged by the Court of Session in 1702 to be the owner of the title, and through her jointure rights possessed considerable property in the district. Her factor was Mr Patrick Robertson, who lived at Teachnuick, near Beauly, and continued to hold that office certainly as late as 1730.

That the estates which fell to Simon through Fraserdale's forfeiture were pretty extensive seems clear from his commission of factory to John Fraser, brother of Fraser of Culmiln, given in 1729. This commission was to embrace the lands and estate of Lovat within Kiltarlity and Convinth, as also the barony of Beauly, and the customs of the yearly markets of the lands, barony, and town of Beauly, and lands of Aigas, and feu-duty of Ardnagrask. He soon began to shew his teeth after his position began to become more secure. The Dowager Lady Lovat appears to have died shortly after 1730, as we find her son Hugh bearing the title in 1732. Simon, however, went to the Court of Session in 1730, with the result that the judgment of 1702 was reversed, and he was declared to be the legal bearer of the title. This conclusion had no weight, as the Union had taken place, and only the House of Lords was competent to adjudicate on such a question as who was the legal owner of a Peerage of the Realm. Hence, as we have seen, Hugh, younger of Fraserdale, did not yield the title, as we saw him bearing it in 1732. This year Simon commenced a number of actions in court for the purpose of reducing the tenure of a number of feuars upon his estate, among them being Fraser of Fanblair, to whose tack I have already referred. He also commenced litigation against Fraserdale and his heir with the view of securing the heritable right to the properties. These legal proceedings were brought to a close in 1737, when a

compromise was arrived at. A decree arbitral was issued that year which resulted in the Fraserdales surrendering the estates to Simon on payment by him of a large sum of money, a result at which, though favourable so far, he uttered curses both "loud and deep." This was followed in 1738 by his taking out titles for himself and his heirs whatsoever. That the settlement of the question included the peerage as well as the estates is evidenced by the fact that in 1742 Fraserdale's son and heir, who was "Hugh Lord Lovett" in 1732, is now "Hugh Fraser, Esqr. of Lovat."

The treacherous part played by Simon up to and during the '45 need not here be elaborated. He was arrested at Beaufort in December, 1745, but escaped, only to be again apprehended in an island on Loch Morar, where he had taken refuge in a hollow tree. There was a touch of grim humour in the farewell address to his peers after the capital sentence was passed upon him—"God bless you all, and I bid you an everlasting farewell. We shall not meet all in the same place again—I am sure of that." His remains were brought north, and buried in the mortuary chapel at Kirkhill.

There is little that is favourable to be said of this extraordinary man. He had courage, energy, and resource, but always misdirected. He carried on a vast correspondence, to which many Highland charter chests bear ample testimony, and the more it comes to light, the more is the conviction brought home to every historical student, that few men have ever lived so sublime in egotism, so utterly deficient in principle, so destitute of all the higher and finer elements of moral consciousness.

It can be said of him that he kept up with some fidelity the status of a Highland chief, and his provision for the musicians of his clan are deserving of recognition. His pipers occupied a good social position. There is an indenture drawn up at Beaufort on 9th March, 1743, in which William Fraser, tacksman, Beauly, is described as his lordship's musician. The brother of this William—David Fraser—had been educated by David Macgregor, his lordship's piper. His lordship was, however, now to send David to the Isle of Skye to have him perfected as a Highland piper by the famous Malcolm MacCrimmon, whom his lordship was to reward for educating the said David for a year. William and David bound themselves in this indenture to the intent that the latter should serve Lovat and his heirs for seven years. David was to have bed and board and washing, clothes, shoes, and

stockings, and to have yearly 50 merks, with a penalty of £10 on either side.

Simon was devoted to the pleasures of the table, a fact attested by the provision which he made for his cook as an official of importance in his establishment. At Whitsunday, 1735, he gave Alexander Fraser alias Down, his cook, one boll pay of his lordship's lands of Teanamoy, lying at the south side of his lordship's park, for 19 years. Rent one boll sufficient farm bear or 8 m. yearly.

His devotion to the Jacobite cause is a little inexplicable in view of all he suffered at the hands of the French Government and the Court of St Germains. His vanity was so great that possibly the expectation of being made Duke of Beaufort may have stimulated his zeal. It is difficult to say how much sincerity there was in his Roman Catholicism—it may have been, after all, a pawn in the political game. He certainly did not press his adopted faith either upon his vassals or on his family, all of which latter were reared as Protestants. His sons, Simon and Archibald, received their early education in the Parish School of Petty—a famous country seminary in its day—and while in attendance there they boarded with Mr Æneas Shaw, minister of the parish. One item of expense incurred on behalf of the Hon. Archibald may be quoted—"At the cock fight, £1 1s 0d."

Simon's sons were also under the tutorship of Mr Donald Fraser, who became minister of Killearnan in 1744, and minister of Urquhart—Ferintosh—in 1756, where he died in 1773. The education of the second son, Alexander, to whom his father applied the nickname "Brigadier," was a source of apparent anxiety to his lordship. In 1740 Mr Donald Fraser came to Beaufort to take this incorrigible in hand, but apparently with little success. His father professed to be greatly shocked at his youthful depravity, and the following highly laudable sentiment emanates from this censor of morals in the course of a correspondence with his tutor, namely, "that he is entirely lost and Debautched in his education. He hardly speaks a word now without swearing, cursing, blaspheming, and lying." In the course of another letter he threatens to send him to Glenstrathfarrar to be a cowherd with some notoriously undesirable employer. In due time the two older sons, Simon and Alexander, were sent to the University of St Andrews, and while receiving their education there, had their board and lodgings in the house of Mr Craigie, Professor of Hebrew. There is a record of £80 sterling paid

by William Fraser of Gortulegg on account of the Master of Lovat and his brother's education and entertainment at the Professor's house. Alexander, surnamed the "Brigadier," is said to have been engaged for a time in the Dutch service, but his father's description of his inches does not suggest a martial aspect. In reply to Lord Stair, and while professing great anxiety that he should obtain a commission in the Earl of Loudon's Regiment, he speaks of Alexander's "extraordinary undergrowth, the next degree to what they call a dwarf, so that I would not wish for £5000 that my son would appear a Captain in any Regiment." If we are to guage the truthfulness of this description by Lord Lovat's zeal for the cause in which Lord Loudon was engaged, we are bound to feel sceptical. Whether the "Brigadier" would have been an acquisition is another question. He was a hopeless dipsomaniac from his boyhood, and there seems no evidence that he was aught else than a bad lot. He died on 7th August, 1762, at Dunmaglass, and was buried at Kirkhill.

A man of apparently much superior character and abilities was General Simon Fraser, who, after his father's forfeiture and death, succeeded him in the representation of the line. Of course he inherited neither the title nor estates. It soon became well known that he had been forced into the Rising of 1745 by his father, who all the time bemoaned his headstrong disobedience in so doing. He was, however, imprisoned in Edinburgh in November, 1747, but his confinement there was short, and he was transferred the following year to Glasgow, where he was to remain during his Majesty's pleasure. The captivity appears to have been of a mild sort. The influence of friends was strongly exerted in his favour. A number of northern parish ministers, among them Mr Patrick Nicolson of Kiltarlity, signed a testimony certifying that Simon of Lovat had been educated in Protestant and Revolution principles. The loyalty of the clergy was unimpeachable, and in 1750 he received a free pardon.

Simon Fraser studied for the Bar, whether during his term at St Andrews, or while he was prisoner on parole, we cannot say. He was engaged as one of the junior prosecuting counsel in the trial of James Stewart of Acharn in 1752, which ended in what proved to be a judicial murder. His conduct at this trial has been assailed from more than one quarter, the charge against him being that he allowed his desire to ingratiate himself with the Government to lead him into unnecessary

virulence against the accused. What amount of truth there may be in this statement it is impossible now to say.

In 1750 the Lovat estates had been annexed inalienably to the Crown, and placed, like other forfeited estates, under commissioners. Captain John Forbes was the Commissioners' factor for the estate of Lovat. The misfortune which the historic family had thus sustained through forfeiture was not without its compensations to the general community, for very salutary regulations as to improved methods of husbandry were introduced into the district, which no doubt had lasting effects. Such matters as crop rotation, the sowing of grass seeds, the fencing of fields, the consumption of straw, the keeping of sheep and goats, the planting of trees—these and many others were regulated by a code of rules drawn up by the Commissioners. These were registered in the Books of Council and Session on 3rd December, 1765, but they were probably in force for many years prior to that date. The eagle hunter was one of the recognised officials whose wages were paid by assessment partly laid upon the tenants, a circumstance which suggests a great change since those days in the numbers of that royal bird. The great importance that plantations of timber have acquired in this district within the last two hundred years is proved, among other things, by the total disappearance of the goat as part of the recognised stocking of a farm.

The efforts of the Commissioners to encourage the arts of peace in the Aird took other directions which are worthy of note. In 1750 there was a scheme devised for the encouragement of manufactures in the district, in accordance with which spinning and weaving schools were established at Beauly and Easter Downy. These, however, do not seem to have been immediately successful, owing to the alleged conduct of Mr James Grant, factor-depute to the Commissioners, who was said to be opposed to the industry, and against whom charges of cruelty and bribery were freely laid. Mr Grant was supported by the local clergy, Messrs Thomas Chisholm, Patrick Nicolson, and Patrick Grant, ministers of Kilmorack, Kiltarlity, and Urray respectively, who on the 12th December, 1752, wrote a letter in his favour, exonerating him from the accusation. The letter was signed at Teawig, the residence of the minister of Kilmorack. On the same day an elaborate proof was led before the Sheriff, at which evidence pro and con was adduced. One witness who compeared was Grisel Fraser, wife of the parish minister, who deponed in favour of

Grant, the factor, and stated that the spinning school had gone to ruin, not as alleged through his fault, but owing to the "forward cross temper of the school mistress."

In connection with this encouragement of manufacturing, the Commissioners offered premiums to the various tenants on the forfeited estates, of which the latter seem to have largely availed themselves. To promote the growth of flax they gave one shilling per peck of lintseed, and the total amount so disbursed in Kiltarlity for one year was £8 18s 0d. Among the items were:—To the millers and tenants of Bruiach and Fanellan, 10s 4d; to the miller of Eskadale and Midmain, 5s 6d; to the miller and mealer of Castledunie, 9s 6d; to the tenants and mealers of Teanamoy and Tomnacrosh, 3s 6d.

In 1757, during the war with France, action was taken by the British Government which proved to be of momentous import for the family of Lovat. The Master of Lovat received a commission to raise a regiment for service in Canada, and in a very short time he was at the head of 1400 men, of which 800 were of his own clan. An extract from an unpublished letter written by one of the local gentry, Fraser of Boblainy, may be of interest in this connection. He had returned from seeing the Fraser Highlanders embark, and wrote on his return to a friend in the district:—

"Dear Sir,—I came home Tuesday morning after a very fatiguing jaunt, and tho' few will believe it, much against my will. Some of your friends with whom I parted desired to be remembered to you and Peggy, such as Struy, my brother, Tenakyle, etc. They were all very well and in high spirits, only John had been confined to his bed for some days with a severe cold. The Regiment is now near Cork, where they are to remain but a few days and then sail to America under the convoy of ane single man of war. God grant they may have success."

The Fraser Highlanders were engaged with great distinction at the siege of Louisberg, the taking of Quebec, and other sanguinary encounters, where the regiment suffered severely. After these engagements a letter was written by one of the Fraser officers to Robert Fraser, Esq. of Muilzie, referring to some of the casualties among the Highland gentlemen from the North. It is dated from New York, the 2nd November, 1758, and seems to have been written by one of the Belladrum family, but as I have only a fragment I cannot be quite certain who the individual was:—

"Dear Cousin,—Tho' I now write you 'tis not with a view of giving you a description of the country nor an account of

the campaign, which has been a very bloody one, but much to the credit and advantage of the British nation. In the part of the army where I have been we lost a great many of our countrymen. Poor Willie Baillie of Torbreck fell killed, with many more too tedious to insert. On the whole we lost about two thousand killed, with a great many wounded who will never recover. My brother Willie was with me, and we both, I thank God, got off untouched. Nothing has affected me of a long time so much as the Death of my poor friends Struy and Simon Tynakyle, not altogether as relations but my particular regard for them for their own worth. I have not seen Col. Fraser as yet nor any of his officers except Simon Bellnain son and James Fraser son of Castleheather who got Struie's Company."

On the conclusion of the American war in 1762, Simon Fraser of Lovat went to Lisbon with the rank of lieutenant-general in a British force which was sent to help our allies the Portuguese to repel an invasion from Spain, which had recently declared war against this country. He had in 1761, during his absence in America, been elected M.P. for his native county, a position which he continued to occupy till his death. It was now quite evident that General Fraser's services deserved no less a reward than the restoration of his ancestral estates, and in 1774 he got a free gift of them from Parliament on the payment of a certain burden which properly rested on the lands. The following year he executed a Deed of Entail.

When the American War of Independence broke out in 1775, General Fraser of Lovat got a new commission to revive his old corps, an enterprise in which he was even more successful than he was eighteen years before, for on this occasion his levies amounted to 2400 men. Their experiences in the American War were chequered, but though many of them suffered the sorrows of prolonged captivity, their heroism was never questioned. At the conclusion of the war they returned to Scotland, and the regiment was disbanded at Perth in 1783.

General Fraser died in February, 1782, but a few years before his death, owing to financial embarrassments, he conveyed his estates to trustees—Simon Fraser of Farraline, Major James Fraser of Belladrum, Colonel Simon Fraser of the late 21st Regiment of Foot, and Mr James Fraser, W.S. This Trust Disposition was dated 19th October, 1776. It provided that an adequate income should be secured to his successor, but that the residue should be applied to the liquidation of the encumbrances. Having no heirs of his own body, he was succeeded by his youngest brother—who was his half-brother —Archibald Fraser.

The Hon. Archibald Fraser of Lovat not only succeeded his brother in the representation of the family, but in the representation of the county as member of Parliament, and in the first year of his membership delivered a speech on the abolition of the unclothing Act, of which a Gaelic version was printed at the time. He was a man of some talent, with a considerable dash of eccentricity, and in this respect, as well as in his landlord severities, he bore a greater resemblance to his father than did General Simon Fraser. In 1794, during his time, a Fraser Fencible Regiment was raised, and letters of service were issued to Colonel James Fraser of Belladrum. Colonel Fraser of Belladrum, however, resigned the command, which was handed over to John Simon Frederick Fraser, younger of Lovat, who was appointed colonel. The Fraser Regiment took an honourable part in putting down the Irish Rebellion, and remained in Ireland till the end of the campaign, after which they returned home to Scotland, and were disbanded in Glasgow in 1808.

The Hon. Archibald Fraser died 8th December, 1815, aged 79—predeceased by all his children, and with him the main family of Lovat became extinct in the male line.

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*6th MAY, 1902.*

At this meeting Chas. M. Brown, Esq., manager, Caledonian Banking Company, Inverness, was elected a member of the Society. The Rev. Dr George Henderson, Eadar-Dha-Chaolais, afterwards contributed an old Celtic folk-tale, entitled "Sgeulachd Coise O'Céin."

## SGEULACHD COIS' O' CEIN.

### INTRODUCTION.

The Rev. Donald MacNicol, in his Remarks on Dr Samuel Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides (1779, p. 322), speaking of oral narratives "which are for the most part of considerable length, and bear a great resemblance to the Arabian Nights Entertainments," has a reference to this Gaelic story. "One of these," he says, "is long enough to furnish subject of amusement for several nights running. It is called 'Scialachd Choise Ce,' or 'Cian O'Cathan's Tale,' and though Scialachies, or tellers of tales by profession, are not now retained by our great families as formerly, there are many still living

who can repeat it from end to end, very accurately." It can be traced yet farther back. Kildare, in a letter to Campbell of Islay, dated 28th March, 1871, states that: "'The Leeching of Khene (h)is legg' is mentioned in the Catalogue of the Earl of Kildare's Library, among the Irish books, in 1526—Harleian MSS. 3756 in the British Museum. . . . I have no doubt it is the same as that mentioned in the Catalogue of the Earl of Kildare's Library in Maynooth Castle, and must therefore have been in writing three centuries and a half ago." The oldest version now accessible is printed in Standish O'Grady's "Silva Gadelica," from Eg. 1781. It embraces but a few incidents. From it I have noted that 'Macabh' of Campbell's spelling is Macaomh, 'youth'; 'Mac an Athamain' seems to be for 'mac an fhaghán,' 'The Vagrant,' though it may have been influenced by the old name Cathmann. King Brian, who fell at Clontarf in 1014, his sons and courtiers, after their fame got obscured, served as pegs on which to hang some of the old fairy lore. I have taken down romances from the late Domhull Chailein, in Eriskay, of considerable length, and more archaic in diction and richer in expression than the present tale, wherein Brian and Murrough his son and others figure. The banshee of the Dal Cais figures in the life of Brian, good Christian though he was, and in the present story the love of the fairy sweetheart is not absent. We see how the mortal is punished for slighting the love of the immortal. Cian, in some versions Geur, mac an Luaimh, stands for Cian Mac Mhaolmhuaidh, of whom there is a brief story in the "Gaelic Journal" (Dublin, Sept., 1896, p. 67-70). Versions of certain incidents are given in Rev. D. MacInnes's "Folk and Hero Tales of Argyllshire" (1890), and Mr A. Nutt's notes on Koisha Kayn in that volume refer to what was published up to that date. In "Folk-Lore," Sept., 1890, Mr Nutt prints a list of the characters in O'Céin's Leg. A portion of the tale was contributed by the late Rev. J. G. Campbell, Tiree, to the Gaelic Society's Transactions for 1888, pp. 78-100. Cian, son of Maolmuaidh, fell in 1014. The incidents which appealed to the story tellers may have been transferred to him from some other and older Cian. In the Egerton version there is mentioned an island with no inhabitants save a beautiful woman. Cian comes to a fortress, and the story goes on thus:—"I grounded my spear, and where should it land but on my foot, piercing it through to the floor, so that in this fort for a year I lay sick of my foot. Leeches indeed and physicians were brought to me, yet for all they did to me my torment was but the greater. The year run out, there came to me a young damsel bringing her lap-

full of certain herbs; a poultice of these she laid upon my foot, and on the instant I was whole. The King of Orkney's hold is this way, and she was his daughter. Such now, O Cian, is the actual cataplasm which here I bring thee too." It was applied to Cian's leg, and he was sound.

In the Egerton version also we have the incident of the Beautiful Hare Maiden who was re-transformed into a grey brood-mare. Cian caught her by the hind leg, but she, raising the other, struck him in the shank and broke it, which done she made good her escape. Punishment for slighting the fairy sweetheart is a theme dear to the folk-imagination, and of interest to students of historical thought. To Inis Chéin, Cian's island, Cian's brother's son comes, and tells how he was punished for slighting a fairy sweetheart (in order that he might love the King of Deisi's daughter). In that version figure four and twenty monks that ride on horses, and four and twenty knights to keep guard. To show how widely the Hare Maiden incident was known in Gaeldom, I append two brief Gaelic narratives, the one from Tiree, the other from Gairloch. The whole subject deserves study in the light of ideas as to animal parentage and animal pedigrees, animal transformations, and of what is known of the loves of the immortals for the mortal, as, for instance, in the "Sick-Bed of Cuchulainn," and some not extinct ideas regarding witches —forming a transition chapter in folk-belief. The Campbell of Islay version is the fullest narrative now procurable. The diction well illustrates the present state of Gaelic prose narrative, not so difficult indeed as in many shorter pieces. Though it shows a few corruptions, easily noticeable and not above explanation, it is a transcript of living speech, and in all respects well worthy of study, from the point of view as well of language as of theme.

Scourie, 5th Dec., 1905. GEORGE HENDERSON.

J. F. CAMPBELL'S ABSTRACT OF THE STORY OF O'CEIN'S LEG.

*1st Story, from which branch a number of other Stories.*

1st. The Breaking of the Leg.—An Irish King has many sons who die in childhood. He sends one to foster with a poor man. When he is grown up, the King dies and the son succeeds. He brings his foster-father to court, where the courtiers despise him. Tired of it, he rides away, followed by a pack of little dogs. These chivy and move a hare. She jumps up behind the old man, and becomes a beautiful woman.

They agree to marry. He finds the moors changed to farms, and a palace where his hut stood. Proud of his wife's riches, he invites the King and his court, against the wife's advice. They come and feast. The treasurer, O'Céin, insults the wife; the palace and corn-land and stock change back, and O'Céin's leg is broken into 24 bits. (Some of this is like the story of Diarmid and the hairy woman).

2nd. The Captain's Story.—The King's high captain with a fleet comes home, and the King tells him this story. The Captain tells how he was wrecked and his crew hurt, and how he happened upon an island where the fruits and water cured the wounded. It is settled to send O'Céin to the island.

Story 1 continued.—The Captain lands O'Céin upon a desert island, drags him round by the ankles, and leaves him there to starve (compare "Philoctetes"). After nine days comes a man in a curroch, who offers to heal the broken leg. O'Céin will not be healed till he hears a story, and their conversation becomes a kind of Chorus 1st.

3rd Story.—Told in the first person by the man who came in the boat, Macan an Athamain mac Righ Lochlainn. Of a thing quickly done: the building of a church by three craftsmen; the rape of the King's daughter, and the start of her brother, the narrator, to recover her. Chorus 2nd.

4th Story.—The pursuit after the sister. He finds an old man in an iron cradle and the sister and the craftsman and the Knight of the Red Shield, and they voyage homewards. Rescue of A' Ghil-Ghréine (Sunbright, lit. the whiteness of the sun), nighean Righ Feile Fionn, from a rock in the midst of the sea. The slaying of the Knight of the Red Shield by the narrator. Chorus 3rd.

5th Story.—What happened about (say Sunbright) and the narrator, her husband and her two sons. Sunbright was carried off in a boat by a giant, Macabh Mór. The father was wounded, but after seven years set off with two sons to seek his wife. They part at three roads, to meet at the end of a year and a day. Here the story branches again.

6th Story.—The father goes to a house, and a third son is born to him—Macan an Uaigneas, mac Mhacain an Athamain, mac Righ Lochlainn.

5th Story continued.—The father and two sons dwelt for 18 years at the three roads seeking news of Sunbright. A youth comes who beats and binds the sons and brings the father on his knees. He is the third son. They all go to rescue Sunbright (part of a well-known story) from Macabh

Mór, the giant, who had carried her off at the beginning of the 5th story. The youngest son slays the giant. (In all this there is a great deal that is to be found in other stories which I have got, so that it would be fair and possible to make one good version out of many and weave it in here). Chorus 4th.

7th Story—How Macan an Uaigneas fared in the palace of Macabh Mór.—The youngest son was out walking when he saw a big black man on a black horse, with a black dog, and with a woman behind him. The black stranger (dark-haired is probably meant) challenged him to play. They played, and the winner named the stakes. The hero won the woman, the horse, and the dog on three successive days. (This is a version of a well-known story).

8th Story.—Of a woman who is the daughter of the King of the Netherland (or low earth), and her advice.

7th Story continued.—Branches to the task set by the big black man.

9th Story (part of the 7th Story).—The story of the big giant of the one eye, and of a bone of his bones. He goes to the King of the Netherland, and following the advice of a daughter, after a year he makes him tell the story. It is divided into two sections, followed by a new chorus. Stepmother, by the help of a harper, changes the young King of the Netherland and his two brothers into three hounds. Chorus. They eat sheep, and are hunted to an island, where the narrator, the King, is driven by famine to eat his two brothers. He swam ashore at last, and hid under the seaware. His father came with hounds who hunted him. He fled to his father and licked his feet. He was rescued. His stepmother wished him slain. She was with child, and had a son. A watch was set. The child was taken away, and the dog was accused of eating it. This happened a second time. The third time the dog seized a great hand that came down the chimney, and tore it off, but the other hand came down and took the child. The dog fetched the arm from under the bed, and was proved innocent. (Cf. Pantchatantra, Gellart, etc.; MacPhì of Colonsay and his tale; the three green stringed (?) dogs of Dewar, etc.). The dog is made pilot, and they sail in search of the children. The dog finds them and the big "Athach" of the one eye asleep. He tears his weasand out. The stepmother and the witch are made to restore the King to his own shape, and they are burned. The Athach's body is put in a cave. (Versions of this which I have are better, and the whole may be judiciously fused).

Having got this story and a bone, the hero returns to his wife, and takes her advice. He goes to the big black man, who was the brother of the one-eyed giant, sets him to sleep with the story, and cuts off his head with his own sword. And the third son and his father-in-law, King of the Netherland, were friends. Chorus 5th.

10th Story.—The adventures of the other two sons of the narrator, the son of the King of Lochlann. Calpach, the youngest son was left behind, while the father and the other went to fight the Germans. (This is curious, for the French war had begun in August, and so the usual Turk changed into the Germans). This is a verson of Conall Gulban (p. 185, Vol. III., Popular Tales). I have many versions, and the whole may easily be fused. The characters and the chief incidents are the same, and the names are the same, too, though they vary.

10th Story continued.—The narrator goes to the wars himself.

11th Story.—The youngest son dreams, and goes to take Breast of Light from her castle. He slays the guards, takes her, and sleeps.

12th Story.—The second rape of Athan Uchd-Sholuis by a big man who came in a ship. He is Mac na Foraise Fiadhaich. The dancing herds tell him, and he follows in a ship. The game at shinny and slaying of a hero; the night in the house of savage guards. Their slaughter. Druanach is the first ally. The slaying of the provision bearers and of the warriors; the challenge to the wooer of the King's daughter. He is Macabh Mór mac Righ nan Sorachan. The victory over him; his release; his wedding.

13th Story.—The coming of the warrior who had carried off Breast of Light. The victory over him. Mac na Foraise Fiadhaich.

14th Story.—He tells his story; the third rape of Breast of Light, who was taken from him by the Emperor of the Universe. He was thrown into the sea, picked up by a griffin, and taken to her nest. He was nearly drowned by the young griffins; escaped, and came to tell his tale. (This is part of a well-known Western tale, usually called "An Tuairisgeul Mór). He promises to aid in pursuit of Breast of Light.

11th, 12th, 13th, 14th continued.—The three allies sail, and get to the King of Siginn, who agrees to join and send his 24 sons. (Of this story there is very little, but from other

scraps and verses and fragments which I have, there must be a great deal more. There are also three characters, called Cead, Cod, and Michead, who belong to the story, but who are not here).

15th Story.—They challenge the King of the Universe, who asks their names from Druarach. 1. Macabh Mór mac Righ nan Sorachan; 2. Macan na Foraise Fiadhaich; 3. Agus Ceithir Mic Fhichead Righ Siginn. The King gave up the lady to the Calpach, and his 24 daughters and their dowers to the 24 sons of the King of Siginn, and they all sailed away.

10th Story continued, and joined to the other five.—They land where the war was going on; meet a hideous hag, and brain her for rejoicing over the slaughter of their friends. They see a great hall with three doors. They enter, take gold chains, and cut off heads, and meet in the midst, each with two hands full of golden chains. They sailed home, and the Calpach married Breast of Light. Chorus 6th.

16th Story.—The adventures of Gorm-shuil, Blue-eye, the other son of the narrator, Macan an Athamain. How he married the daughter of the man of the flapping grey cassock. (Of this I heard a long and very curious version under another name in Mull in 1870—Murdoch Mac Brian). Gorm-shuil met a man who said that he was a good servant seeking a master; his wages, a head to be put on the shaft of his axe. A man came tossing his own head about, and challenged Blue-eye to a race. The man of the grey coat, after many delays, won the race and got the head. He set off with his master changed to servant, because no smith could head the axe. The first night they slept in a place under a bush, and the man killed two stags with stones slung from his garters. The next night, at his house, Blue-eye fell in love with the youngest of three daughters, crept to her bedside, and learned—

17th—The Girl's Story.—Her brother had been carried off by a sea-monster and swallowed, and no one could rescue him but Blue-eye, the best walker, swimmer, and swordsman in Lochlann. The man of the grey coat went to rouse him, and found his bed cold, went to the shore, and met him returning with the rescued son. He gave him his daughter. They slept at the glen, and she said she must turn back, because a harper had died, and Blue-eye would love his widow and forget her. As she said, so it fell out. Another King's harper's wife died, and he sent for the widow of the first. Blue-eye slew the herald. The King sent a fleet; Blue-eye went to the shore, and slew the enemy as they landed. His squire hid behind a

rock, and when his master was wounded, made him write on the spear shaft that the servant had best fought. The man of the cassock and the daughter appeared, healed the wounds of Blue-eye, and he married the daughter. Chorus 7th.

18th Story.—What happened after the battle. Blue-eye met a big hag who challenged him to cast stones. She wins, and orders him to fetch the head of Art nan Casan Connalach. He meets an ally. He leads him to the place. Lodged in the house of the Amhusg, he slays them all; 900 full-heroes come; the lad stripped a monstrous tree and slew them all. Said they must get the King's wife and daughter. The daughter bewitches Blue-eye. The comrade makes his bed of hides, soft as leather. He beheads the King. They part. He gives him a whistle. He goes to a shore, sees a boat, touches it, sticks to it, is carried to an island, sees a house, finds seven men who shout: The head of our brother Art, etc. They fall upon him; he blows, and his comrade beheads the 7, and puts him on the right road. He meets a man seeking a master; his wages, to be watched when he dies.

Suas Mhaol.—He went thrice round the fire and died. He was buried and waked by Blue-eye. A carline came, sat and laughed, grew (see many Gaelic stories and Swedish versions), wrestled with him, called on her dead and buried son, who rose, overcame him; whistled, comrade came, slew them. He recites all that he has done. He has slain his brother Art, his 7 brethren, his brother Suas Mhaol, and his mother. He got the whistle, and sent Blue-eye home. Chorus 8th.

19th Story (continuation of Nos. 1, 2).—A splinter had gone right for every story, and now the leg was whole. (Therefore, according to my reckoning, six stories are still wanted, or the stories must be otherwise divided, or the chorus must be repeated 24 times instead of 8, or the 9th story divided by its chorus may fit). The King of Lochlann took O'Céin to Ireland. There everything was changed. No one knew him. It was 300 years since O'Céin died, they said. He was a bad man, etc. He wept and repented, and all things changed back. The young King saluted him, and he lived a reformed man, and treasurer or chancellor of the exchequer ever after.

On the whole, this is not like any story which I have. Some bits are new to me. Some incidents are familiar, but they are so arranged as to make new stories. Other large bits are versions of stories with which I am quite familiar. They are told with less peculiar language, as usually happens when

the narrator has been long absent from his native place, or has ceased to be a regular story teller.

It seems to me that this is a sample of a mediæval West country romance imperfectly remembered. It is a Gaelic version of a kind of Saga, an Arthurian, knightly, marine, viking story compounded from floating popular tales of less size and smaller growth.

I have already pieced together one compound story from a great many fragments carefully fitted together. Having the frame ready made, I can now very easily fit in a great many disjointed versions of the stories which are here joined. So far as I can see my way, these two systems will make two perfectly different compound stories, composed of different incidents, which need not clash.

1. One is the dragon myth. That is translated, ready for printing, notes and all.

2. This tale of sea chivalry and romance is abstracted.

3. The Fenian legends and ballads, treated in the same way, make a third system, quite different from these two in every respect, and all three are genuine current tradition. The problem is: Are these stories now growing together? or are they old structures falling into bits? or how came they into their present shape? I opine that they were bits at first, that they grew together long ago, and that most of the large growths have fallen to bits lately, and that this is the only sample of the larger growths which has been found in the mind of a single man in Scotland up to this time. Similar long rigmaroles are in old Irish manuscripts.

Therefore, this story was worth hunting, and well worth all the trouble spent upon it, which is considerable.

August, Monday, 29th, 1870.—On the 17th I saw the man who tells the tale at Paisley. He played the fiddle to my father and mother when first they went to Islay, and he is able to play the fiddle, and dance, too, now.

The reciter says that he learned this when a boy from Aonghus Gruamach, or Angus the Grim, an old carter, who used to tell his story when driving in his cart.

. . . . A man made a singed black sheep's head repeat the story to a man in a kiln at Grulinn. He could say every word. The lad would not. He said: "Sheep's head, say it." The head said "Yes," and did it, and the man thought it was the devil. That is not a hundred years ago. The man's name

was Iain Mac Ghilleathain, the lad's name was Niall Mac Colla.

[Part of a note written by J. F. C. while the old man was telling this in Gaelic. He meant that the Lorne man, John Maclean, could say the whole story, and did say it in such a fashion in the kiln that the voice seemed to come from the singed sheep's head, to the dismay and terror of the lad, who could recite the story, but would not].

Note—March 22, 1871.—The Gaelic is vernacular Gaelic as spoken by an Islay man resident in Paisley. His language now is mixed with some English corruptions, but, on the whole, it is still pure Islay Gaelic. The scribe is an Islay schoolmaster, whom I have drilled into writing what he hears without regard to theories, which make Gaelic scribes apt to write what things ought to be according to their view. Reciter and scribe spent some days together. First the old fellow was got to Glasgow, where he told his story to Maclean and John Taylor. Then he began to remember that he had forgotten parts of it. Then he and the scribe got together . . . . in Paisley, where I found them . . . At the end of several days the scribe had made a shorthand version. He came to Inveraray, and had to go to Islay. There illness intervened, so the extended notes were long on their way to London. To get at this man's knowledge of books, I asked him about his reading. He knows, or did know almost the whole of the Arabian Nights from a book which was given to him in Islay; ditto Æsop. He knows that Persia is a great place for fables that he learned from the book with Æsop in it. He knows that Germany is a great place for legends about old castles. He had never seen or heard of Grimm. From this it appears that the man can distinguish between stories which he heard as a lad from oral recitation, and book stories. I set him to tell stories in Gaelic, and made notes as he went on, and extended my notes in English when I got back to the hotel in Glasgow, at night, and next morning. These I have separately. They are not book stories—that is, I am certain that they are genuine oral tales.

From this I am satisfied that the man is a good sample of the story-telling class of Highlander. He is the sort of man which grows to be a Scott or a Macaulay, when cultivated. He is not an inventor, but he is a register full of everything that ever he heard, or read, and he is able to fetch out his stock of knowledge from an orderly range of mental pigeon-holes. At the age of 83 he is still master of all his faculties.

I know many such, but, thus far, I have not found any one who had got this particular story. Of one of the stories which he told me, I have seventeen other versions orally collected, and I have read a great many more versions in several languages, besides translations. As is usual in genuine oral popular tales, I find differences and resemblances in every version, compared singly or with the whole system—e.g., I find points of resemblance between Gaelic and Swedish tales which have never been published, and differences which distinguish Gaelic from Grimm's versions, Englished long ago, and brought within reach of men who tell stories in Gaelic and read English. I have long arrived at the conclusion that tradition can do a great deal more for history of a certain kind than historians of the average sort do in their day and generation.

I have no standard by which to estimate this popular memory in this case, but if I can get hold of any old MS. version of O'Céin's Leg, here is something to set beside it.

As to the other story, the resemblance to Swedish cannot be borrowed from the Swedish book, and the contrast between all the Gaelic versions and the English of Grimm is so marked that Grimm's versions cannot be the source of the Gaelic or of any of the seventeen. My seventeen added together make something more complete than either Swedish, German, or Italian. But something might be added from each language which the rest have not. Such a story I take to be a fragment of Aryan mythology in the true sense of that term. This story is another growth from the same store, but the leg is now much broken, and needs much mending.

SGEULACHD COIS' O' CEIN.

O chionn ùine mhóir bha rìgh ann an Eirinn a bha 'na dhuine còir agus 'na rìgh maith agus moran tlachd aig muinntir na rioghachd deth. Ach ged a bha e mar so cha robh moran toilinntinn aige; gach duine cloinne a rachadh a bhreith dha cha robh gin diubh a cinntinn na tighinn air aghaidh, agus bha choltas air nach biodh duine cloinne aige aig am fàgadh e 'chùirt agus a chathair. Bha e 'gabhail comhairle uaislean na rioghachd feuch an d' thugadh iad fiosrachadh na soilleireachadh sam bith dha arson mar a bha 'chuid cloinne 'falbh. Ach gach seoladh agus gach fiosrachadh a bha e 'faotainn cha robh e 'deanamh feum. Ach bha seann duine còir an sin a bha aig athair an righ so o a òige, agus thàinig e 'n lathair an righ 's thuirt e ris:—

" O! rìgh 's duilich leam an sprochd a tha luidhe ort, agus gu h-àraid aobhar do sprochd. Bheirinn mo chomhairle ort, nan gabhadh thu i, ma bhios mac agad na dhéigh so, na duine cloinne, cuir air bhanaltrachd e fad air falbh uait agus na biodh do smaointinn air na amhuil gu'm bi 'leithid ann idir. An deigh fhàgail leig dha an sin gus am bi e naoi bliadhna deug a dh' aois agus an sin cuiridh tu fios ma 'thuaiream. Ma bhios e beò, 's maith; 's mar am bi, cha bhi na h-urad dhuilichinn ort air a shon, o nach robh thu ga fhaicinn."

Ach thainig cùisean m' an cuairt gus an do chinn a bhan-righ leatromach 's nuair a dh' asaideadh i dé 'bha aic ach mac. Chuir an righ fios air an t-seann duine an so a thug a chomhairl' air agus thuirt e ris gu'n robh e 'smaointeachadh dèanadh mar a dh' iarr e air. Rannsaich iad a mach arson bean-altruim do'n phàisde an àite fada mach o chuirt agus o chathair an righ, agus a thaobh gu'n robh clann an righ a falbh, bha eagal air daoine am prionns' òg so 'ghabhail m' an éireadh da fhein mar a dh' eirich do chach. Ach ma dheireadh fhuair iad a mach seann duine agus seana bhean aig nach robh teaghlach iad fhéin d' am b' ainm O'Cròileagan. Thainig iad so ma thuaiream a phrionnsa a bhanaltrachd. Agus fhuair iad gu leoir de dh' òr 's de dh' airgiod, 's gach sion a bhiodh a dhìth orr' arson a ghnothaich. Agus fhuair iad òrdugh gun innseadh co e, 's gun aideachadh nach bu leotha fhein e, gus am biodh e naoi bliadhna deug a dh' aois; agus nam biodh e beò iad a thoirt air ais gu cùirt agus cathair athar 's gu'n leigeadh iad fhaicinn gach teisteas 's gach ni bh' air, a dhearbhadh gu 'm b' e mac ceart an rìgh e.

Thug iad leo am pàisde 's a chuid nach cinneadh san là dheth chinneadh san oidhche, 's bha choltas air gu 'm biodh e 'na ghille gasda 'nuair a thigeadh e gu meudachd. Bha urad gaoil aig oide 's aig a mhuime air 's ged a bu leo fhéin fichead uair e. Cha robh O'Cròileagan ach 'na dhuine bochd ann am bothan sgroth, 's bha na daoine m' an cuairt air fad ann an ioghnadh ciamar bha e 'togail a ghille co maith. Bha e toirt a h-uile ionnsachadh da 's bha iongantas orra c'arson a bha e 'toirt a leithid a dh' ionnsachadh da; chionn chreid iad gu 'm b' e mhac fhéin a bh' ann. 'Nuair a thainig e gu spionnadh thug e h-uile ionnsachadh da a bhiodh feumail da an latha blàir is batailt. Bha e uile gu léir ceutach agus foghainteach, agus lean iad mar sin gus an robh e dlùth air naoi bliadhna deug a dh' aois. Shiubhail a mhuime an sin

's cha robh ann ach e fhein is 'oide còmhla. 'Nuair a bha e 'n sin naoi bliadhna deug a dh' aois thuirt oide ris la de na làithibh: —

"Tha 'n t-am agam-sa 'nis thusa a leigeil dachaidh gu t' àite fhéin. Tha mo chumhnanta-sa 's mo ghealladh air a chriochnachadh, agus cha leam-sa thusa n'as fhaide!"

Dh' amhairc an gioll' air 's an aodann 's cha robh fhios aige dé 'theireadh e ris! Ann an ceann tiotamh beag thuirt e r'a oide: —"O! athair, co mi na co dha bhuineas mi? Shaoil mise gum b' ann leat fhéin mi 's cha robh iarraidh agam air t' fhagail."

"Tha e n'as buanachdaiche dhuit falbh," ars' O'Cròileagan; "'s tu mac righ na h-Eireann."

Chaidh an t-òganach throimhe chéile cho mor 's nach robh fhios aige c'àite an robh e na sheasamh leis an sgeul so fhaotainn cho ath-ghoirid 's an duilichinn a bh' air oid' fhàgail. Rinn iad réidh 's dh' fhalbh iad air an astar ma thuaiream cùirt agus cathair an rìgh. 'Nuair a bha iad fagus do chùirt agus do chathair an righ chual iad gun robh 'n righ marbh. Bha fios aig daoine na rioghachd gu 'n robh prionns' ann 's gu 'n do chuireadh air bhanaltrachd e. Ach c'àit an do chuireadh e, na c'àit' an robh e, cha robh fios aca; na c'àit' an rachadh iad a nis 'a 'iarraidh. Ach bha da na tri dhaoin' aig an righ a dh' fhaodadh e earbs' asda, leis an t-seann duine 'thug a chomhairl' air, a bha fhios aca c'àit an deachaidh an leanabh air bhanaltrachd, 's c'ait' am faighteadh e nam biodh e 'lathair; chionn cha bu mhaith leis an righ fios a bhith gu 'n deachaidh a mhac a bhanaltrachd ann an àite cho bhochd, an t-eagal (recte: air eagal) nach biodh meas ac' air.

'Nuair a chaidh an glaodh a mach arson a phrionnsa a dhol an àit athar, dh' amhairc na daoine so 's cha robh an t-am a mach fhathasd; chionn bha iad fo mhionnan gus am biodh na naoi bliadhna deug a mach nach innseadh iad ni sam bith timchioll air, 's nach cuireadh iad fios air. Agus an so, 'nuair a thainig an t-am agus a bha iad a dol ma thuaiream na seann daoine so gun fhios do chàch, là de na làithibh de a thainig a stigh do bhaile mor an righ ach giolla òg, eireachdail. Bhuail e beum-sgeithe air an fhaiche agus ghearr e fòidcomhraig. Chaidh teachdaire a mach far an robh e. Dh' fhoighnichd iad deth co as a thainig e na c'àit an robh e dol, na ciod a bha dhìth air. Thionndaidh an seann duine m' an cuairt (O'Croileagan) agus thuirt e riu gu 'n robh iad ag iarraidh tri daoine a bhuineadh do chùirt agus do chathair an

righ. Thainig da dhuine de na daoine a lathair agus thubhairt iad gu 'n do shiubhail an seann duine a thug a chomhairl air an righ.

'Nuair a chunnaic iad O'Croileagan dh' aithnich iad 's a mhionaid e agus dh' innis esan gu 'm b' e sid an leanabh a fhuair e a bhanaltrachd; gu 'n robh e a nis naoi bliadhna deug a dh' aois 's gu 'n d' thug esan air ais e mar a gheall e. Thug e dhaibh na comharran a fhuair e leis an leanabh; ach bha na seann daoine cho glic 's gu 'n do chuir iad comharr' air an leanabh air nach robh fios aig O'Cròileagan eagal agus gu malairteach e 'n leanabh, nan siubhladh e gu 'n cuirte fear eile 'na 'àite. Dh' amhairc iad 's fhuair iad a h-uile ni gu ceart. 'Nuair a chunnaic iad an sin gur h-e mac an righ a bha ann chaidh glaodh a chur a mach feadh na rioghachd gur h-e a bh' aca. Thug iad leo am prionns' òg an so, air mullach 's air bàrr 's air baideil a' bhaile, air alt 's gu 'm faiceadh na daoine e. Thruis iad as gach cearn. Thruis seann daoine a bhaile m' an cuairt 's nuair a chunnaic iad e dh' aithnich na seann daoine gu 'm b' e fior choltas an rìgh a bh' ann—mar a bha e 'na 'òige.

Chaidh am prionnsa 'chrùnadh 'na righ an so agus chaidh cuirm is fleadh a chur feadh gach àite 's bha àrd thoilinntinn ac' aig crùnadh an righ. Thuirt an righ òg riu gu 'm feuchadh esan a bhi cho maith r'a athair, agus nach deanadh e 'bheag a dh' atharrachadh orra.

Bha O'Cròileagan an so fo mheas mór aig na daoin' uaisle, o 'n a b' e oid' an righ. Chaidh beagan aimsir seachad mar sin; ach daoine a bhios ro mhaith air an cumail, cha bhi iad toilichte leis an sin. Dh' fhàs O'Cròileagan bròdail 's neo-thoilichte de 'n staid mhór anns an robh e 'nis. Là de na làithibh thainig e stigh far an robh 'n rìgh agus thuirt e ris:—

"Tha mise a dol dachaidh."

"De tha thu dol a dheanamh dachaidh?" ars' an righ. "Cha 'n 'eil a bhean beo 's cha bhi tigh ach fuar air thoiseach ort, 's b' fhearr dhut fantuinn far a' bheil thu. Nach 'eil a h-uile rud agad a mhiannaicheas tu ri 'fhaotainn, 's ma tha ni sam bith a dhìth ort gheibh thu e."

"Cha 'n fhan mi," ars' O'Cròileagan.

"De nì mis' an so? Tha thu 'n deigh fàs fuathach umam. Falbhaidh thu le daoine uaisle eile 's cha 'n amhairc thu orm-sa."

"Nach 'eil fios agad," ars' an righ; "gu 'm bheil urad gaoil agam-sa ort 's a bh' agam riamh ort, 's am barrachd a nis."

"Tha thu 'ga leigeil sin fhaicinn," ars' am bodach, "'nuair a dh' fhalbhas thu 'sa mhaidiñn 's nach mothaide gu 'm faic mise gu h-oidhche thu."

"Nach 'eil fhios agad," ars' an righ "gu bheil agam-sa moran ri dhèanadh a nis. Tha luchd-comhairleachaidh agam ri freasdal daibh agus daoine tha mi 'cur a mach a dh' amharc as deigh staid na rioghachd. Ma tha gearan sam bith gu dheanadh 's eiginn domh dol a dh' eisdeachd ris agus an gnothach a leasachadh; agus leis an sin nach 'eil thu faicinn nach 'eil ùin agam-sa bhith leat mar a b' àbhaist."

"Thu fhéin is t' ùine," ars' O'Cròileagan. "Cha bhithinn a'm' righ arson rud sam bith 's cha 'n fhanainn da oidhche ann ad thigh arson storais do rioghachd."

Thuirt an righ ris gum b' fhearr da fantuinn ach mar as mo a chomhairleachadh an righ e arson fantuinn 's ann as mo bha esan air a chuthach a dhol dachaidh. Thuirt an righ e dh' iarraidh rud sam bith mata 's gu 'n d' thugadh esan da e. Thuirt am bodach ris nach iarraidh e ach beagan de na cona beaga bh' aige 's gu 'm biodh e 'falbh. An ath là chunnaic an righ nach robh maith dha bhi dheth 's thuirt e ris gum faigheadh e sin. Air an ath là rinn am bodach reidh gu falbh. 'Nuair a bha e 'falbh 's an righ a' fàgail, bheannaich iad d' a chéile. Thubhairt an righ ris nach b' fhada bhiodh e air falbh gus an tilleadh e a rithis le a thoil fhéin.

"Chì thu sin," ars' am bodach.

Dh' fhalbh am bodach air a shlighe a dhol dachaidh gus a bhothan sgroth. Bha na madaidh bheaga a' ruith air an ais 's air an aghaidh, 's a null 's a nall 's am bodach ag gàireachdaich ag amharc orra. Bha O'Cròileagan air mharcachd 's an uair a bha e 'n so a' tighinn fagusg do 'n àit aige fhéin, bha na madaidh bheag' a' gabhail a chuthaich agus de 'rinn iad ach gearraidh[1] a dhùsgadh. Thoisich na madaidh bheaga air ruith a ghearraidh. 'Nuair a bheireadh e lamh air ruith, bha rud-eiginn de na madaidh bheaga air thoiseach air 's 'nuair a thilleadh e bha rud-eiginn de na madaidh bheaga air thoiseach air. Bha 'n gearraidh an so a brath a bhi 'na eiginn agus sheas am bodach le toilinntinn ag amharc air na madaidh bheaga a' ruith a ghearraidh. 'Nuair a chunnaic an gearraidh gu 'n robh e brath a bhi glacta aig na madaidh thug e dui-leum air cùl-thaobh a bhodaich air muin an eich. Thug am bodach ionnsuidh m' an cuairt a bhreith air a ghearraidh agus gu de a bh' aige ach am

[1] *i.e.*, gearr-fhiadh, 'a hare.'

boireannach bu bhòiche a thig na thainig na chunnaic duine riamh fo 'n ghréin. Thug e lamh air pòg a thoirt uaipe. Thuirt i ris nach fhaigheadh e siod ach air chumhnant. Dh' fhoighneachd e de 'n cumhnant a bhiodh i 'g iarraidh. "Tha," ars' ise, "nach tilg thu orm gu bràth gur h-ann fo chasaibh do chona beaga 'fhuair thu mi." A thiotamh thoilich e siod a dheanamh gheall e dhi nach tigeadh an latha thilgeadh e urra gur h-ann fo chasaibh nan con a fhuair e i. Bha iad sin ag gabhail air an aghaidh gus an d' thainig iad fagus do 'n àite 's an robh 'n tigh aige-san. Thug e sùil m' an cuairt air 's de 'chunnaic e ach na sléibhtean air an comhdach le caoirich.

"Ha," ars' am bodach, "tha mise a' faicinn a nis gu de th' ann 's gu de tha 'n righ an deigh a dheanadh. Tha e 'n deigh mo chuid fearann-sa 'shuidheachadh air daoin' eile 's tha e làn chaorach an diugh."

"Cha 'n 'eil ann 'eudail," ars' a' bhean, "ach cuid de 'n tochar agam-sa."

"Hu," ars' esan, "na bi gam mhealladh, 's e siod mar a tha."

"O," ars' ise, "cha 'n 'eil mise gad mhealladh, 's ann tha 'n siod an tochar agam-sa."

Ghabh iad air an aghaidh an sin gus an d' thainig iad gu glinn làn do chrodh seasg a suas ris na h-.....[2] is buach-aillean 'gan gleidheadh. Ghlaoidh am bodach:—

"Rinn mo dhalta an righ orm-sa na thoilich e fhéin. Thug e seachad mo chuid fearainn 's tha e aig daoin' eile 's tha mise nis gun nì sam bith."

"Och a ghraidh," ars' a bhean òg; "na toir feairt air a sin. Sin an tochar agam-sa."

"Cha 'n e," ars' esan. "De mar a dh' fhaodas sin a bhith?" "Chì thu sin air a cheann ma dheireadh," ars' ise, "gur h-e mo thochar-sa a th' ann."

Ghabh iad an sin pìos eile air an aghaidh 's bha iad an sin a' tighinn fagus do 'n tigh. Chunnaic iad an sin pàircean nach tig 's nach d' thainig an leithid, le àlach 's le crodh bainne 's laoigh a beadradh 's na prisnich. Air àrd mhullach nan gleann chìteadh creagan àrda corracha, bioracha le gobhraibh agus le minneanaibh a maigeartaich 'nan déigh a measg nan sgorran garbha sin. Thug am bodach aon ghlaodh as 'nuair a chunnaic e so. Theab e tuiteam far an eich leis an t-sealladh.

[2] Spelling unclear, but meaning must be 'summits,' or 'slopes.'

"O ghràidh," ars' ise, "de th' ort?" 's i 'breith air, air-neo bhiodh e sìos 'na shìneadh air a bhlàr.

"Nach mór a th' orm," ars' esan, "gu 'n tug mo dhalta an righ uam gach ni bh' agam de 'n t-saoghal. 'S maith a dh' fhaodadh e 'ràdh 'san am an do dhealaich mi ris gun tillinn le m' thoil fhéin a rithis far an robh esan."

"A ghràidh mo chridhe," ars' ise, "'s ann a th' ann roinn de m' thochar-sa 's chì thu sin air a cheann ma dheireadh."

Thuirt am bodach rìthe gun robh i ga mhealladh agus thuirt ise ris-san gu 'm faiceadh e sin air a cheann ma dheireadh, e ghabhail air aghaidh 's gu 'm faiceadh e nach robh mealladh ann. Ghabh iad air an aghaidh air an t-slighe. 'Nuair a thainig iad an sin gu sealladh a bhothain sgroth a bh' aige fhéin 's a thog e 'shùilean 's ann an sin a bha 'n sealladh ri amharc air—caisteal mór agus lùchairt àluinn air a tuthadh le clòimh nan èun. Thug am bodach glaodh as 's ghlaoidh e ris a mhnaoi oig:—

"An e so do ghealladh a nis? M' àit' aig duin' eile 's aitreabh air a togail an àite mo bhothain bhochd fhéin, agus ni iad ball-spòrs is magaidh dhiom arson a bhi 'g agairt còir air an àit a bu leam fhéin roimhe."

"A ghràidh mo chridhe," ars' ise, "biodh foighidinn agad gus an ruig thu."

Ghabh iad air an aghaidh. 'Nuair a rainig iad dh' amhairc am bodach le ioghnadh m' an cuairt agus bha 'shiubhal an dorchadas leis an t-sealladh a fhuair e agus leis a ghreadhnachas a chual a chluas agus an gàirdeachas a bha roimhe 'ga fhàilteachadh dhachaidh—e fhéin agus a bhean òg phòsda. Chaill e 'chlì. A cheud mhothachadh a thainig 'ga ionnsuidh chunnaic e gillean ga thoirt a bharr an eich. Bha gillean coise agus searbhantan an sin a mach as an lùchairt 'a 'm fàilteachadh a stigh do 'n aitreabh mhóir sin. Fhuair O'Cròileagan a mach an so gur h-e tochar a mhnatha bh' ann agus nach bu bhreug. Dh' itheadh e le pògaibh i 's bhàthadh e le deoiribh i. Cha robh nì a mhiannaicheadh e na nì a smaointicheadh e nach robh aige anns an am a smaointicheadh na 'mhiannaicheadh e e. Lean an ùine mar sin car treis 's cha lughaide beagan bhliadhnachan 's bha O'Cròileagan 'na dhuine sona deth. Ach cha 'n urrainn duine bhi fada sona air an dòigh so gun rud eile thighinn de chrois 'na cheann. Bha O'Cròileagan ga fhaicinn fhéin os cionn an righ. Bha e 'faicinn gu 'n robh e na b' fhearr na 'n righ air a h-uile dòigh agus a thaobh gu 'n robh righ a' smaointeachadh gu 'm b' éiginn da tilleadh dhachaidh gun taing, bha e 'smaoint-

eachadh gu 'n leigeadh e nis fhaicinn do 'n righ gu 'n robh e na b' fhearr as na e fhéin. An fheadhain a tha gam faicinn fhéin gu maith 's minic a tha crois a tighinn na 'n rathad 'a 'n tilgeil air an ais a rithist. Bha O'Croileagan a nis fad tri na ceithir de làithean a' smaointeachadh dol agus a leigeil fhaicinn do 'n righ àrd inbh fhéin 's nach ruigeadh esan naire ghabhail as an àite 's an d' fhuair e 'thogail. Là de na làithibh thàinig a bhean a stigh far an robh e agus dh' fhoighneachd i dheth de 'n sprochd a bha i 'faicinn air 'inntinn o chionn tri làithean, chionn nach robh e cho aoibheil 's a b' abhaist da. Dh' innis e dhi gun robh e smaointeachadh dol a dh' amharc an righ agus 'a chuireadh chun dinneir chun a thighe, agus a mhór-uaislean maille ris, a leigeil fhaicinn da gu 'n robh esan cho maith as ris fhéin. Dh' amhairc a bhean gu maith gruamach a sios air a' chas-bhrat agus dh' fhan i treis mar sin a' smaointeachadh. Thog i 'n sin a sùilean, blàth, flathail a suas 's dh' amhairc i air 's b' fhurasd aithneachadh gu 'n robh duilichinn mhór 'na h-inntinn. Labhair i 's thuirt i ris:—"Ma ghabhas tu mo chomhairle-sa, leigidh tu do 'n righ far a bheil e le a chùirtearan agus fanaidh tu gu socair leam-sa aig an tigh. Gheibh thu gach nì shireas tu agus gach nì 'mhiannaicheas tu." Ach cha 'n eisdeadh esan rithe.

"Ma dh' fhalbhas tu," ars' ise ris, "cho cinnteach 's a tha thu beò bidh aithreachas ort." Ach bha 'm bodach danarra dùr agus an nì ghabhadh e na cheann cha b' urrainn neach a chur as. 'Nuair a chunnaic i nach b' urrainn i 'chumail air ais, leig i da falbh. Chuir a bhean an ordugh e airson an astair cho maith 's ged a b' e 'n righ fhéin a bhiodh dol air astar.

Dh' fhalbh O'Cròileagan ma thuaiream an righ chuireadh gu dinneir. Bu cham gach rathad da gus an d' thàinig e gu cùirt agus cathair righ Eireann, a dhalta. Bha righ Eireann a mach air barr agus baideil a' bhaile—e fhéin agus uaisean maille ris, a' gabhail seallaidh an so comhla ri chéile. Sùil gu 'n d' thug an righ agus faicear O'Cròileagan, 'oide, tighinn. Ghabh an righ de bhoch agus gun fiughair aige ris 's gu 'n do leum e mach, air barr a shleagh agus air barraibh òrdag, thar na cùirte agus na cathrach ann an comhdhail 'oide, O'Cròileagan. Dh' fhàiltich iad a chéile le furan an sin. Labhair an righ agus thuirt e ri O'Cròileagan, 'oide. "O!" ars' an righ, "nach d' thuirt mi ruit, oide, gu 'n d' thigeadh tu 'm' amharc a rithis le d' thoil fhéin."

"O!" ars' O'Cròileagan, "cha 'n ann air m' ais a thainig mi 'dh' fhantuinn ach 'a t' iarraidh-sa agus ard-uaislean do chathrach, a dhol a ghabhail dinneir agus fleadh leam-sa ann a' m' thigh féin."

'Nuair a chual an rìgh so thuirt e ri O'Cròileagan:—

"Na dean. Na d' thoir mo nàire asam-sa, chionn nam faiceadh iad an t-àit anns an d' fhuair mise m' àrach 's mo thogail, cha bhiodh meas na miadh ac' orm. Chlachadh iad a mach as a bhaile mi agus thaghadh iad righ eile ann a' m' àite."

"Ho!" ars' O'Cròileagan, "tha mo thigh-sa cho maith ri d' thigh-sa, 's n'as fhearr. Tha mo sheirbhisich 's mo ghillean-stàbuill n'as fhearr, 's cha ruig thu leas nàire a ghabhail asam-sa na as an àit an d' fhuair thu do thogail, 's cha robh ban-righ aig t' athair na aig do shean-athair, 's cha bhi agad-sa, cosmhuil ris a' mhnaoi a tha agam-sa."

Thionndaidh an righ agus dh' amhairc e 'san làr agus smaointich e treis.

"O!" ars' esan ris fhéin, "tha m' oide an deigh a chiall a chall; ma theid so air aghaidh caillidh mise mo mheas. A h-uile seoltachd agus gliocas a ghabh m' athair 's na seann daoine bha maille ris arson a chleith, bìdh e air fhoillseachadh a nis, ach gabhaidh mi foighidinn agus feuchaidh mi ris—an dean mi 'thilgeil as a' bheachd anns am bheil e."

Thug e leis O'Cròileagan, 'oide, stigh do 'n lùchairt agus chum e fad làithean an sin e 'ga chomhairleachadh ach mar bu mhotha chomhairleachadh esan am bodach 's ann a bu mhotha bha 'm bodach arson a chur air aghaidh. Dh' fheuch an righ ris cho mhaith 's a b' urrainn e. Thuirt e ris gu 'm falbhadh e leis, 's nach biodh fios aig duine air, 's gu 'm faiceadh e 'n t-àite. "A nis," ars' an righ, 'a t' thoileachadh, falbhaidh mi leat."

Air an ath latha rinn an righ agus O'Cròileagan deas arson an astar agus dh' fhalbh iad. Ach a dh' aindeoin de a dh' iarr an righ air, thug O'Cròileagan cuireadh do na mór uaislean gus a chuirm. Latha de na làithibh, 's iad fagus do bhith leith an rathaid do thigh O'Cròileagain, thug an righ sùil as a dhéigh agus chunnaic e móran marc-shluaigh a' tighinn. Dh' fhoighneac e dhe O'Cròileagan, dé na daoine bha 'tighinn an siud. Dh' innis O'Cròileagan da, gu 'n robh mór-uaislean a chùirte fhéin a' tighinn a ghabhail cuirme leis-san. "O," ars' an righ, "tha mise réidh. Thug thu mo mhothachadh a nis asam air fad. Cha b' urrainn thu tuillidh

a dheanadh. Chi iad a nis an tigh beag sgroth 's an robh mis air mo thogail."

"Ho!" ars' O'Cròileagan, "dean foighidinn gus am faic thu."

Cha robh aig an righ ach bàs na beatha ach b' éiginn da leantainn air aghaidh, chionn bha e uile agus cinnteach gu 'n clachadh na daoine e. Lean iad air an aghaidh 's bha na daoin' uaisle 'tighinn na bu chaise 's na b' fhaisge dhaibh, 's bha de dh' eagal air an righ gu 'm biodh an ùine tuillidh a's goirid leis an fhaidead 's a bhiodh e gun tighinn dh' ionnsuidh a bhothain. Air a cheann ma dheireadh thainig na daoine suas riutha. Bha 'n sin a h-uile duine a b' fhiach duine a ràdh ris ann 'sa chùirt a' tighinn a dh' ionnsuidh na dinnearach ach 'na measg air fad bha aon duine da 'm b' ainm O'Céin a bha aig an righ 'na fhear-ionmhais 's a' togail a chuid màil. Bha e 'na dhroch dhuine 's bha gamhlas aig gach neach dha, gu h-araid na daoine bha bochd 'nan staid.

Gnabh iad air an aghaidh. 'Nuair a bha iad 'tighinn fagus do 'n àite 's an robh 'm bothan-sgroth, bha 'n righ fo mhiothlachd mór 's fo ioghnadh ma 'n atharrachadh a thàinig air an àite. Ma dh' eireadh thàinig iad ann am fosgladh do 'n bhothan-sgroth.

Feuch! an sealladh a bha 'n sin. Aitreabh mhór agus lùchairt àluinn air a tuthadh le clàimh nan eun. Bha 'n righ fo imcheist ach thàinig e gu rud-eiginn de mhisnich 'nuair a chunnaic e so. Agus 'nuair a ràinig iad, ann am prioba na sùla, bha gillean a mach an sin a' freasdal daibh. Bha gach each an sin air a ghlanadh 's air a bhiadhadh. Air an laimh eile bha gille-coise mach as an lùchairt 'gam fàilteachadh le greadhnachas a stigh. Chaidh gach sìon a chur air aghaidh ann an tiotamh. Ach ma bha eagal air an righ roimhe sin, bha de thoilinntinn air a nis, 's de shólas a' faicinn gu 'n robh h-uile rud mar a thubhairt am bodach aige, agus gu h-àraid dh' amhairc a shùil le aon aire air a mhnaoi ùir òig so, a bha gu h-aoibheil cridheil, bàidheil, tlàthail, le fiamh gàire 'g am fàilteachadh a stigh.

Chaidh a chuirm air a h-aghaidh, 's ma chaidh b' e sin a chuirm a bha soghmhor. Bha gach nì dol air aghaidh le toilinntinn mhóir ann an tigh O'Cròileagain. Lean so fad tri làithean, chionn b' e sin a chleachduinn ann 's na linntibh sin. Air an fheasgar air an treas latha bha iad a' fas gu maith cridheil le òl dheochanna. Anns an fheasgar air an treas latha, dh' iarr am bodach seorsa dibhe air a mhnaoi, 's cha do rug am bodach gu ceart air a chorn, 's dhòirt e cuid de 'n

deoch air 'aodach, 's dh' amhairc e gu fiadhaich air a mhnaoi 's thuirt e rithe gu 'n d' thug i tamailt mhór dha an lathair nan uaislean leis an deoch a dhortadh air aodach; ach nach b' ioghnadh siud chionn gu 'm b' ann fo chasaibh chona beaga fhuair e i. Dh' amhairc i air gu geur ach cha d' thubhairt i smid. Mhothaich am bodach da fhéin agus ghabh e aith-reachas. Chaidh a chuirm air a h-aghaidh gu h-am dol a luidhe. Bha 'bhean a' toirt leapaichean 's àiteachan tàimh do na daoine uaisle. Cha robh làmh air an tionndadh neach robh dorus seombar-cadail ri fhaotainn. Bha h-uile gin de na daoine uaisle o 'n a thainig iad a stigh do 'n tigh, ag amharc air a mhnaoi ùir òig a bha aig a' bhodach, ach bha h-aon nam measg a bha 'g amharc le droch shùil air bean an tighe, mar a bha O'Céin, fear-gleidhidh an ionmhais aig an righ. Dh' amhairc esan uirre le droch shuil o 'n a thainig e chun an tighe agus chuir e roimhe gu 'm biodh a mhiannan air an sàsachadh a dh' aindeoin de chosdadh e da. 'Nuair a bha bean an tighe 'gan cur a luidhe, cha bu chadal dàsan e ach bha e 'g amharc as a dhéigh 's e feuchainn c'àit am biodh ise 'na luidhe. Dh' éirich e 's ràinig e 'n seombar-cadail aice-sa 's chaidh e stigh. Ghabh e suas gus an leabaidh ach mhosgail ise agus dh' fhoighneachd i deth de bha dhìth air. 'Nuair a dh' innis e sin thug i leum aisde mach as an leabaidh. Leum i 'na loth ghlais thapaidh 's bhuail i buille d'a cois deiridh air anns an lurga agus rinn i ceithir spealgan fichead d'a chois.

'Nuair a thainig an latha 's a ghluais gach duine uasal a eadal na h-oidhche, 's ann an sin a bha 'n t-ioghnadh. An lùchairt mhór agus na baideil àrda, na stàbuill agus na bàth-aichean, na gillean stàbuill 's na gillean-each, na searbhantan agus na gillean coise; cha robh mìr ri fhaicinn diubh ach lompair a mhonaidh agus an fhraoich. Na tolmain agus na dìgean agus gach nì bha timchioll an t-seann bhothain sgroth. a bha 'na thigh aig O'Cròileagan o shean, agus an tigh fhéin 'na shean bhothan sgroth mar a bha e riamh roimhe. Bha daoine uaisle ann an tom an siud, ann an lag froinich an so, ann an toll fo fhraoch an àit eile, agus feadh dhìgean, anns an aon chàradh a bu chruadalaiche chunnaic duine riamh. Fhuaradh O'Cròileagan agus an rìgh ann san t-seana bhothan sgroth 'nan luidhe air na seann leapaichean a bh' ann o shean. 'Nuair a dhùisg iad cha robh iad a' creidsinn an t-seallaidh a bha m'an cuairt orra.

'Nuair a thruis iad comhla 's a dh' amhairc iad 'nam measg an robh a h-uile duine air faotainn—gach neach a

thainig o chùirt agus chathair an righ bha iad ann air fad ach O'Céin. Thòisich iad air amharc air a shon-san, chionn gu 'm b' e fear-ionmhais agus togail màil an righ e. Bha eagal agus uamhas aca roimhe, chionn e bhi 'na dhuine cho dona. An deigh rùrach mór a dheanadh air a shon, fhuair iad e 'na luidhe ann an dìg dhomhain fhliuch, a measg fraoich, m'an cuairt air dà mhil' o 'n àite 's a chas brisde 'na ceithir spealgan fichead. Thog iad leo e 'n sin gu tigh O'Cròileagain 's chuir iad air crò-leabaidh e, gus am faigheadh iad inneal giùlain air a shon a thoirt ga thigh fhéin ann am baile mór an righ. An déigh a ghiùlan dachaidh ga thigh fhéin, bha e fo mhór chràdh. Fhuair iad gach lighiche agus fear-sgil a bh'ann 'sa rioghachd, ach cha b' urrainn iad a leigheas na maith sam bith a dheanadh dha.

## II.

Anns na làithean sin gu dé a thainig stigh do 'n chala ach soithichean a bha aig an righ air falbh ann an rioghachdan iomallach arson gach uile nì agus goireas a bhiodh a dhìth air rioghachd na h-Eireann. Thainig an t-àrd chaibhtinn a bha orra 'thoirt umhlachd do 'n righ 's a dh' innseadh dha an sonas agus an t-àgh a bha ga leantainn o 'n a dh' fhalbh e gus an d' thainig e, ann an saibhreas 's ann am beairteas. Dh' innis an righ dha gach sìon a bha dol air aghaidh aig an tigh o dh' fhalbh e 's mar a fhuair O'Céin a chas a bhristeadh gu miothalach (mì-shealbhach?).

Thoisich an caibhtinn air innseadh do 'n righ mar a thachair da, aon uair a bha e air a shlighe a' tighinn dachaidh.

"O rìgh, mair beò gu bràch. Bha mis' an siud a' tighinn dachaidh ann am mór thoil-inntinn leis an t-soirbheachadh a bha ga m' leantainn ann 'sa h-uile h-àit an robh mi. Ach aon latha dhorchaich na speuran 's dh' fhàs na neòil trom tiugh. Bha uamhas feadh nan speur air fad. Cha robh deò soirbheas ann ach bha 'n fhairge uile mar gu 'm biodh i fo uamhainn 's i ag éiridh ard a suas. Ach air a cheann ma dheireadh bhrisd an stoirm a mach, shéid a ghaoth, dh' éirich onfhadh na fairge, 's bha 'n dóirionn uile gu léir uamhasach. Bha na soithichean air an luasgadh 's ann an cunnart a bhi air an slugadh suas. Bha na seòlaidairean air an tilgeadh a nuas as na crannagan le lamhan 's le casan brisde agus gach leòn a bha mulaideach ri amharc air. Bha na soithichean air an sganradh o chéile ach le mór dhichioll fhuair mi 'n trusadh a ris; bha na daoine cho lag anmhunn 's gur gann a bha iad comasach air an obair a dheanadh, cha

robh ach dithis agam fhéin air mo shoitheach a bha comasach air a bheag a dh' obair a dheanadh. Ach dh' fhalbh an stoirm 's dh' fhàs an fhairge lom samhach, 's bha sinn tighinn air ar n-aghaidh mar a b' fhearr a dh' fhaodamaid.

Bha latha àraid an sin a bha sinn ag amharc a mach m'ar timchioll agus chunnaic mi coslas eilein iseil bhoidhich a' teachd air thoiseach orm. Smaointich mi gu 'n seòlainn 'a dh' ionnsuidh feuch de 'n seors' eilein a bha ann 's thug mi òrdugh do na soithichean eile mo leantainn. 'Nuair a rainig sinn an t-eilean, bha e 'na eilean, bha e na eilean bòidheach ìseal, làn de na h-uile seorsa chraobhan-meas a b' urrainn duine smaointeachadh, le sruthanaibh de dh' uisge cho geal ri glòine a' tighinn a nuas ann an glacan beaga chun na fairge. Thog mo chridhe le boch le smaointeachadh gu 'n deanadh fàileadh cùbhraidh an eilein phrìseil so agus na measan a bha cinntinn air rudeiginn de dh' fheum do na leòntaich bhochd a bha air na soithichean 's thug mi òrdugh gu 'm biodh gach aon ac' air a chur air tìr air. Thugadh air tìr gach aon a b' urrainnear a thoirt air tìr de na daoine bochd so. Cha luaithe leig iad iad fhéin 'nan sìneadh air an fheur uaine 's a thòisich iad air òl an uisge phrìseil a bha 'n sin na a bha iad a' fàs na b' fhearr. Bha cuid a bu làidireacha na chéile a chaidh a suas anns na craobhan mheasan 's thòisich iad air itheadh nam measan. Cha luaithe a dh' ith iad na measan na bha iad a leigheas suas cho maith 's a bha iad riamh. Cha luaithe mhothaich iad éifeachd nam measan na thòisich iad air an tilgeil a nuas dh' ionnsuidh na feadhnach a bha leònta gu h-ìseal. Chaidh na measan a ghiùlan dh' ionnsuidh nan leòntach a bha air bòrd 's 'nuair a dh' ith iad iad dh' fhas iad slàn mar a bha cach 's m' an d' thàinig an oidhche cha robh aon nach robh slàn fallain agus cho maith 's a bha e riamh. Agus a nis, a righ, sin agaibh mar a dh' éirich dhomh-sa.

Labhair an righ ris a chaibhtinn agus dh' fhoighneachd e dheth an aimseadh e air an àite sin a rithis. Thuirt an caibhtinn gu 'n robh e 'smaointeachadh gu 'n aimseadh. Thuirt an righ ris a chaibhtinn e dheanadh deas a shoithich cho luath 's a b' urrainn e 's e dh' fheuchainn am faigheadh e cuibhrionn de na measan sin a leighiseadh O'Céin. Thuirt an caibhtinn ris an righ na 'm b' e thoil e gu 'm b' fhearra dhoibh O'Céin a thoirt leo air an t-soitheach 's an déigh an t-eilean a ruigheachd na measan a thoirt da, 's gu 'm biodh e slàn-chreuchdach a' tighinn dachaidh.

Chunnaic an righ gu 'n robh a chomhairle so maith agus gu 'm b' fhearr do dh' O'Céin falbh leis a chaibhtinn 's nach

biodh fhulangas cho fada, chionn bha 'n dòruinn anabarrach. Rinn an caibhtinn reidh cho luath 's a bha e na chomas.

III.

Chaidh O'Céin a chur air bord 's gach ni deireasach a bha dhìth 'chur leis.

'Nuair a bha gach uile nì deas thog iad na siùil bhreaca bhaidealacha ann am barraibh nan cranna fada feadanacha fiùbhaidh. Bha béiceartaidh ròn 's ròcasdaidh fhaoileann, feadalaich bhall agus crathadh ulag ri 'n cluinntinn. Thainig soirbheas bheag laghach a bheireadh duilleach a coill, froineach a béinn agus seileach òg a a fhreumhaichean. Bha bhéisde bu mhotha 'g itheadh na béisde bu lugha 's a bhéisde a bu lugha 'dèanadh mar a dh' fhaodadh i. Sgoilteadh i cuinnlean caol coirce o a dubh-toisich g' a dubh-deiridh agus an fhaochag chrom chiar a bha 'n grunnd an aigein bheireadh i haig air a beul-mór le fheabhas 's a dh' fhalbhadh i.

Bha iad mar sin a falbh fad làithean. Latha de na làithibh chunnaic iad fearann air thoiseach orra. Rinn iad air an fhearann, 's 'nuair a rainig iad e 's e eilean beag bòidheach ìseal mara bh' ann. Thug an caibhtinn òrdugh O'Céin a thoirt air tìr air an eilean so, breith air dha chaol coise air, a tharruinn trì uairean o cheann gu ceann de 'n eilean 's leigeil da luidhe an siud. Cha luaithe bha 'n t-òrdugh air a thoirt seachad na bha e deanta. Cha robh aig O'Céin bochd ach a bhi 'g amharc an déigh an t-soithich 's i 'n déigh an t-eilean fhàgail gus ma dheireadh, an am an athaich 's an anmoich, an do chaill e sealladh urra. Bha e 'n sìn leis fhéin, gun chù, gun duine, gun chreutair, air an eilean. Latha an déigh latha bha 'shùil a mach feuch am faiceadh e soitheach na bàta dol seachad a bheireadh fuasgladh dha, ach sin cha robh tighinn. 'S e bu bhiadh dha feur gorm agus freumhaichean agus uisge nan sruthanan a bha dol seachad. Thug e 'n sin gus an naoitheamh latha bha e 'g amharc a mach 'sa mhaduinn mhoich agus feuch chunnaic e dùradan beag fada uaidh anns a chuan nach b' abhaist da fhaicinn. Bha e 'beachdachadh air a ghnàth 's ar leis gu 'n robh an dùradan a' fàs na bu mhotha. Thug e tacan ag amharc air 's bha e 'faicinn an sin gu 'n robh e 'fàs cosmhuil ri curach. Rinn e so a mach gur h-e curach a bh' ann 's gur h-e aon duine bha na shuidhe ann ga iomram. Bha 'n curach a' tighinn sa' tighinn 's a' deanadh air an eilean. Air a cheann ma dheireadh thainig i gus an do bhuail i toiseach air

a chladach fo 'n cheart àite 's an robh O'Céin na luidhe. Leum fear mór a bha innte air tìr. Thug e spionadh air a churach 's tharruing e seachd fad fhéin air feur glas i agus choisich e suas gu stolda. 'Nuair a rainig e O'Céin bheannaich e da agus bheannaich O'Céin dásan.

"Thainig mise an diugh a cathair na Beirbhe Lochlannaich, 'O'Céin, 'a' d' leigheas-sa, agus sìn a mach do chos, O'Céin, 's gu 'n cuirinn-sa bior lus-léigh agus lionn-tàth ris."

"Mata, na 'na cas dòmhs' i na cas eile na déigh, ma shìneas mise 'chas so fhéin gus an cluinn mi co thú, na co as a thainig thu."

"Mo chuid chuileag a's chontrachd ann a' d' aghaidh ghranda mhi-sgiamhach tha 'n ceireàn air fuarachadh ann a' m' achlais, agus sinn fada gun dol timchioll air. 'S mise Macan an Athamain,[3] mac righ Lochlainn, agus dh' fhàg mi cathair na Beirbhe Lochlannaich an diugh a thighinn a' d' leigheas-sa, agus sìn thusa nach do chos, O'Céin, 's gu 'n cuirinn-sa, etc."

"Mata, etc., etc. . . . gus an cluinn mi rud a bu chlise bha air a dèanadh na thusa 'thighinn a cathair na Beirbhe Lochlannaich an diugh 's gun e naoi uairean a latha fhathasd."

"Mo chuid chuileag," etc., etc.

"Bha m' athair-sa fada sheachd bliadhna 'g amharc arson àit air an togadh e eaglais. Far a smaointeachadh e togail an diugh 'nuair a rachadh e ann an ath-latha bha e 'faicinn àit eile 'b' fheàrr, 's air an treas latha bha e 'faicinn àit eile 'b' fheàrr na 'n t-àite sin. Bha e mar so o latha gu latha 's o am gu h-am. Bha e 'gabhail ceum spaisdearachd gach maduinn feuch am faigheadh e mach an t-àit ann san togadh e 'n eaglais ach so cha robh 'g amas air. Ach aon latha ann an ceann seachd bliadhna bha e na sheasamh ag amharc timchioll air agus e 'smaointeachadh gu 'm biodh am fìor-àit air an robh e 'na sheasamh freagarrach airson na h-eaglaise thogail air. Chunnaic e trì òglaich a' togail a nìos o 'n chladach. Bheannaich iad dà 's bheannaich e daibh, 's thuirt fear aca ris:—

"O, a rìgh, tha thu o chionn seachd bliadhna ag amharc a mach arson àit an togadh tu eaglais agus 's e 'n t-àit' air a' bheil thu 't' sheasamh far an tog thu i."

[3] Macám in fagain, 'the vagrant,' literally the youth of vagrancy, as in the Egerton version. The word *macaomh*, 'youth,' also occurs in Mary Macleod's poems, where it is mis-written, 'nam macabh 's nam maighdeann.'

Dh' amhairc an righ air le h-ioghnadh arson gu 'n robh fhios aige air an ùine bha e 'g amharc a mach arson togail na h-eaglaise agus gu h-àraid gu 'n robh fios aige gu 'm b' e so am ball a smaointich e air a mhaduinn so seach aon mhaduinn eile.

Thuirt e riu gu 'm b' e siud a smaointinn fhéin gu 'n togadh e 'n eaglais anns a cheart àit anns a robh e na sheasamh. Thuirt an triùir a thàinig ris an righ gu 'm bu trì luchd-céird iad-san—clachair, saor, agus sgleutair—'s gu 'n robh iad g'an tairgsinn fhéin arson an eaglais a thogail. Thuirt an righ riu o 'n bha iad na 'n gillean cho fiosrach, 's gu 'n robh fhios ac' air an àit a bha e fhéin ag amharc a mach air a shon gu 'm faigheadh iad an eaglais ri thogail. Ghabh iad an obair. Thug an clachair a mach a shreang. Thomhais e agus ghabh e fad, leud agus àirde balla na h-eaglaise, 's bha i na balla a thiotamh. Thug an sgleutair a mach a chulaidh-thomhais fhéin. Thomhais e fad, leud agus mullach na h-eaglaise 's bha e deanta. Thug an saor a mach a chulaidh-thomhais 's thomhais e fad, is leud a dorsan 's a h-uinneagan 's bha h-uile nì deanta gun dàil.

Ghabh an righ móran de bhoch chionn an eaglais bhi air a criochanachadh cho clis, 's air a deanamh cho maith. Leis an toil-inntinn ann san robh e chuir e glaodh a mach a chruinn-eachadh ard-uaislean a bhaile agus na cuirte 's na cathrach arson cuirm agus fleadh a dheanadh arson an luchd-céirde a thaobh cho maith 's a thoilich iad e ann an togail na h-eaglaise. Chaidh an dinneir air a h-aghaidh 's gach òl 's gach mire 's gach mùirn a b' urrainn an righ leigeil fhaicinn do 'n luchd-céird. 'Nuair a dh' fhàs an righ cridheil le deoch dh' orduich e 'aon nighean a thoirt a nios a thoirt buidheachas do 'n luchd-céird arson mar a rinn iad an gnothuch. Thainig àilleagan an fhuilt-réidh—boinne-fala cho bòidheach 's a thig na thàinig. Fhuair i copan òir na 'laimh 's dh' òl i ann am fion a thoirt taing do 'n luchd-céird arson a h-athar a thoil-eachadh cho maith. Thionndaidh i mach agus dh' fhalbh i.

Thoisich iad air òl an so agus an righ gu h-àraid le àrd thoilinntinn arson na h-ighinne maith a bh' aige 's gu 'n do fhreagair i e 'thighinn a làthair choigreach, rud a bha air a thoirmeasg 'a leithid a dheanadh.

'Nuair a bha iad sgìth ghabh gach aon g'a leabaidh. Ghabh na h-uaislean gu tàmh agus na coigrich. 'Nuair a thainig a mhaduinn agus a dhùisg an righ, chuir e fios a dh' fheoraich ciamar a fhuair an luchd-céird cadal. Ach thill na gillean a chaidh a dh' amharc air an son 's thuirt iad nach

robh an luchd-céird air faotainn. Dh' òrduich e amharc anns gach àit eagal 's gu 'n d' éirich ni sam bith cearr na dona dhaibh. Dh' amhairc iad a suas 's dh' amhairc iad a nuas; dh' amhairc iad a null 's dh' amhairc iad a nall, ach 's e 'n ni a b' uamhasaiche air fad, gu 'n robh mo phiuthar air falbh cuideachd air a goid aig an triùir. Dh' éirich fear mór air m' athair an so, arson na tamailt mhór a chaidh air le a nighean a bhith air a goid air. Dh' éirich mis' a' m' sheasamh 's thuirt mi ri m' athair gu 'm faighinn-sa i, ma bha i ri fhaotainn. Nis sin rud a's giorra bha ga dheanadh na mise 'thighinn as a Bheirbhe Lochlannaich an diugh.

"Mata, na 'na cas," etc. . . . "gus am faigh mi fios an d' fhuair thu do phiuthar na sgeul m'a timchioll, na co thug air falbh i."

## IV.

Dh' fhalbh mise an siud ma thuaiream mo pheathar. Chuir mi mi-fhéin fo bhòidean gu 'n siùbhlainn ceithir ranna ruadha an domhain 's nach stadainn d' a h-iarraidh gus an deanadh eoin an athar nead ann am cheann 's clacha-tuinne na talmhanta nead ann am bhonn. Bha mi an sin a' falbh o àite gu h-àite feuch am faighinn sgeul na dàn mo pheathar. Cha robh sin ri fhaotainn agam an aon àit an do thachair dhomh dol. Thug mi latha agus bliadhna ga h-iarraidh, 's 'nuair a bha mi sgìth gun fios na dàn fhaotainn bha mi arson tilleadh dhachaidh. Bha mi 'g amharc m' an cuairt orm agus suil gu 'n d' thug mi de 'chunnaic mi ach fearainn fada fada uam mar gu 'm biodh eilean mara ann. Rinn mi air an eilean 's 'nuair a ràinig mi e cha robh coltas tighe na àit ann ach aon tigh a bha shuas gu h-àrd am meadhon an eilein. Rainig mi 'n cladach, leum mi mach as a bhàta agus tharruing mi a trì fad fhéin air feur glas i. Ghabh mi suas chun an tigh feuch am faighinn sgeul mo pheathar. 'Nuair a rainig mi dorus an tighe sin, chunnaic mi 'n sin bodach mór doich-iollach 's e ann an creathall iaruinn a bha crochta nuas o mhullach an tighe. Bha pìosa fada iaruinn 'na làimh. 'Nuair a ruigeadh e 'n taobh so de 'n tigh phutadh e air falbh a chreathall leis a phìos iaruinn 's nuair a thigeadh e gus an taobh eile phutadh e air an dòigh cheadna i 's bha e ga thulgadh fhéin o thaobh gu taobh de 'n tigh air an dòigh sin. 'Nuair a chunnaic e mi thuirt e rium de bha mi 'g iarraidh na de thug an siud mi, nach faighinn a stigh an siud 's mi ghabhail romham, agus leis na briathran so leum e mach as a chreathall. Thug e 'm 'ionnsuidh 's mise gu 'ionnsuidh-

san. Thug sinn treis air gleachd an sin. Ma dheireadh chuir mi 'm bodach air a dhà ghlùin. Thug e sùil a' m' aodann agus thuirt e rium: —

"Mar am meall thu mi ann am bharail 's tu Macan an Athamain, mac righ Lochlainn."

Thuirt mi ris gu 'm bu mhi.

"Tha thu air tòrachd do pheathar," ars' esan.

Thuirt mi ris gu 'n robh. Thuirt e rium dol suas do 'n cheann eile de 'n tigh, gu 'n robh i shuas an sin le a thrì mic-san, agus Ridire Na Sgéithe Déirge leotha. Ghabh mi suas. Dh' amhairc iad air a chéile 's cha d' thuirt iad smid. Bha mo phiuthar na suidhe os an cionn shuas. Thug i duileum 'nuair a chunnaic i mi 's bha i ri m' thaobh a thiotamh. 'Nuair a thug sinn làmh air falbh, thuirt Ridire Na Sgéithe Déirge gu 'm falbhadh esan leinn. Dh' iarr mi air fantuinn 's cha 'n fhanadh 's b' éiginn da falbh leinn 's thoilich mi dha tighinn leinn an sin. 'Nuair a rainig sinn am bàta chuir mi mach gu fairge i. Bha mo phiuthar na suidhe lamh rium-sa 's an deireadh 's Ridire Na Sgéithe Déirge 's an toiseach. Bha mo phiuthar cho làn toilinntinn gu 'n d' fhuair i ma sgaoil 's gu 'n d' fhuair i leam-sa aon uair eile. Bha sinn a' seoladh an sin, a' tighinn dachaidh le mór ghreadhnachas. Là de na làithibh bha sinn a tighinn seachad air creig mhóir a bha san fhairge leatha fhéin, gu 'n àite sam bith 'a còir. Bha mi 'g amharc 's ar leam mar gu 'm biodh togail air a mullach. Dh' fhoighneachd mi de Ridire Na Sgéithe Déirge de 'n t-àite bha 'n siud 'nuair a bha togail ann. Thuirt e rium gu 'n robh fios aig air an sin.

"Sin," ars' esan, "far a bheil a' Ghil-Ghréine, nighean rìgh Féile-fìonn, aig a h-athair air a gleidheadh, air chùl gaoithe 's air aodann gréine far am faic i a h-uile duine 's nach faic duine i, 's cha 'n fhaigh fear gu bràch i ach fear a bheir as an sin i."

Sheol mi m' an cuairt air a chreig 's cha robh àit ann air an seasadh eun athair leis cho corrach agus cho dìleann 's a bha i. Smaointich mi gu 'm faca mi àiteachan a bha cho doirbh an so 'nuair a bha mi anns a sgoil ann am bhalach agus gu 'm feuchainn streap a suas far an robh a' Ghil-ghréine. Thuirt mi ri Ridire Na Sgéithe Deirge am bàta 'chumail ris a chreig. Thoisich mi air streap 's m' an do stad mi ràinig mi fìor mhullach na creige. Thug mi leam a' Ghil-Ghréine, an sin, as an àite san robh i. Ghabh mi sìos leatha gu socrach gus an do chuir mi sìos anns an t-soitheach i. Cha luaithe chunnaic Ridire Na Sgéithe Deirge i na thug e làmh air còir a ghabhail

urra dha fhéin. Thionndaidh mi ris agus rug mi air dhà chaol chois air; bhuail mi 'cheann ris a' chreig agus spread mi 'n t-ionnchain as.

Sheol mi dhachaidh le m' phiuthair agus leis a' Ghil-Ghréine agus ràinig mi cùirt agus cathair m' athar righ Lochlainn. 'Nuair a ràinig an sgeul m' athair 's a chual e gu 'n d' thainig mis' agus mo phiuthar dhachaidh, thug e mach a' m' chomhdhail, ach 's ro-mhór a mheudaich a thoilinntinn 'nuair a chunnaic e gu 'n d' thug a mhac a mach a Ghil-Ghréine 's a liuthad mac righ agus ridire bha feuchainn ris, 's a dh' fhairtlich e orra. Leagadh bròn 's thogadh ceol 's dh' òrduich m' athair seachd làithean fleadh a bhi air an cumail arson an treubhantais a rinn mi ann am phiuthar fhaotainn 's a' Ghil-Ghréine 'thoirt as an àite san robh i aig a h-athair ga gleidheadh, agus sin agad-sa mar a fhuair mise mo phiuthar.

"Agus sìn thusa mach do chas," etc.

"Na 'na cas," etc. . . . "gus am bi fhios agam ciamar a chaidh duit féin 's do 'n Ghil-Ghréine, na 'n d' thainig tòir urra 'na dheigh sin."

"Mo chuid chuileag," etc.

## V.

"Bha Ghil-Ghréine 's mi fhéin comhla gus an robh dà mhac aice dhomh. Làtha de na làithibh chaidh mi do 'n bheinn-sheilg 's 'nuair a thill mi dachaidh chunnaic mi dà bhalachan a' còineadh 's a' glaodhaich. Dh' fhoighneachd mi dhiubh de bha orra 's thuirt iad rium gu 'n d' thugadh am mathair air falbh le famhair mór a thainig a nìos o 'n chladach.

"Ged a bha sinne," ars' iadsan, "a' glaodhaich, thug e leis gun taing duinn i."

Thug mi sùil m' an cuairt chun a chladaich 's chunnaic mi esan a' gabhail a mach le a churach o na creagan. Ghlaodh mi ris mo bhean fhàgail agam. Thuirt e rium gu 'm b' olc an airidh gun còthrom a thoirt domh arson mo mhnatha. Thill e 's leum e air tìr air a' chreig. Thug mi ga' ionnsuidh. Ach ma thug rug esan orm. Thog e mi 'n àird; bhuail e sìos mi ann an creagan cruaidh a chladaich 's dh' fhàg e 'n sin mi.

'Nuair a dh' fhàg e 'n siud mi, 's nach faighinn as, thòisich na pàisdean 's mi fhéin air brisdeadh nan creag timchioll orm; agus thug sinn fad sheachd bliadhn' air an obair sin, m' an d' fhuair mise ma sgaoil. An sin bha na balachain a' fàs mór. Dh' fheuch mi ri sgeul mo mhnatha 's

an fhir a thug leis i fhaotainn. 'Nuair a dh' fhairtlich sin orm chuir mi mi-fhéin fo bhóidean gu 'm falbhainn air a tòir agus nach tillinn dhachaidh gu bràch gus am faighinn a mach i, na 'm bàsaichinn anns an oidhirp.

Ghabh mi fhéin 's mo dha mhac air falbh. Shiubhail sinn a sios 's a suas, a nunn 's a nall, feuch am faigheamaid a sgeul na c'àite am faigheamaid i. Thainig sinn gu ceann rathaid far an robh trì rathaidean móra brisdeadh a mach as. Sheas mi agus smaointich mi 's mi 'g amharc san làr, agus 's i 'chomhairl' a thainig am cheann gu 'n gabhadh a h-uile h-aon againn rathad da fhéin agus gu 'm bitheamaid air falbh fad latha 's bliadhna, 's gu 'n coinnicheamaid an ceann latha 's bliadhna ann sa cheart àit a rithis. Dh' fhàg sinn beannachd aig a chéile agus dh' fhalbh sinn, gach aon air a rathad fhéin.

## VI.

Bha mise 'falbh air an rathad mhór an sin. Bha mi aon latha an sin 's cha robh mi 'faicinn tigh na àite anns an cuirinn seachad an oidhche ach sùil g' an d' thug mi astar mór air thoiseach orm, chunnaic mi solus agus rinn mi air an t-solus, 's 'nuair a rainig mi e gu de a bh' ann ach bothan ann am meadhon monaidh 's an uair a chaidh mi stigh bha bodach mór a chomhnaidh ann agus nighean òg dhreachmhor na suidhe an taobh eile de 'n téine. Bheannaich mi dhaibh agus bheannaich iad dhomh 's dh' fheoraich mi am faighinn fantainn an siud 's an oidhche. Chuir am bodach gruaim cholmheach air ach labhair an nighean as mo leith-sa 's fhuair i cead mi dh' fhantainn a chur seachad na h-oidhche. Thug i biadh is deoch domh, chàirich i leaba domh 's chuir i 'luidhe mi agus 'nuair a chaidil am bodach smaointich mi gu 'n rachainn a bhruidhinn ris an nighean agus luidh mi r'a taobh gu beul an latha an la 'r na mhàireach. Thuirt mi rithe nam bu mhac a bhiodh aice gu 'm b' e 'n t-ainm a bheireadh i dha Macan an Uaigneas[4] mac Macain an Athamain mac righ Lochlainn. Thug mi dhìth fainne 's dh' iarr mi urra am mac a ghleidheadh gus am biodh a naoi bliadhna deug a dh' aois.

Thuirt mi 'n sin rithe: —

"Feuch an sin am fainne air a mheur; 's ma lionas a mheur am fainne leigidh tu air falbh e." 'Nuair a bha bhliadhna air ruith a mach agam-sa an sin, chuimhnich mi 'n gealladh bha eadar mi fhéin 's mo chuid cloinne. Thill mi

[4] Macám in uaignesa, 'the Solitaire.'—Eg. MS.

'chumail na coinne gun sgeul na dàn ma m' mhnaoi ach mar a bha mi roimhe. 'Nuair a rainig mi ceann nan trì rathaidean móra, cha robh duine romham. Dh' fhan mi treis agus chunnaic mi h-aon de m' chuid mac a' tighinn. Chuir sinn fàilt is furan air a chéile. Eadar sin agus oidhche thainig am fear eile oirnn. Shuidh sinn an so air bruaich taobh an rathaid mhóir. Labhair sinn an sin m' an tùras r'a chéile ach cha d' fhuair iadsan sgeul n' as motha na mi fhéin m' am mhathair. Cha robh againn ach a bhi 'tuireadh 's a' bròn an sin fad seachduin. 'S i 'chomhairle 'chinn 'nar ceann gu 'n togamaid bothan shuas air mullach a bhruthaich a bha làmh ruinn agus gu 'm fanamaid an sin, agus nach leigeamaid duine seachad gun a sgeula ghabhail chionn nach robh e cosmhail gu 'm faigheamaid sgeul na naigheachd air aon doigh na air doigh eile. Thoilich mo mhic so a dheanadh agus thog sinn an tigh 's ghabh sinn comhnuidh ann. A thaobh gu 'n robh na trì rathaidean móra ann 's gu 'm biodh cuideigin gach latha tighinn air rathad air choireigin de 'n trì bha sinn am beachd gu'm biodh ar tuiteamas na b' fhearr air neach a choinneachadh a bheireadh sgeul duinn. Bhitheamaid a mach gach latha a' gabhail sgeoil gach duine thigeadh an rathad.

Bliadhn' as deigh bliadhna bha dol seachad ach sgeul cha robh sinn a faotainn. Thug sinn naoi bliadhna deug air an dòigh sin. Bha sinn an so a' smaointeachadh gu 'm bu cho maith dhuinn an oidhirp a thoirt suas chionn nach fhaigheamaid mo bhean gu bràch. 'Nuair a bha sinn anns an t-suidheachadh inntinn so, bha sinn ag amharc m' an cuairt oirnn agus chunnaic sinn òganach bearraideach a' tighinn air an rathad mhór mheadhoin. Thuirt mi ri mo mhac òg dol a sios agus sgeul a ghill' ud a ghabhail. Chaidh e sìos agus choinnich e e. 'S e thainig as an sin gun do cheangal an t-òganach mo mhac 's gu 'n do thilg e ann an dìg a rathaid mhóir e, 's sheas esan far an robh e. Thuirt mi 'n so ri m' mhac mór dol a sìos agus sgeul an òganaich a ghabhail. Ghabh mo mhac mór a sìos. 'S e bh' ann gu 'n d' thug na gillean an dàil a chéile agus leag an t-òganach mo mhac mór 's chuir e ceangal nan ceithir chaol air 's thilge e 'n dìg an rathaid mhóir e le a bhrathair. Sheas e far an robh e. 'Nuair a chunnaic mi fhéin mar a rinn e air mo chuid mac ghabh mi feirg mhór 's ghabh mi sìos far an robh an t-òganach. Rug sinn air a chéile, ach 's e thainig as an sin gu 'n do chuir e air mo dha ghlùin mi. Dh' amhairc mi air an clàr an aodainn 's thuirt mi ris: "Mar a meall thu 'm bharail mi 's tu

Macan an Uaigneas mac Mhacain an Athamain mac righ Lochlainn." Thuirt e rium nach mealladh, chionn gu 'm b' e 'cheart fhear. Dh' innis mi dha an sin gu 'm bu mhì 'athair 's gu 'm b' iad siud a dha bhrathair.

Dh' amhairc e roinn le suarachas agus thubhairt e: "Ma's tu-sa m' athair agus gur h-iad siud mo dha bhrathair faodaidh mi ràdh gu 'm bheil mi gun athair gun bhraithean."

"Tha thusa dol a dh' iarraidh na mnatha a chaill thu, a' Ghil-ghréine, nighean righ Féile-fionn. Tha i aig Macabh[5] Mór agus cha d' thoir an triùir a mach i, ach theid mise leibh 's o 'n is tu m' athair, feuchaidh mise ri d' mhnaoi a thoirt a mach dut."

Dh' fhalbh iad leis agus stad na fois cha d' rinn iad gus an d' rainig iad far an robh Macabh Mór a chomhnuidh. 'Nuair a rainig iad, thug iad sùil suas air an daingnich a bha aige an sin 's chunnaic iad a' Ghil-ghréine aig fìor-mhullach a chaisteil. Dh' fheoraich iad dith, an robh rathad sam bith air dol a stigh do 'n chaisteal. Thuirt ise nach robh, gu 'n robh ise air a cumail na prìosanach an siud, o 'n a thug e leis i, leis a chorruich a bh' air nach toilicheadh i 'phòsadh, nach robh e fhéin aig an tigh, 's gu 'n robh na h-iuchraichean daonnan na bhroilleach.

"Dh' fhoighneachd iad dith, ciamar a gheibhadh iad dachaidh e?"

"Crathaibh an t-slabhraidh chomhraig," ars' ise, "'s cha bhi e fada gun tighinn an sin. Ach tha eagal orm gu 'm marbh e sibh, chionn cha bhi mise beo ma chì mi sibh a' call ur beatha as mo leith."

'Nuair a chual Macan an Uaigneas siud ghabh e gus an t-slabhraidh chomhraig. Rug e urra, 's chrath e i 's bhrist e tri teineachan innte.

Chuala Macabh Mór siud 's e 'sa bheinn-sheilg. Thainig e dhachaidh 's an uair a thàinig bha fraoch is fearg air 'nuair a thuig e de bha iad ag iarraidh. Thuirt Macan an Uaigneas ris a Ghil-Ghréine thoirt seachad ar neo gu 'm faigheadh e comhrag garbh agus an ceann a thoirt deth.

"A bheadagain shuaraich," arsa Macabh Mór, "cha 'n fhaigh thu 'Ghil-Ghréine ach gheibh thu comhrag garbh air a son."

Thug Macan an Uaigneas na dhàil, 's thug Macabh Mór na dhàil-san. Bha iad a' gabhail d'a chéile an sin—sleaghan

[5] So Hector Maclean writes it. It is for *macaomh*, 'youth'; Welsh, macwy, 'youngster.'

gan spealgadh air sgiathaibh a chéile. Thug iad gus na claidheamhan. Mar gu 'm faiceadh tu iarunn dearg a' tighinn a teine ann an ceardaich, 's ann mar sin a chiteadh na sradan a bha na claidheamhan a' cur as a chéile. Bha Macabh Mór air a dhalladh le a fhuil ma dheireadh. 'Nuair a chunnaic e mar a bha 'g éiridh dha, thug e aon tarruing air a chlaidheamh mhór a bh' aige an dùil Mac an Uaigneas a sgoltadh ach leum Macan an Uaigneas a leth-taobh o 'n bhuille, agus chaidh claidheamh Mhacaibh Mhóir fodha anns an talamh gus an dòrn. M' an d' éirich e suas bhuail Macan an Uaigneas e le a uile neart ann an cùl a mhuineil ann am fosgladh beag a bha eadar an clogad agus an luireach 's thilg e 'n ceann deth 's chuir e cas air a chlosaich aige.

Ghlaodh a' Ghil-Ghréine gu 'n robh na h-iuchraichean na bhroilleach. Fhuair e na h-iuchraichean 's dh' fhosgail e 'n daingneach 's leig e a' Ghil-Ghréine ma sgaoil. Ghabh e fhéin fàd-seilbh ann an àite Mhacaibh Mhóir. Fhuair mise an sin a' Ghil-Ghréine 's thainig sinn dachaidh an sin, a' Ghil-Ghréine, ar dà mhac is mise. Agus sin agad a nis mar a fhuair mise mo bhean.

"Agus sìn thusa mach do lamh," etc.

"Mata," etc. . . . . "gus an cluinn mi ciamar a chaidh do Mhacan an Uaigneas anns an àit a bh' aig Macabh Mór."

"Mo chuid," etc.

## VII.

Bha mo mhac-sa, Macan an Uaigneas, 'nuair a fhuair e 'n t-àite sin, gun duine a' cur dragh air as a leith. Bha e 'na chleachduinn aige gach latha gu 'n d' thugadh e treis air spaisdireachd astar o 'n tigh. Là de na làithibh de 'chunnaic e 'tighinn ach fear mór grannda dubh a' marcachd air each dubh, cù dubh 'ga leantainn agus boireannach air a chùl-thaobh.

'Nuair a thainig am fear mór dubh air aghaidh bheannaich Macan an Uaigneas agus e fhéin d'a chéile. Dh' fhoighneachd am fear mór dubh dheth an imreadh e cluiche ris. Thuirt Macan an Uaigneas ris: "Mar am biodh tu saoilsinn gu 'm biodh eagal agam romhad, cha 'n imrinn fhéin cluiche le duine cho grannda riut."

Shuidh iad sìos 's dh' imir iad an cluiche 's chaidh an cluiche air an fhear mhór.

"Tog brigh do chluiche 's na biodh e trom," ars' am fear mór.

" 'S e brìgh mo chluiche fhéin," arsa Macan an Uaigneas, " a bhean òg sin bha air do chul-thaobh."

" Siud, siud, 's dona e," ars' am fear mór. " Mo chosnadh o cheann seachd bliadhna 's nach robh i oidhche fhathasd leam fhéin."

" Cha 'n ann mar sin a's measa leam-sa i," arsa Macan an Uaigneas.

Fhuair e 'bhean òg ach chuir am fear mór geasan air e 'bhith an siud aige-san air maduinn a màireach a dh' imirt cluiche eile ris.

Thug Macan an Uaigneas dachaidh a bhean òg agus chaidil iad comhla an oidhche sin. Ma's moch a dh' éirich a' mhaduinn, bu mhoiche na sin a dh' éirich ise agus bha 'bhiadh-san réidh aice air a bhord m' an d' éirich e. 'Nuair a ghabh e bhiadh thuirt ise ris: —

" Tha thu 'n diugh a' dol a choinneachadh an fhir mhoir agus buidhnidh tu an cluiche air an diugh fhathast agus togaidh tu an t-each dubh mar gheall."

Dh' fhalbh esan 's rainig e 'n t-àite, 's bha e ann treis m' an d' thainig am fear mór aig aghaidh. 'Nuair a thainig e thuirt e ris: —

" De bhéisd a chum thu agus mise cho fada ga d' fheitheamh?"

" O!" ars' am fear mór, " 's ann bha agad-sa do bhean ùr òg leis an do chaidil thu 'n raoir, a' deanadh do bhidh. Cha 'n 'eil fhios agad an d' fhuair mise biadh an diugh na 'n do chaidil mi idir an raoir."

Shuidh iad sìos 's dh' imir iad an cluiche 's chaidh an cluiche air an fhear mhór.

" Tog brìgh do chluiche agus na bhiodh e mór," ars' am fear mór.

" 'S e brìgh mo chluiche an t-each dubh sin agad," arsa Macan an Uaigneas.

" Sud! sud!" ars' am fear mór, " mo chosnadh o cheann seachd bliadhna 's nach robh e agam fhéin ach aon oidhche fhathast. Ach," arsa am fear mór, " tha mise cur mar gheasaibh ort-sa thu bhi agam an so air madainn a màireach a dh' imirt cluiche eile rium."

Dhealaich iad ri chéile 's thainig Macan an Uaigneas dachaidh 's an t-each dubh leis. Chaidh an latha seachad 's ghabh e fhéin 's a bhean m'a thàmh 's an oidhche. Ma's moch a dh' éirich a mhaduinn, bu mhoiche na sin a dh' éirich a bhean òg 's a bha 'm biadh réidh aic' air a bhord 'nuair a dh' éirich esan.

"Tha thu dol a choinneachadh an fhir mhoir an diugh a rithist," ars' ise, "a dh' imirt cluiche leis; theid an cluiche air agus togaidh tu-sa an cù."

Rainig e 'n t-àite 's cha robh am fear mór air toiseach air. Shuidh e ùine m' an d' thainig am fear mór. 'Nuair a thainig e labhair Macan an Uaigneas ris gu maith dàna 's thuirt e ris dé thug dha a chumail an siud cho fada 'eitheamh air. Thuirt am fear mór ris:—"'S ann a bha agad-sa do bhean ùr òg na luidhe leat an raoir 's a' deanadh do bhidh dhuit an diugh, 's cha 'n 'eil fhios agad co aca a luidh mis' an raoir na fhuair mi mìr bidh an diugh."

Shuidh iad sìos 's dh' ìmir iad an cluiche 's chaidh an cluiche air an fhear mhór.

"Tog brìgh do chluiche 's na biodh e trom," ars' esan, "'s na biodh e trom."

"'S e brìgh mo chluiche," ars' Macan an Uaigneas, "an cù dubh sin agad."

"Hud! Hud!" ars' am fear mór, "mo chosnadh o cheann seachd bliadhna, 's nach 'eil agam fhéin ach na trì laithean deth. Ach tha mi 'cur mar gheasaibh geur ort-sa, thu bhith an so a màireach a dh' imirt cluiche eile leam."

Chaidh Macan an Uaigneas dachaidh leis a chù.

"Fhuair thu 'n cù," ars' a bhean, "ach tha thu fo bhòidean dol a dh' imirt cluiche eile leis an fhear mhór a màireach—nach 'eil?"

Thuirt e gu 'n robh. Ghabh iad ma thàmh an oidhche sin 's ma's moch a thàinig a mhaduinn bu mhoiche na sin a dh' éirich a' bhean òg agus bha 'm biadh réidh aice 'nuair a dh' éirich esan. 'Nuair a ghabh e 'bhiadh thuirt ise ris:—

"Tha thu nise a falbh a choinneachadh an fhir mhóir 's bithidh e air thoiseach ort an diugh agus theid an cluiche ort-sa. 'Nuair a thogas esan brìgh a chluiche, ge b' e air bith na cumhnantan a chuireas e ort-sa cuir thu-sa air-san le bóidibh 's le geasaibh teann nach d' theid stad air a chois na fois air a cheum 's nach ith e mìr 's nach òl e deur ach na thuiteas a sguab eorna as an athar, gus an tìll thusa."

Dh' fhalbh e 'chumail na coinne 's bha 'm fear mór air thoiseach air. Thòisich am fear mór air trod ris arson a chumail cho fada feitheamh air, 's thuirt e ris gu 'n robh e mi-mhodail dalma 'nuair a rinn e leithid. Shuidh iad a sìos 's dh' imir iad an cluiche 's chaidh an cluiche air Macan an Uaigneas.

"Fhir mhóir! tog brìgh do chluiche 's na biodh e trom," arsa Macan an Uaigneas.

"An saoil thu nach aithne dhomh sin a dheanadh," ars' am fear mór. "'S e brìgh mo chluiche-sa fios bàis Athaich Mhóir na h-Aoin-sùil agus cnaimh d' a chnamhaibh; an ceann latha is bliadhna thu bhi agam-sa leis 's gun thu chadal da oidhche 's an aon tigh gus an tìll thu."

"Sìos is suas do gheasan," arsa Macan an Uaigneas. "Cha 'n ann ach 'g an teannachadh n' as motha agus n' as motha," ars' am fear mór.

"Tha mise nis," arsa Macan an Uaigneas, "a' cur mar chòir agus mar gheasaibh 's mar easbhuidh na bliadhna ort-sa, am fear as measá na thu fhein a thoirt do chinn 's do chasan diot; ma theid stad air do chois na fois air do cheum na ma dhùineas cadal do shùil na ma dh' itheas tu mìr na dh' òlas tu deur ach na thuiteas a sguab eorna as an athar ort, gus an tìll mise."

"Sìos is suas do gheasan," ars' am fear mór. "Cha 'n ann ach ga 'n teannachadh n' as motha agus n' as motha," arsa Macan an Uaigneas, agus thionndaidh e 'chùl ris an fhear mhór. Thòisich am fear mór air ruith 's chaidh esan dachaidh. 'Nuair a rainig e 'n tigh bha e gu dubhach brònach. 'Nuair a chaidh e stigh dh' aithnich a bhean gu maith de mar a bha 's thuirt i ris a mhisneach a chumail suas chionn nach biodh an gnothuch cho olc 's a bha esan a' smaointeachadh. Chaidh an latha seachad 's ghabh iad tàmh is cadal 's an oidhche.

## VIII.

Ma's moch a thainig an latha, bu mhoiche na sin a dh' éirich a' bhean òg an latha sin. Bha 'bhiadh deas 's a h-uile ni deas arson a thurais 'nuair a dh' éirich e. An deigh dha 'bhiadh a ghabhail thuirt ise ris e fhéin a chur an uidheam arson a thurais.

"'S mise," ars' ise, "nighean righ an talaimh ìseal, agus is e ainm an fhir mhóir so an t-Athach Dubh Mór. Bha brathair aige ris an abradh iad Athach Mór na h-Aon-suil 's chaidh a mharbhadh. Bha amharus aig an Athach Dhubh Mhór gur h-ann an rioghachd m' athar-sa 'mharbhadh e. Thainig e arson dioghaltas a thoirt a mach as leith bàs a bhrathar do rìoghachd m' athar, 's chuir m' athair air doigh obair theine a chumail a mach as a bhaile 's e a sgrios. Thug e seachd bliadhna 'seisdeadh air a bhaile. Chaidh an obair theine an sin air aimhreit 's a thaobh sin b' éiginn do m' athair tighinn gu coimh-cheangal ris a bhéisd. Chionn

nach robh e cinnteach gur anns an àite a mharbhadh a bhrathair thoilich e cumha ghabhail, 's b' e 'n cumha bha an sin an òigh a bu bhòidhche bha 's an rioghachd, an t-each a b' fhearr a bha 's an rioghachd, 's an cù a' b' fhearr a bha 's an rioghachd a bhi aige gu falbh. Cha robh òigh a bu sgiamhaiche ri fhaotainn anns an rioghachd na mise, nighean an righ, 's ged a bu chruaidh é b' eiginn mo thoirt suas dà-san. Dh' aontaich mise dol leis air ghaol muinntir a bhaile ghleidheadh o bhi air an sgrìos air fad. 'S e 'n t-each dubh a bh' aig m' athair each a b' fhearr a bha 'n 's an rioghachd; se 'n cù dubh a bh' aig m' athair cù a b' fhearr a bha 's an rioghachd, 's ged a bu chruaidh e b' éiginn dealachadh riutha.

"Bheir thu leat a' nis an t-each dubh agus an ceann làithean àraid bheir an t-each dubh thu gu baile mór m' athar-sa, chionn 's coingeis leis muir no monadh, tìr no talamh, 'Nuair a ruigeas thu bidh latha margaidh each ann am baile mór m' athar. Iarraidh tu mach gus am faigh thu fios far am bi each an righ anns a mhargadh agus ceanglaidh tu an t-each dubh lamh rìs. Cha bhi e fada an sin gus an d' thig h-aon a nall 's their e ris an fhear as fhaisge dha nach cosmhuil an t-each sin ri each dubh an rìgh? Abair thu-sa an sin gur h-iomadh cho cosmhuil feadh an t-saoghail. Thig an ath h-aon 's their e 'n nì ceadna. Thig an treas h-aon 's an ceathramh h-aon ach thoir thu-sa an aon fhreagairt orra gu léir gur h-iomadh cho cosmhuil feadh an t-saoghail. Air a cheann ma dheireadh thig an righ fhéin agus amhaircidh e air an each, 's their e nach cosmhuil feadh an t-saoghail. Their e riut an creic thu e 's abair thu-sa nach creic. Tairgidh e 'chudthrom de dh' òr dhuit agus thu a chreic. Abair thu-sa nach creic nach gabh thu ni sam bith air a shon. Foighneachdaidh tu de 'n righ am bheil e 'gabhail tlachd de 'n each; ma tha gu 'n d' thoir thu dha mar thiodhlac e air choimh-cheangal araid. Foighneachdaidh esan ciod e an coimh-cheangal a bhios ann. Their thusa gu 'm bi lòn latha is bliadhna 's gun thu 'chadal dà oidhche 's an aon tigh as déigh a chéile agus do rogha sgeula an am fàgail agus toil-eachaidh e sin a dheanadh. Ach thoir an aire gu 'm bi ceangal teann agad air gealladh an righ nach urrainn e tighinn uaidh. Rinn e réidh agus dh' fhàg e beannachd aice-sa 's dh' fhalbh e fhéin 's an t-each dubh. 'Nuair a rainig a[6] baile mór Rìgh an Talaimh Isil, mar a thuirt a bhean ris bha margadh each ann. Fhuair e mach far an robh each an righ

[6] Dialectal for *e*, 'he.'

anns a mhargadh agus cheangail e 'n t-each dubh lamh ris. Cha robh e fada 'n sin 'na sheasamh lamh ris an each dhubh 'nuair a thainig fear m' an cuairt, 's thuirt e nach cosmhuil an t-each sin ri each dubh an righ 's thuirt Macan an Uaigneas ris gu 'm b' iomadh cho cosmhuil feadh an t-saoghail. Thainig an darna fear 's an treas fear 's an ceathramh fear 's thuirt iad a cheart nì 's thug esan a cheart fhreagairt orra. Ma dheireadh thainig an righ fhéin 's thuirt e na ceart bhriathran a thuirt càch agus fhreagair esan e mar a fhreagair e iadsan.

"An creic thu 'n t-each?" ars' an righ.

"Cha chreic," ars' esan.

"Nach dean," ars' an righ. "Creic e 's bheir mi dhuit a chudthrom de dh' òr."

"Cha chreic mi e arson òir na airgid," arsa Macan an Uaigneas, "ach ma tha thu 'gabhail tlachd dheth bheir mi dhuit mar thiodhlac e air choimh-cheangal àraid."

"Ciod e 'n coimh-cheangal," ars' an righ, "a bhios thu 'g iarraidh?"

"Bidh," ars' esan, "lòn latha 's bliadhna agus gun mi chadal dà oidhche 's an tigh as deigh a chéile 's mo rogha sgeoil an am fàgail."

"Gheibh thu sin," ars' an righ.

"Feumaidh tu ceangal agus sgrìobhadh a thoirt domh a dh' fhàgas thu gun chomas tighinn air t' ais," arsa Macan an Uaigneas.

"Ho!" ars' an righ, "bheil thu 'cur ag ann am fhacal?"

"Cha 'n 'eil," ars' esan, "ach cha 'n 'eil nì sam bith ach ceangal agus sgrìobhadh a bhith air a dheanamh."

Thug an righ siud dha, ceangal air a ghealladh ann an sgrìobhadh.

An oidhche sin thug an righ leis d'a thigh fhéin e 's luidh e 'n tigh an righ an oidhche sin. An ath oidhche chaidh e do thigh an fhir-chomhairleachaidh a bha ma choinneamh tigh an righ. An treas oidhche luidh e 'n tigh an righ 's an ceathramh oidhche an tigh an fhir-chomhairleachaidh agus lean e mar sin oidhche 's an tigh 's oidhche 's an tigh eile gus an do ruith an latha 's a bhliadhna. 'Nuair a thainig ceann là is bliadhna thuirt Macan an Uaigneas ris an righ gu 'm bu mhithidh dha nis a bhi ga fhàgail, gu 'n robh an là 's a' bhliadhna mach. Thuirt an righ ris:—

"'S e slàinte do bheatha fantainn bliadhna eile, gheibh thu do bhiadh 's do dheoch 's do leaba mar a bh' agad roimhe."

"Cha 'n fhaod mi fantainn," ars' esan.

"Feumaidh mi falbh."

"O!" ars' an righ, "ma tha thu arson falbh cho mór an sin, faodaidh tu falbh uair sam bith a thoilicheas tu."

"Coimh-lion do choimh-cheangal rium," ars' e ris an righ.

"De tuillidh coimh-lionaidh tha dhìth ort nach 'eil agad?" ars' an righ. "Nach d' fhuair thu lòn là 's bliadhna 's gheibh bliadhna eile ma thogras tu fantuinn."

"Cha 'n fhan mi, ach tha mo rogha sgeòil agam ri fhaotainn uait a nis an am falbh," ars' e ris an righ.

Labhair an righ gu frionasach 's thuirt e ris:—"De 'n sgeul a bhios thu 'g iarraidh orm-sa, chionn cha b' fhear sgeultachd na ursgeul na naigheachdan mise riamh?" Thuirt e ris an righ an sin:—"Tha sgeul Athach Mór na h-Aon-suil agus cnamh d'a chnamhan a dhìth orm."

Labhair an righ an so gu feargach àrd 's thuirt e ris:—"'S fhurasda aithneachadh gur fear draoidheachd 's iodramanachd thu 'nuair a tha thu 'g iarraidh sgeul air an rud nach 'eil fhios agam air 's nach aithne dhomh ma dheibhinn."

Thug Macan an Uaigneas an so a mach sgrìobhadh an righ anns an robh e air a cheangal gu 'm feumadh a rogha sgeòil a thoirt dà an am dealachaidh.

"O! na'n éireadh dhuit-sa mar a dh' éirich dhomh-sa," ars' an righ, "'s e sgeul Athach Mór na h-Aoin-sùil a bu lugha bhiodh air t' aire."

"Is coma leam ciamar a dh' éirich dhuitse," arsa Macan an Uaigneas ris an righ, "ach 's e sgeul Athaich Mhóir na h-Aon-suil a tha dhìth orm-sa."

## IX.

"'Nuair a bha m' athair òg," ars' an righ, "phòs e banrighinn òg, 's b' i a bhan-righinn a b' àille air am b' urrainn duine amharc 's le a feabhas cha robh a coimeas ri fhaotainn. Bha triùir mhac aice do m' athair, mise agus dithis a b' òige. Thàinig am bàs m' an cuairt air a bhan-righinn òig so—shiubhail i agus ghabh m' athair gu bròn agus gu mulad mór air a son. Cha robh e 'faotainn réidh 's am mulad sin idir. 'Nuair a chunnaic uaislean agus luchd-comhairleachaidh m' athair mar a bha e, bha iad a' feuchainn ris a h-uile seòl feuch an togadh iad inntinn. Choinnich na h-uaislean comhla aon là agus 's i chomhairle a chinn 'nan ceann gu 'm feuchadh iad toirt air an righ pòsadh a rithist. Bha iad ann am beachd gu 'n togadh e 'inntinn suas 'nuair a gheibheadh e banrighinn ùr òg eile an àite na té a dh' fhalbh. Rainig iad an righ agus chuir iad an ceill da an sin a' chomhairle 'chinn 'nan ceann.

Cha robh an righ toileach, ach le iompachadh nan daoine uaisle thàinig e gu h-atharrachadh inntinn 's dh' earb e riutha fhein ban-righinn fhaotainn da a bhiodh freagarrach. Fhuair iad ban-righinn do 'n righ agus phòs e. Ach 'nuair a chunnaic a' bhan-righinn so gu robh triùir mhac aig an righ bha e 'cur doilgheas urra gu 'm biodh iad 'san rathad air a cloinn fhéin nam biodh clann aice. Latha de na làithibh chuir i fios air a' Chlàrsaich Urlair gus am foighneachdadh i dhi am biodh seòl sam bith air a' chloinn a chur as an rathad nam b' e 's gu 'm biodh clann aice-sa. Thuirt a' Chlarsach Urlair rithe gu 'n robh 's na'n d' thugadh i duais mhaith dhi-se air a shon gu 'n cuireadh i 'chlann as an rathad urra air doigh nach cuireadh iad dragh urra r'a beò agus nach fhaigheadh an righ a mach e.

Thuirt a' bhan-righinn rithe ciod e an duais a bhiodh i ag iarraidh air a shon sin. Thuirt a' Chlàrsach Urlair rithe gu 'm bitheadh làn a cluais de dh' olainn, làn a cnogain duibh de dh' ìm agus leud a —— de staoic.

"Ciod e chailleach a mheud 's a bhios an sin?" ars' a' bhan-righinn.

"Bidh ann," ars' a Chlàrsach Urlair, "lomairt sheachd mainnirean chaorach fad sheachd bliadhna de dh' olainn, ìm sheachd buailtean cruidh re seachd bliadhna agus tighinn-a-mach sheachd buailtean de dhaimh air am marbhadh a sìos dith." Thoilich a bhan-righinn siud a thoirt dith.

"Air maduinn a màireach," ars' a Chlàrsach Urlair, "cuir thu-sa do thriùir dhaltachan air chiallagaidh mhaduinn a m' ionnsuidh-sa a dh' iarraidh na cìr' mhìn' òir 's na cìr' ghairbh airgid."

Mas moch a thainig an latha bu mhoiche na sin a dh' éirich a' bhan-righinn. Chuir i air an cois a cuid dhaltachan, trì mic an righ, 's thuirt i riutha dol a suas do thigh na Clàrsaich Urlair 's a ràdh rith gu 'n robh a' bhan-righinn, a muime, ag iarraidh na cìr' mhìn' òir 's na cìr' ghairbh airgid. Rainig iad tigh na Clàrsaich Urlair 's bha i air a cois. 'Nuair a chaidh iad a stigh thuirt i riutha:—

"Thigibh e nìos, a ghraidheanan 's a ghaoileanan mo chridhe, agus deanaibh bhur garadh. Nam biodh bhur mathair fhéin m' ur ceann cha bhiodh sibh air 'ur cois cho moch a's so."

'Nuair a chualaidh na balachain bhochda i bruidhinn cho blàth timchioll air am mathair, chaidh iad a suas le blàthas agus carantachd a shuidhe lamh rithe agus 's e so uile a bha dhìth air a' Chlàrsaich Urlair, gu 'n d' thigeadh iad lamh rithe. Ach 'nuair a fhuair ise cothrom, thog i 'n

slachdan draoidheachd a bha aice lamh rithe 's bhuail i buille air gach aon diubh, leis ma seach 's dh' fhalbh iad-san an sin 'nan trì madaidh dhonn fhiadhaich a mach air an dorus.

" A nis," ars' an righ, " nan éireadh a leithid sin duit-se, nach e sgeul Athach Mór na h-Aon-suil a bu lugha bhiodh air t' aire."

" 'S coma leam," arsa Macan an Uaigneas, " ciod e dh' éirich dhuit-se, ach 's e sgeul Athach Mór na h-Aon-sùil a tha dhìth orm-sa."

Thòisich an rìgh an sin air labhairt. 'Nuair a dh' fhalbh sinn a mach 'nar trì madaidh dhonna fhiadhaich thug sinn oirnn am monadh 's na beanntan. Cha robh dòigh tighinn beò againn an sin mar an tòisicheamaid air itheadh nan caorach a bha mach 's na monaidhean. Cha b' fhada bha sinn ag obair air a' cheaird sin, a' tighinn beò air na caoraich, 'nuair a mhothaich na buachaillean duinn. Chuir iad fios a dh' ionnsuidh an righ, gu 'n robh trì madaidh dhonna fhiadhaich 's a mhonadh a bha marbhadh a chuid chaorach-san agus chaorach mhuinntir eile agus nam faigheadh iad air an aghaidh nach fhada bhiodh caora beò ann.

'Nuair a ràinig an sgeul so an righ, chual a bhan-righinn agus a Chlàrsach Urlair e; agus bhrosnaich iad an righ gu daoine a thrusadh a chur as do na madaidh, chionn thuig iad gu maith co na madaidh a bh' ann. Chruinnicheadh daoine 's dh' fhalbh iad fhéin 's an righ air tòir nam madadh. 'Nuair a thainig iad oirnn, bha sinn 'g an caradh 's 'g cleasadh, cho maith 's a dh' fhaodamaid. Ma dheireadh bha sinn air ar cur 'nar n-éiginn 's bha 'choltas orra gu 'm beireadh iad oirnn. Chuartaich iad sinn air gach taobh. Chunnaic sinn an sin nach robh againn, roimhinn, 's 'nar déigh. Thug sinn aon ionnsuidh agus bhrisd sinn a mach 'roimh am meadhon m' an do mhothaich iad dùinn. Ghabh sinn leis an leathad ach thàr sinn as agus rinn sinn arson a' chladaich. Bha iadsan dlùth air an tòir 's cha robh againn ach gabhail a mach ris an t-snàmh. Rainig sinn eilean mara 's chaidh sinn air tìr an sin. An saoil thu ars' an righ nan éireadh a leithid sin duit-se, nach b' e bàs Athach Mór na h-Aon-suil a bu lugha a bhiodh air t' aire.

" Eireadh a roghainn duit-se, tha 'n sgeul a dhìth orm-sa," arsa Macan an Uaigneas.

Thuit an sin gu 'n robh sinn air an eilean mhara 's nach robh mìr againn ri fhaotainn ann, mar an itheamaid bàirnich na duileasg na aon rud eile a b' urrainn duinn a sgrìoban. 'Nuair a dh' ith sinn gach sìon a bha cinntinn air an eilean

bha 'm bàs an so ag amharc oirnn 's an aodann, 's cha robh a chridhe againn dol air tìr, 'chionn bha iad a' cumail faire theann air eagal gu'n rachamaid air ar n-ais. 'S i 'chomhairle chinn 'nar cinn, air dhuinn a bhi 'bàsachadh leis a ghort, gu 'n cuireamaid crainn agus ce b' e air bith air an d' thigeadh an crann gu 'm marbhtadh e a chumail beò chàich. Chuir sinn na croinn 's thainig an crann air mo bhrathair meadhonach. Mharbh sinn esan 's bu shuarach an ùine a mhair e dhùinn. Bha mi fhéin 's mo bhrathair òg an so cho dona 's a bha sinn riamh. Bha 'ghort a' dol na bu mheasa. Dh' amhaircinn air mo bhrathair òg arson a mharbhaidh 's thigeadh gairsinn orm. Bhiodh déisinn orm a' smaointeachadh gu 'm marbhainn mo bhrathair 's gu 'n ithinn e; ach bha 'n t-acras geur geur an so. Aon latha bha 'n sin smaointich mi nach robh ann ach bàs duinn 'nar dithis agus gu 'm b' fhearr h-aon a bhi beò na dithis a bhith marbh. Thug mi dui-leum 's rug mi air mo bhrathair ann am fhiaclan 's m' an d' fhuair e 'bheag a dheanadh, bha 'n sgòrnan agam a mach as. Nan tachradh a leithid sin duit-se 'se sgeul Athach Mór na h-Aonsùil a bu lugha bhiodh air t' aire.

"Tachradh a roghainn duit-se," arsa Macan an Uaigneas, "ach 's maith leam-sa an sgeul fhaotainn."

Bha mi 'n sin ag itheadh mo bhrathar air an eilean agus bu shuarach an ùine gus an do theirig e. Bha 'n t-acras a so 'gam bhualadh mar a bha e roimhe agus cha robh mìr ri fhaotainn. Thug mi 'n aire 'n so gu 'n robh an fhaire a bh' air a chladach air stad. Smaointich mi nach robh agam ach bàs romham 's am dhéigh agus shnamh mi gu tìr. Dh' fhalaich mi mi-fhéin fo bhad mór feamnach, ann an dùil 'nuair a thigeadh an oidhche gu 'm faighinn am monadh a thoirt orm air m' ais a rithis. Ach co thainig m' an cuairt ach m' athair, an righ agus an sealgar leis. Bha 'n cuid chon leotha 's fhuair na madaidh mo bholadh-sa 's thug iad chun a bhaid fheamnach far an robh mi am falach agus thug iad oidhirp air mo leòbadh am chriomagan ach ruith mise cho luath 's a b' urrainn a nunn far an robh m' athair, an righ. Luidh mi sìos air mo bhroinn aig a chasaibh 's thòisich mi air imleach 's air amharc gu truagh 'na aodann.

'Nuair a chunnaic m' athair mi ghabh e truas diom 's air tighinn do na madaidh as mo dheigh ghabh e orra air falbh 's cha 'n fhuilingeadh e dhaibh buintinn rium. Ghabh iad an sin air falbh gu sealg mar a bha iad roimhe 's cha robh cù ann a dheanadh m' àite-sa. Bhithinn-sa deanadh a h-uile rud m' an iarrtadh idir orm e, chionn lean mo thuigse 's mo

ghliocas rium ged a bha mi air mo chur an riochd coin. Ged a chuireadh iad cù eile air falbh, bhithinn-sa air thoiseach air 's bhiodh mo ghnothach deanta agam m' an ruigeadh e. 'S mi 'cheud h-aon a mhothaicheadh do 'n bheathach a bhiodh iad air a shon. 'S mi cheud h-aon a bhiodh aige 'nuair a mharbhtadh e agus dh' fhàgainn aig casaibh m' athar e 's dh' amhaircinn na aodann le truaghas 's dh' imlichinn e. 'Nuair a chunnaic m' athair so, thuirt e nach fac e cù riamh aig an robh mo ghliocas. Dh' aidich an sealgair gu 'n robh gliocas sonraichte agam-sa 's nach b' fhiach na madaidh eile bhi 'gam beathachadh ann an coimeas rium. Nuair a chuala mi na briathran so o m' athair agus o 'n t-sealgair, thog e móran de 'n eagal agus de 'n uamhas a bh' air m' inntinn dith agus ma bha mi deanadh gu mi roimhe bha mi nis a' deanadh na b' fhearr. Bha fios agam gu 'm b' iad so an dà charaid a b' fheàrr domh, an righ agus an sealgair agus nam faighinn iad so air mo thaobh gu 'm bithinn ann an suidheachadh na bu shàbhailteacha chionn bha fhios gu 'm b' i Chlarsach Urlair chuir an tubaist so a' m' rathad fhéin 's an rathad mo bhraithrean agus nan aithnicheadh i mi nis gu 'm biodh i 'na nàmhaid domh a rithis.

Chaidh an righ agus an sealgair dachaidh an am an athaidh 's an anamoich agus mise leò. Cha bu luaithe a rainig sinn na chunnaic a bhan-righinn agus a' Chlarsach Urlair mise 's iad ag amharc a mach throimh uinneig agus ghrad-aithnich a Chlàrsach Urlair mi 's dh' innis i do 'n bhan-righinn gur mi bh' ann. Nuair a chaidh an righ a stigh far an robh a bhan-righinn, dh' fhoighneachd i dheth, de 'n cù a bha 'n siud a bha leis. Dh' innis an righ dhi gu 'n robh an siud cù a thachair air nuair a bha e 'falbh a sealgaireachd a chois a' chladaich. Thuirt a bhan-righinn ris gu 'm bu choma leatha fhéin an cù 's nach robh ann ach droch cù 's gu 'm bu chòir a mharbhadh. Thuirt an righ rithe nach robh coire sam bith air a chù 's gu 'n robh an cù maith. Thuirt ise air a h-ais ris an righ nach robh ann ach droch cù 's mar bu luaithe a mharbhadh e e, gur h-ann a b' fhearr e; m' an tionndadh e air fhéin agus an sin gu 'm marbhadh e e le a thoil fhéin an deigh an cron a dheanadh. Thuirt an righ rithe nach marbhadh e 'n cù, gu 'm b' fhearr e na h-uile cù a bh' aige 's nach robh 'leithid riamh aige 's nach robh maith dhith leantainn na b' fhaide. Thionndaidh a' bhan-righinn air falbh le miothlachd mór chionn gu 'n deachaidh an gnothuch na h-achaidh 's nach d' fhuair i 'n cù 'mharbhadh.

Bha 'bhan-righinn trom leatromach anns an am so 's bha mise daonnan air falbh le m' athair agus leis an t-sealgair 's cha rachadh iad fad an coise as m' eugmhais agus cha 'n fhanainn-sa air deireadh uapa leis an eagal a bha orm. Ghabh an righ do thlachd dhiom an so 's nach dealaicheadh e rium arson mo chudthrom de dh' òr. Ach thainig làithean na bàn-righinn m' an cuairt gu bhith air a h-asaid agus ciod e bha aice ach mac. Nuair a fhuaradh am mac òg so bha greadhnachas air thoiseach air. Leagadh bròn 's thogadh ceol 's cha robh ach fios a chur air bean-altruim 's air luchd-frithealaidh a dh' fheitheamh air a phàisde. 'S e so ceud rud a thug togail air inntinn an righ riamh o 'n a chaill e a chuid cloinne 's nach robh [fhios] ciod e thainig orra 's nach d' fhuaras an dubh n'an dath n'an aogas riamh. B' éiginn an so faire a chur air a phàisde agus air a shon so thog m' athair tigh. Cha robh fosgladh air an tigh ach far an rachadh an toit a mach air a mhullach agus dorus beag air an rachadh iad a stigh 's a dhruidteadh 'nan deigh 's nach faicteadh gu 'm biodh mìr dheth ann. Bha aon leaba ann a dh' fheitheamh air a bhean-altruim 's air a phàisde 's bha gach uireasbhuidh a bhiodh a dhìth a stigh an sin aca. Nuair a thainig an oidhche chaidh am pàisde 's a bhean-altruim agus luchd-frithealaidh a chur a stigh do 'n tigh so 's chaidh luchd-gleidhidh agus luchd-faire 'chur ann; chionn anns an am so bhiteadh a goid naoidhean righrean agus ridirean 's cha bhiodh fios co bheireadh leo iad na c'àit am bitheadh iad 's cha 'n fhaicteadh an dubh n'an dath n'an aogas tuilleadh.

Dh' òrduich an righ an sealgair agus mise bhi aig an fhaire gu cinnteach. Bha sinn a' cur seachad na h-oidhche leis a h-uile cridhealas is feala-dhà 's fearas-chuideachd 's gun nì sam bith a tighinn a chur dragh oirnn gus an d' thainig e gu cuid a mheadhon oidhche. Ma mheadhon oidhche thainig an aon cheol a bu luraiche 's a bu tiamhaidhe a chuala cluas riamh agus e cho milis agus gu 'n cuireadh e fir-ghointe agus mnathan siùbhla 'nan sioram shuain 's nuair a dhùisg iad 'sa mhaduinn bha 'm pàisde air falbh.

Cha robh ach gu 'n deachaidh an glaodh a mach gu 'n do ghoideadh am pàisde. Bha 'n rìgh ann am miothlachd mór 's a bhan-righinn as a beachd air a shon agus cha b' e càradh an luchd-faire a b' fheàrr le a leithid de dh' amhladh a thuiteam timchioll orra a tharruing spìd dhaoine orra, nach bu cheatharnaich iad 'nuair a leig iad am pàisde 'ghoid. Ach thòisich a bhan-righinn 'sa Chlàrsach Urlair air a radh gur h-e 'n cù ud a mharbh 's a dh' ith am pàisde. Thuirt an righ

nach d' rinn an cù riamh e 's thuirt ise gu 'n d' rinn. Thuirt an righ rithe an sin gu 'm biodh fios aige-san an ceart uair. Fhuair e mise 's dh' amhairc e mo bheul 's dh' amhairc e m' fhiaclan 's dh' amhairc e h-uile mìr dhiom ann sam biodh comharran r' am faotainn nam bithinn ciontach ann sa chron. Ach cha d' fhuair e comharradh sam bith 's cha robh aig a bhan-righinn ach stad.

Chaidh aimsir an sin seachad an deigh am pàisde bhith air a ghoid agus chinn a bhan-righinn leatromach a rithis. Dh' asaideadh i 's bha leanabh mic eile aice. Chaidh an fhaire chur air doigh 's fhuair an righ ceatharnaich chun na faire ghabhail as laimh nach leigeadh iad le sìth na le saoghalta am pàisde ghoid. Chaidh iad a stigh do 'n tigh fhaire 's dhùin iad as an déigh an dorus 's cha robh seol aig gaoth na aig nì sam bith dol a stigh. Shuidh cuid de na ceatharnaich a b' fhearr 's an dromannan ris an dorus air alt agus nach b' urrainn ni na neach tighinn a stigh gun mothachainn dà. Bha iad ris gach feala-dhà is cluiche is abhachdas a chumail a chadail air falbh 'gan deanadh fhéin làn chinnteach nach b' urrainn sith na saoghalta am pàisde a ghoid urra-san. Ach mar a thainig an uair eile thainig an ceol air an dòigh cheudna agus thuit iad na'n cadal 's nuair a dhùisg iad bha 'm pàisde air falbh.

'Nuair a mhothaich iad gu 'n do ghoideadh am pàisde cha b' urrainn iad an cinn a thogail an la-r-na-mhaireach an lathair an righ chionn am pàisde leigeil a ghoid mar a rinn an fheadhainn a bha ann roimhe.

Thòisich a bhan-righinn 'sa Chlàrsach Urlair air a chù 'dhìteadh ag radh gur h-e dh' ith am pàisde air an t-siubhal so cuideachd 's nach d' thainig atharrach air. Bha cuid de 'n luchd-faire toileach fhàgail air a chù chun iad a thogail suas ach cha 'n éisdeadh an righ riutha ach thuirt e ris a bhan-righinn nan tachradh a leithid a rithis gu 'm marbhadh esan an cù an sin.

Air an treas uair chinn a bhan-righinn leatromach agus nuair thainig ceann na h-ùine dh' asaideadh air leanabh mic eile i. 'S ann an sin a bha 'n gnothach ri fheuchainn. Bha mo bheatha-sa an crochadh ri goid na ri gleidheadh a phàisde. Rinneadh gach cùis deas 's chaidh an fhaire air a h-aghaidh. Bha 'n sealgair air òrdachadh ann leis an rìgh, m' athair, 's cha dealaicheadh an sealgair rium-sa. Bha iad ri cluiche 's ri àbhachd mar a b' abhaist daibh gus an d' thainig àird a mheadhon-oidhche 's an do thòisich an ceol air dol m' an

cuairt an tighe, 's an do thuit a h-uile duine na throma 'chadal seachad.

Ach chuimhnich mise orm fhéin nach robh ach bàs romham 's a'm' dhéigh a nis nan caidlinn. Nuair a chaidil a h-uile h-aon a bha ann 's a bha 'n tigh sàmhach, thainig cròg mhór a stigh air an luithear, a thug oidhirp air a' phàisde thoirt air falbh; ach thug mise dui-leum agus rug mi air a chròig ann am fhiaclan agus 'nuair a thug am fear a bha muigh oidhirp air a chròig a thoirt suas chuir mi mo chasan am forca ri mullach an tighe 's cha 'n 'fhaigheadh e 'chròg thoirt leis gus an d' thainig i dheth o 'n ghualainn. Thuit a chròg 's mi fhéin a nuas air an urlar 's m' an do dhùisg mi as a phairileis chuir a bhéisd a stigh a chròg eile 's thug e leis am pàisde. Shlaod mise 'chròg a stigh fo 'n leabaidh 's chum mi 'm falach an sin i.

Nuair a dhùisg an luchd-faire 'sa mhaduinn bha 'm pàisde air falbh. Chaidh an naigheachd an so chun an righ gu 'n do ghoideadh am pàisde a rithis. Nuair a chualaidh a bhan-righinn e, ghlaodh i gur h-e 'n cù a rinn e co dhiubh 's nam marbhadh an righ an cù mar a dh' iarr ise, nach d' thigeadh a leithid so de dh' amhghar 'nan carabh.

Ghlaoidheadh an cù an so. Thainig an sealgair 's mise leis. Bha e 'n so a réir coltais, soilleir gu leòir gur mise bha 'g itheadh nam pàisdean. Bha 'n fhuil air mo bheul 's air mo cheann 's air mo chluasan. Nuair a chunnacas so thainig facal bàis do 'n chù a beul gach duine 'dh' aon uair. Dh' fhàs aoibh air a bhan-righinn 's air a' Chlàrsaich Urlair nuair a chual iad so gu 'n robh mise ri m' chur gu bàs. Ghabh an righ duilichinn mhór 's bha 'n sealgair fo sprochd 's dh' iarr an righ air an t-sealgair an sin mise mharbhadh. Nis nan tachradh a leithid so dhuit-se nach b' ann le duilichinn a dh' aithriseadh thu sgeul an Athaich Mhóir," ars' an righ.

"Coma leam ciod e an duilichinn a tha ort-sa," arsa Macan an Uaigneas, 's e ga ghabhail ath-ghoirid nach robh e 'fhaotainn an naigheachd, "ach tha mise 'n geall air sgeul an Athaich Mhóir a chluinntinn gu buileach." "Nuair a chunnaic mi 'n so," ars' an righ, nach robh dol uaithe agam, ruith mi far an robh an righ agus bhog mi m' earball ris agus ruith mi gu dorus an tigh-fhaire agus bha mi 'feuchainn ri sméideadh ris mo leantainn ged nach b' urrainn mi labhairt. Thuirt an righ ma dheireadh gu 'n robh rud-eiginn aig a chù. Lean an righ agus cuid de na h-uaislean mi a dh' amhairc ciod e bu chiall dhomh. Nuair a chaidh sinn a stigh

ruith mise fo 'n leabaidh. Thòisich mi air draghadh na cròige 'mach agus ma dheireadh shlaod mi mach air an urlar i. Nuair a chunnaic an righ so, ghabh e de bhoch 's nach robh cuimhn' aige air na pàisdean a chaidh a ghoid chionn gu 'n robh e faicinn gu 'n robh mise tearuinte. Thuirt e ma bha gliocas duine aig cù riamh gu 'n robh e agam-sa agus nam faighteadh a bhéisd a bha goid nam pàisdean, air sheol sam bith gur mise gheibheadh e.

Dh' àithn m' athair soitheach a chur an uidheam arson falbh ma thuaiream àit an fhir a bha goid nam pàisdean 's gu 'm faigheadh an cù a mach e. Air do 'n t-soitheach a bhi uidheamaichte chaidh sinn air bord 's dh' fhalbh sinn. Bha mise 's an toiseach 's mi 'comharrachadh a mach na slighe dhaibh a ghabhadh iad. Bhithinn le m' cheann o nach b' urrainn mi bruidhinn riu, g'an seoladh. Ma dheireadh thog sinn fearann. Chomhairlich mise dhaibh gabhail a dh' ionnsuidh an fhearainn 's air dhuinn a ruigheachd, ciod e bha ann ach eilean mara.

Nuair a bhuail an soitheach gu cala, leum mise air tìr agus ghabh mi suas cùl creige móire a bh' ann. M' an cuairt an sin chunnaic mi uamh bhòidheach, réidhlean boidheach uaine aig a beulthaobh, 's dà bhalach bheag bhòidheach ann le caman òir agus le ball airgid. Ghabh mi seachad orra 's chaidh mi stigh do 'n uamh. Chunnaic mi fear mór na luidhe 's na chadal, a' ghualainn a' sileadh fala, pàisde 's an asgaill eile aige, plaïbean saille aig a phàisde ga dheobhal agus sreang as 's e ceangailte ri ordaig. Nuair a bhiodh e dol tuillidh a's domhain, bheireadh am pàisde spadadh as 's bheireadh e air ais e.

Ghabh mi gu réidh suas taobh na leapa far an robh am fear mór. Cha robh fios agam ciod a dheanainn. Nan dùisgeadh e mharbhadh e mise, 's an sin, a h-uile h-aon a bha air an t-soitheach; ach chunnaic mi nach robh ach am bàs romham 's am bàs as mo dhéigh. Cha robh dol uaithe agam. Thug mi dui-leum do 'n leabaidh 's rug mi air sgòrnan air. Chaignich mi ann le m' fhiaclan cho maith 's a b' urrainn mi. Thug am fear mór ionnsuidh gu h-éiridh. Ma 'm b' urrainn e sin a dhèanadh, bha 'n sgòrnan agam srachdta 'mach as.

Ruith mu 'n sin sìos far an robh an soitheach. Bhog mi m' earball riu arson tighinn air tìr 's mo leantainn. Ruith iad as mo dheaghainn 's ruith mise suas gus an uamh. Air dhuinn a bhéisd mharbh a ruigheachd, thug an sgioba leò am pàisde 'bha na asgaill agus an dà bhalachan a bha ris an

iomain; ach thionndaidh sgiobair an t-soithich agus an sealgair a rithis 'nan deaghainn 's thuirt iad gu 'm bu choir dhaibh closach an fhir mhóir a thoirt leo dhachaidh, arson gu 'm faiceadh an righ e 's gu 'm biodh treubhantas a' choin air a dhèanadh follaiseach. Thug iad leo sìos e 's chuir iad ròpa ma mhuineal 's thug iad dachaidh as déigh a' bhàta e mar sin; 's nuair a chunnaic m' athair e, thuirt e gu 'n robh gliocas a' choin os cionn gliocas duine 's nach creideadh e nach e h-aon de na mic a chaill e fhéin a bha ann.

Ghlac amharus an righ as leith na ban-righinn agus na Clàrsaich Urlair 's dh' iarr e 'n cur an sàs gun dàil sam bith. Dh' aidich a' Chlàrsach Urlair gu 'm b' e 'n cù h-aon de mhic an righ, gu 'n d' rinn ise madaidh de 'n chloinn le draoidheachd, 's gu 'm b' e ionnrachdan na ban-righinn a thug urra an deanadh 'nam madaidh.

Thuirt an righ an sin ris a' Chlàrsaich Urlair a mhac-san fhàgail mar a bu chòir dha, agus rinn i siud.

'Nuair a chunnaic an sluagh an so cho olc agus a bha 'bhan-righinn, dh' fhoighneachd iad de 'n righ, ciod e 'dheantadh rithe; agus dh' iarr an rìgh a cur gu bàs. Dhìteadh i 'n so gu bhith air a losgadh ann an gealbhan mór 's a' Chlàrsach Urlair a bhith air a ceangal rithe 's air a losgadh leatha. Chaidh so a dhèanadh 's loisgeadh a' bhan-righinn 's a' Chlarsach Urlair ann an teine agus a nis sin agad sgeul Athaich Mhóir na h-Aoin-suil.

Thig a nis 's gu 'm faigheadh tu cnàimh d' a chnamhan. Chaidh an righ 's fhuair e iuchair bheag a bh' aige am falach ann an àite sonruichte 's thug e leis i 's dh' iarr e airsan a leantainn. Dh' fhalbh iad sìos chun a' chladaich 's thug an righ leis m'an cuairt e air creagan àrd, sleamhuinn 's thug e sùil agus bha toll cruinn ann an aghaidh na creige, nach d' thugadh duine an aire dha mar am biodh e rùrach arson a leithid. Chuir an righ an iuchair a stigh ann san toll so 's chuir e car innte 's dh' fhosgail a' chreag. 'Nuair a chaidh iad a stigh do 'n uamh sin, chunnaic iad cnamhan an fhir mhóir 'nan sìneadh air an urlar.

"A nis," ars' an rìgh, "chunnaic m' athair iomchuidh closach an fhir mhóir a chur am falach; chionn bha bràthair òg aige ris an abradh iad an t-Athach Dubh Mór agus nam faigheadh e fios gu 'n do mharbhadh a bhrathair an so, thigeadh e agus sgriosadh e 'm baile 's an rioghachd. Agus arson nach faigheadh e cinnte chuir m' athair na cnamhan an so 's cha robh fios aig duine air ach mise, 'mhac. A nis thàinig a bhrathair, an t-Athach Dubh Mór 's bha e 'sèisdeadh

air a bhaile fad sheachd bliadhna, ach cha robh aig ach amharus gur h-ann an so a mharbhadh e. Bha sinn ga chumail a mach le obair theine 's chaidh an obair air aimhreit. 'S b' eiginn duinn an sin tighinn ann an ceann cordaidh ris, ach cha chordadh ni sam bith ris ach an òigh a bu sgiamhaiche 's a b' fhearr a bha ann san rìoghachd, an t-each a b' fhearr a bha ann san rioghachd, agus an cu a b' fhearr a bha ann san rioghachd, agus is maith a bha fios aig an Athach Dhubh Mhór co iad sin—gu 'm.b' iad sin mo nighean, m' each agus mo chù fhéin.

Thoilich mo nighean falbh leis air ghaol am baile 's an sluagh a thearnadh; agus a nis tha mise 'g aithneachadh gur h-ann agad-sa a tha mo nighean; chionn cha robh fhios aig neach eile ach aice fhéin agus agam-sa, air an naigheachd a bh' an so. Tha fios agam air na geasaibh a chuir thusa air an fhear mhór aig an tigh.

Falbhaidh tu 'màireach. Caidlidh tu an oidhche a ruigeas tu ann a' d' thigh fhéin, a leigeil do sgìos. An la'r na mhaireach, a rithis, bheir thu ort far am bheil a' fear mór. Nuair a chì e thu 'tighinn ruithidh e a' d' chomhdhail agus glaodhaidh e riut:—"Innis, Innis, Innis." Bidh e air bàinidh gus an naigheachd fhaotainn ach abair thusa ris e dheanadh air a shocair 's gu 'm faigh e sin agus abair ma bha esan sgìth aig an tigh gu 'n robh thusa fo sgìos agus fo allaban thu fhéin m'an d' fhuair thu 'n naigheachd agus an cnàimh. Agus a nis o 'n a fhuair mise an naigheachd agus an cnaimh agus thusa ma sgaoil o na geasaibh, rachamaid gu h-àite fasgach, far am faigh mise socair air an naigheachd innseadh. Air dhuit so a radh ris, thoir leat e air chùl gaoithe 's air aghaidh gréine agus tòisich 's innis da 'h-uile smid a dh' innis mise dhuit-se; agus is maith dh' fhaoidteadh ma 'm b' i 'n naigheachd crìochnaichte gu 'n tuit a bhéisd 'na chadal, a thaobh an allabain air an robh e o chionn treis a nis; agus ma thuiteas e na chadal, tarruing a claidheamh eile air. Cluinnidh sinn ann an ùine ghoirid uait, ma shoirbhicheas leat. Amhairc a nis arson cnàimh 's tog leat h-aon a thoilicheas tu as na bheil an sin."

Dh' amhairc e m' an cuairt a measg nan cnamh, agus 'se h-aon cho freagarrach 's a chunnaic e ann h-aon de chnamhaibh an droma aig a' chaol-druim 's thug e leis e 's thàinig e air falbh 's dhruid an righ an dorus 'na dhéigh.

An la'r na mhàireach rinn e réidh a dhol dachaidh.

"A nis," ars' an righ, "bheir thu leat an t-each dubh a rithis."

Dh' fhàg an rìgh 's e fhéin beannachd aig a chéile. Leum e air mharcachd air an each dhubh. Bha na deoir a' ruith a nuas air gruaidhibh an righ an am dealachaidh agus e glaodhach:—"Buaidh leat, ma dh' éiricheas leat gu maith, cluinnidh sinn uait an ùine ghoirid." Dh' fhalbh e agus gun tubaist gun tuiteamas, ràinig e dhachaidh. Ghabh a' bhean boch mór ris. Dh' itheadh i e le pògaibh 's bhàthadh i e le deoraibh. Ghabh e gu tàmh an oidhche sin 's chaidil e gu suaimhneach 'na thigh fhéin. 'Nuair a dh' éirich e 'sa mhaduinn 's ghabh e 'bhiadh, thuirt a' bhean ris:—

"A nis, tha thu falbh far am bheil a' fear mór agus lean a h-uile facal mar a thubhairt m' athair riut. Tha fios agam-sa gu maith ciod e thubhairt e riut, 's dèan thusa mar a dh' iarr e ort."

Thug e leis an cnaimh, chuir e sùgan roimhe 's thilg e thar a ghuailne e, 's ghabh e air falbh. Thainig e ann an sealladh do 'n fhear mhór. Nuair a chunnaic am fear mór e 'tighinn, ruith e 'na chomhdhail agus ghlaodh e ris—"Innis, Innis, Innis."

"Dean foighidinn," arsa Macan an Uaigneas, "oir tha mi sgìth, 's tha mi cinnteach gu 'm bheil thusa sgìth mar an ceudna. Rachamaid gu h-àite air chùl gaoithe 's air aodann gréine agus innsidh mise dhuit mo naigheachd."

Thoilich am fear mór so a dheanadh agus ràinig iad àite fasgach. Shuidh iad sìos agus thòisich Macan an Uaigneas air innseadh an sgeoil a dh' innis righ an talaimh ìsil da. Cha b' fhada lean e air innseadh 'nuair a thuit am fear mór 'na chadal. Lean esan air an naigheachd gus an do chriochnaich e e agus nuair a chriochnaich e e, thuirt e:—"Tha mo gheasan-sa ma sgaoil." Dh' éirich e 'n sin gu sàmhach socair 's tharruing e claidheamh an fhir mhóir as an truaill. Tharruing e 'n claidheamh 's thilg e 'n ceann de 'n fhear mhór. Cha luaithe thilg e dheth e na 'leum e air a cholainn a rithis. Thilg e deth an darna uair e agus leum an ceann air a chlosaich a rithis. Ghabh e eagal 'nuair a chunnaic e so ach chuimhnich e gu 'n cualaidh e seann daoine ag iomradh nan cuirteadh an claidheamh eadar an ceann 's an corp, gus am fuairicheadh an smior-chailleach nach leumadh an ceann air chorp tuillidh, agus rinn esan so. Luidh an ceann socair air an darna taobh 's a' cholann air an taobh eile.

Chaidh Macan an Uaigneas dhachaidh le gàirdeachas a dh' innseadh d' a' mhnaoi mar a thachair dha. Bha ise ann an toil-inntinn da rìreadh, air dhi a chluinntinn gu 'n robh

an t-Athach Dubh Mór marbh. Chuireadh teachdairean air falbh gun dàil, dh' ionnsuidh a h-athar, righ an talaimh ìsil, a thoirt fios da gu 'n do mharbh Macan an Uaigneas an t-Athach Dubh Mór. Nuair a ràinig na teachdairean 's a dh' innis iad do 'n righ mar a bha 'chùis, co b' urrainn a chur an céill an gairdeachas, an greadhnachas, 's an toil-inntinn a bha aige arson an namhaid mhóir sin a bhi marbh a bha arson a sgrios fhéin, a chùirte, a chathrach, agus a rioghachd.

Chuir an righ fios air Macan an Uaigneas 's air a mhnaoi tighinn 'a 'amharc. Chaidh iad 'a fhaicinn 's nuair a rainig iad e bha fàilt is furan a feitheamh orra. Leagadh bròn 's thogadh ceòl. Bha fleadh is cluiche 's ceòl 'ga chumail suas fad sheachd làithean na seachdain le toil-inntinn gu 'n do mharbhadh an namhaid a chum fo sprochd cho fada iad.

Bha càirdeas is dàimh air a chumail eadar Macan an Uaigneas 's Righ an Talaimh Isil 'na dhéigh sin 's bha iad air an ais 's air an aghaidh a' dol a dh' fhaicinn a chéile.

"A nis sìn thusa mach," etc. . . . "gus an cluinn mi mar a chaidh do d' dhà mhac eile a bha leat a sireadh do mhnatha fhéin agus am mathair-san, nighean Righ Féile-Fionn."

"Mo chuid chuileag," etc.

## X.

Bha mo mhac-sa, Gorm-shuil, am fear a bu shine, air fàs na òganach àluinn 's bha e foghluimte anns a h-uile nì a dheanadh feum dha ann an cogadh 's ann an latha cath. Aig an am so fhuair mise fios o rìgh na Gearmailt a dhol a chumail latha blàir agus comhraig ris, ar-neo gu 'n d' thigeadh e agus gu 'n togadh e mo bhaile mór agus gach nì a bha agam ann an crannagaibh a loingeas. Dh' innis mi 'n sgeul so do m' àrd uaislibh agus do mhaithibh na cùirte. Thoilich iad fhéin 's an daoine deanadh réidh agus feachd mór a thrusadh gus an d' thugamaid latha cath agus comhraig garbh dha 'na rìoghachd fhéin, 'chionn gu 'm b' fhusa a chumail a mach na 'chur a mach, nan d' thigeadh e.

Chuir mi fios air Gorm-shuil, mo mhac mór arson fantuinn a' gleidheadh mo chùirte agus mo chathrach gus an tillinn agus thuirt esan gu 'm b' fhearr leis aon latha blàir na mo rioghachd gu léir. Chuir mi an sin fios air a chalpach mo mhac òg 's dh' innis mi dhà ciod e a thubhairt a bhrathair mór rium, 's thuirt mi ris-san nam fanadh e 'gleidheadh mo

chùirte 's mo chathrach gu 'm faigheadh e leith na rioghachd 's na cathrach cho fad 's a bu bheò mise.

Fhreagair mo mhac òg 's thuirt e rium:—" 'S cosmhuil nam fanadh mo bhrathair mór nach cuirteadh fios orm-sa; ach tha mise coma ged a dh' fhanas mi."

Dh' fhan an Calpach aig an tigh 's chaidh sinne ma thuaiream a bhlàir. Bha e 'n sin sgìth aig an tigh a' gleidheadh na cùirte agus na cathrach agus e gun chluiche na toilinntinn sam bith a bheireadh togail air. Latha de na làithibh chuimhnich e, gu 'n cualaidh e iomradh aig seann daoine ge b' e neach a rachadh gu Carn a' Mhullaich agus cadal ann gu 'm faigheadh e caochladh comhairle m' an dùisgeadh e.

## XI.

Ràinig e 'n càrn agus chaidil e ann 's ciod e a chunnaic e na chadal ach aobhar a mhnatha 's a leannain, Athan Aluinn Uchd-Soluis, nighean righ Ulainn, 's nach robh i fada uaithe r'a faotainn. Dhùisg e as a chadal. Thug e leum as 's chrath e e fhéin 's bhòidich e ma bha 'm boireannach a chunnaic e 'na chadal ann san ìorrachd na ann san uarrachd na ann an ceithir ranna ruadha an domhain, gu 'm faigheadh e a mach i, ar-neo gu 'm bàsaicheadh e ann san oidhirp.

Dh' amhairc e m' an cuairt air gun fhios ciod e 'n taobh a bheireadh e 'aghaidh, ach ghabh e air falbh leis an leathad. Bu shuarach an ùine a bha e a' gabhail air adhart, 'nuair a chunnaic e lùchairt mhór air thoiseach air. Dh' fhoighneachd e do dh' fhear siubhail a thachair air ciod e an aitreabh a bha 'n siud.

" Tha 'n sin," arsa am fear siubhail, " lùchairt a thog a h-athair do dh' Athan Aluinn Uchd-Soluis 's tha i a chomhnuidh an sin air a gleidheadh le tri fichead mac righ agus ridire gus an till a h-athair o 'n bhlàr a bha ri bhi air a chur le Macan an Athamain mac righ Lochlainn."

Nuair a chualaidh an Calpach so ghabh e air falbh. Rainig e 'n lùchairt. Rainig e 'n dorsair 's dh' iarr e 'stigh. Cha leigeadh an dorsair a stigh e. Nuair a chunnaic esan sin, tharruing e bhas, 's bhuail e 'sa chluais an dorsair agus spread e 'n t-eanchainn as. Ghabh e air aghaidh a stigh do 'n lùchairt gus an do ràinig e seombar mór a bha 'na teis-meadhoin, le deich òighibh fichead 'ga coimhideachd 's iad a' cluiche air thàileasg, agus tri fichead mac righ agus ridire 'nan seasamh m' an cuairt urra. Cha d' thuirt an Calpach smid, ach thog e

gu sèimh i ar mullach a ghuailne 's air uallach a dhroma. Ghabh e mach air an dorus 's dh' fhàg e 'n lùchuirt.

Dh' amhairc clann nan rìghrean 's nan ridirean air a chéile, 's thubhairt iad, gu 'm bu tamailteach an gnothuch a thainig orra, gu 'n robh iad ann tri fichead mac righ agus ridire 's gu 'n do leig iad air falbh an nighean le aon bheadagan beag, suarach. Labhair fear aca 's thubhairt e gu 'm b' e 'n dòigh daibh dà leith a dheanadh air a chuideachd, 's leith a dh' fhalbh a thoirt air ais na h-ighinn, agus leith a dh' fhantainn a ghleidheadh na lùchairt.

Ghabh leith na cuideachd as a déigh 's nuair a thainig iad suas ris, thòisich iad air spìonadh 's air slaodadh na h-ighinn' uaithe, ach bha esan daonnan a' gabhail air adhart.

Ma dheireadh bha e fàs goirid riu. Leig e sìos ise gu mìn, réidh air an fheur ghlas 's tharruing e claidheamh 's thilg e na cinn diubh. Thog e leis an nighean air a ghualainn mar a bha i roimhe.

Nuair a fhuair an leith a bha aig an tigh fios mar a dh' éirich do chàch, thuirt iad, gu 'm bu tamailteach an ni thachair, gu 'm falbhadh iad air a thòir, gu 'n d' thugadh iad uaith an nighean, gu 'n d' thugadh iad an ceann deth 's gu 'm biodh a cheann aca 'na bhall iomanach timchioll na cùirte arson a mhio-mhoidh.

Dh' fhalbh iad as a dheigh. Air dhaibh tighinn suas ris, thòisich iad air slaodadh na h-ighinn' mar a bha càch; ach tha esan a' gabhail air adhart 's gun e ag radh smid. Air a cheann ma dheireadh thionndaidh e m'an cuairt agus dh' fhoighneachd e dhiubh, ciod e bha dhìth orra. Thuirt iad ris, gu 'n robh iad a' dol a thoirt na h-ighinne air a h-ais, agus a chionn gu 'n d' thug e urad de thamailt daibh gu 'n d' thugadh iad deth an ceann 's gu 'm biodh e na bhall-iomain aca timchioll na cùirte arson a mhio-mhoidh.

Cha d' thuirt e smid: ach leag e 'n nighean air an fheur ghlas 's thug e na deich cinn fhichead a mach. Thog e leis an nighean air a ghualainn a rithis 's leis cho beusach 's a bha iad, cha do labhair e facal rithe fad na h-ùine. Ghabh e air aghaidh gus an do rainig e 'n carn far an robh e 'na chadal agus leig e as i taobh a chùirn. Thubhairt is an sin ris:—"Ma tha àite tàimh na clos agad a's fhearr na so, thoir mise ann."

Thuirt e rithe gu 'n robh e sgìth, gu 'n robh an cadal air 's i leigeil da a cheann a chur 'na h-uchd tiotamh beag. Cha b' fhada bha e air a cheann a chur na h-uchd nuair a chaidil e gu trom. Bha i a' fàsgadh a chinn 's i 'g amharc m'an cuairt

urra air gach taobh. Bha 'n fhairge fosgailte m'a coinneamh shìos fo 'n àite ann san robh i 'na suidhe. Sùil gu 'n d' thug i, ciod e a chunnaic i ach long a tighinn a stigh as a chuan. Nuair a bha i 'tighinn fagus do chala, bha i 'comharrachadh nach robh ach aon duine air bord urra; agus am fear sin gu 'n robh e cho mór 's gu 'm beartaicheadh e a h-uile ball de 'n luing 's e na sheasamh air a clàr.

## XII.

Ghabh e air tìr do 'n àite ann san robh ise na suidhe. Rug e air an luing 's thug e tri fad fhéin a stigh air feur glas i. Thug e air suas far an robh an nighean 'na suidhe. Bheannaich e dhi 's bheannaich ise dha. Thubhairt e rithe gu 'n do shiubhail e ceithir ranna ruadh an domhain ag iarraidh aobhar a mhnatha 's a leannain, Athan Aluinn Uchd-Soluis, 's nach rachadh e na b' fhaide na ise g'a h-iarraidh. Thubhairt ise ris, nach b' ise i 's nach robh an té fada uaithe agus nam faiceadh e i nach deanadh ise searbhanta bhròg dhith. Thuirt e rithe gu 'n robh a coltas aige-san 'na shoitheach 's gu 'm biodh fios aige ann an ùine ghoirid. Ghabh e air falbh gu ruig an soitheach, thug e leis an coltas, agus thill e. An fhad 's a bha esan air falbh, cha robh ise 'na tamh. Bha i 'spìonadh 's a slaodadh a leannain aig a charn 's a deanadh a h-uile ni arson a dhùsgaidh. Ach gu cearbach, m' an do chaidil e, cha d' fhoighneachd i deth, ciod e bu dùsgadh dha. Thainig fear na luinge agus a coltas leis 's chuir e m'a coinneamh e 's cha b' urrainn i smid a radh. Thug e 'lamh air a togail leis 's thuirt i ris, nach falbhadh i gu brach 's a brathair fhàgail 'na deaghainn.

"An e do bhrathair a tha ann?" ars' esan.

"'S e," ars' ise, "'s cha 'n fhàg mi e 's mi beò." Thoisich fear an luinge air a Chalpach a dhùsgadh 's cha b' urrainn e. Ma dheireadh dh' fheuch e 'bhuill 's thubhairt e rithe, gu 'm bu cho maith am fear ud na chadal 's na fhaireachadh, gu 'n robh buill chruadh a churaidh aige, gu 'n robh e mar gu 'm biodh e 'n deigh a bhi ann am blar ar neo a dol do bhlar. Thog e 'cheann gu mìn réidh as a h-uchd 's leig e as air an làr e. Thug e leis d' a luing ise 's nuair a chuir e stigh air an toiseach i, b' àill leatha a bhi mach air a deireadh. Thuirt am fear mór rithe gun i dheanadh coire dhi fhéin, chionn ge b' e achanaidh a dh' iarradh i gu 'm faigheadh i e. Thuirt i nach robh i 'g iarraidh ach gun i bha 'na mnaoi na na leannan aige gu ceann latha 's bliadhna. Thug e sin dith.

Chuir e ghualainn ris an luing, chuir e mach gu fairge i 's ghabh e air falbh. Bha 'm fear eile na chadal air a charn gun dusgadh 'nuair a thachair so. Nuair a bha 'n t-anmoch a' tighinn bha buachaillean a chruidh 's nan caorach a bha san àite so a' truiseadh nan treudan. 'S ann le tabhunn chon 's le feadalaidh 's le glaodhach nam buachaillean a dhùisg esan. Leum e air a chois 's thug e sùil 's cha robh a leannan aige. Nuair a chunnaic e gu 'n robh a leannan air falbh, ruith e as deigh fear de na buachaillibh, feuch am faigheadh e sgeul. Air do 'n bhuachaille 'choltas fhaicinn a' tighinn 'na ruith, theich e. Thug e 'n so, as deaghaidh buachaille eile 's nuair a chunnaic na buachaillean gu léir e, theich iad 's dh' fhàg iad an crodh 's na caoraich an siud. Ach thainig e ma dheireadh dlùth do h-aon diubh, 's chunnaic am buachaille nach robh dol as aige; agus sheas e. Ghlaodh e ris a bhuachaille: —

"Faile! Faire! A Bhuachaille! Is sibhse a rinn a' chulaidh-bhuird agus fhanoid diom-sa an diugh."

Thubhairt am buachaille ris nach do rinn iadsan e ach gu 'n do rinn e fhéin e.

"Ciamar sin a bhuachaille?" ars' esan.

"Tha," ars' am buachaille, "a liuthad mac righ agus ridire mharbh thu, a toirt a mach aobhar do leannain, 's gu 'n do leig thu le aon duine ma dheireadh i."

"Agus an do rinn mi sin?" ars' an Calpach.

"Rinn," ars' am buachaille.

"Agus co a thug leis i?" ars' an Calpach, "na ciod e 'n t-slighe a ghabh e."

Dh' innis am buachaille dha, gu 'n d' thainig long mhór a stigh as a chuan 's nach robh duine air bord urra ach an t-aon, 's gu 'm beartaicheadh e soitheach le a dha làimh 's e na sheasamh air a clàr.

"Ghabh e nios," ars' am buachaille, "'s thug e leis aobhar do mhnatha 's do leannain, agus dh' fhalbh e mach air a chuan an rathad a thainig e."

"Am bheil fhios agad ciod e ni thusa, 'bhuachaille?" ars' an Calpach.

"Cha 'n 'eil," ars' am buachaille.

"Falbh thusa," ars' an Calpach, "agus ruig lùchairt m' athar; cum agus gleidh i gus an d' thig mise na h-aon eile ga h-iarraidh; 's mar an d' thig mise na m' athair na mo bhrathair dhachaidh, gheibh thu dhut fhéin i; 's ma thig, bidh dealbh bheathachaidh agad-sa ri d' bheò."

Dh' fhoighneachd e de 'n bhuachaille, an robh aon long san àite 's thuirt am buachaille ris, gu 'n robh aon té shìos foidhe; gu 'm b' i an aon té a dh' fhàgadh, nuair a dh' fhalbh 'athair chun a chogaidh. Ghabh e sìos chun a chladaich 's dh' fhalbh am buachaille 'ghleidheadh na lùchairt.

(Beartachadh na luinge).

Ghabh e gu cuan agus sheòl e fad naoi làithean gun fearann fhaicinn. Air an deicheamh latha bha e 'g amharc a mach agus chunnaic e fearann 's thainig e air cladach farsuing an sin a bha air a lionadh le soithichibh briste. Sheol e air ais 's air adhart an an sin gus am facaidh e bealach fosgailte eadar na soithichean briste. Ruith e stigh a shoitheach throimh an bhealach so. Nuair a bhuail i air a ghrunn leum e mach air a toiseach: thug e spìonadh urra 's tharruing e a seachd fad fhéin suas air an fheur ghlas i.

Dh' amhairc e m'an cuairt air, 's chunnaic e móran sluaigh air an tràigh. Thuig e 'n so gu 'm b' e Latha Nollaig a bha ann 's gu 'n robh iad ag obair air camanachd. Fhuair e ablach camain 's chaidh e stigh 'nam measg agus 's e thachair air an taobh air an do sheas e, gu 'n deachaidh am ball a stigh. Thainig fear de na daoine nall far an robh e, 's thubhairt e ris: —

" Fhir a thàinig! 's tusa iomanaiche 's fhearr na sinne 's a thaobh sin roinnidh sinn a' chuideachd."

Thuirt an Calpach gu 'n robh esan toileach duine air an duine 'thoirt dà 's gu 'n rachadh e riu. Thuirt am fear eile nach fhaigheadh e duine air an duine ach gu 'm faigheadh e h-aon 's gu 'm biodh e dhà na aghaidh. Thuirt an Calapch nach b' fhiach an doigh siud ach iad a chur a mach a bhuill, 's gu 'm feuchadh esan riu.

Chaidh am ball a chur a mach am meadhon bàrach. Fhuair an Calpach greim urra 's cha do thill iad buille air gus an do chuir e stigh i. Thog e 'm ball na laimh 's choisich e air aghaidh 'nan comhdhail 's co choinnich e ach am fear mi-mhodhail a labhair ris roimhe, 's thuirt am fear mi-mhodhail so ris: —

" Fhir a thàinig 's tusa iomanaiche 's fhearr na sinne 's a thaobh sin roinnidh sinn a ris 's bidh geall againn a nis."

Thuirt an Colpach ris iad a thoirt dà duine air an duine 's gu 'm feuchadh esan e. Thuirt am fear mi-mhodhail ris, nach fhaigheadh e siud; ach gu 'm biodh a h-uile duine 'na aghaidh 's esan leis fhéin, agus gu 'm b' e 'n geall a bhitheadh ann, nam buidhneadh iadsan gu 'm buaileadh a h-uile fear aca airsan buille d' a chaman ann sa cheann; agus nam buidh-

neadh esan gu 'm buaileadh e buille d' a chaman ann sa cheann air a h-uile fear de 'n chuideachd-aca-san. Thuirt e riu nach b' fhiach an geall siud; ach iad a thoirt dà duine air an duine 's geall ceart a chur, 's gu 'n rachadh e riu. Thuirt am fear mi-mhodhail ris gu 'n robh an geall cuirte 's gu 'n robh iad a nis a dol 'a fheuchainn.

Dh' iarr an Calpach orra am ball a chur ann an toll dubh ann am meadhon bàrach. Chaidh am ball a chur ann an toll dubh a réir iarrtais. Bha e 'feitheamh gus an d' thainig am ball a mach as an toll. Fhuair e greim urra 's cha do thilleadh buille air gus an do chuir e stigh i. Thog e 'm ball 's an darna làimh 's bha 'n caman san làimh eile 's ghabh e 'na comhdhail 's thubhairt e riu gu 'm bu chòir dha a nis a gheall fhaotainn.

Thàinig am fear mì-mhodhail air aghaidh a bha bruidhinn ris roimhe 's thuirt e ris: —

"Nam bithinn a' saoilsinn gu 'n smaointicheadh thu air a leithid, bhitheadh do cheann na bhall iomanach againn air an tràigh."

'Nuair a chualaidh e so, tharruing an Colpach a chaman, bhuail e 'sa cheann e agus sgoilt e gus an dà ghualainn e.

Thainig am fear a b' fhearr ciall na 'chéile nall far an robh an Calpach 's thubhairt e ris: —

"Na dean. Ma bhuaileas tu buille de d' chaman air ceann a h-uile fear againne, marbhaidh tu sinn 's cha mhór maith a ni sin duit."

Labhair an Calpach 's thuirt e ris fios a chur gus an righ àite tàimh agus cadail a thoirt dà-san an oidhche sin agus gu 'n seasadh e aig cùirt air maduinn a màireach arson aon choire rinn e. Chuireadh fios a dh' ionnsuidh an righ gu 'n d' thainig a leithid de dhuine an rathad agus a choire rinn e. Chuir an righ fios nach robh àite-tàimh aige-san da, ach far an robh coig ceud amhusg 's gu 'm b' e a bheatha do 'n àite sin.

Nuair a chualaidh an Colpach siud, dh' fhalbh e ma thuaiream an àite. Leig iad fhaicinn da tigh nan amhusg 's chaidh e stigh ann. Cha luaithe chunnaic na h-amhuisg e na rinn a h-uile h-aon diubh gàire. Thionndaidh esan 's rinn e da ghàire. Dh' fhoighneachd na h-amhuisg deth, ciod e 'thug da dà ghàire dheanadh.

"Nuair a rinn sibh fhéin," ars' esan, "coig ceud gàire, nach fhaodainn-sa dà ghàire dheanadh?"

Leum a h-uile h-aon aca an sin air am bonnaibh 's chuir gach fear aca droll air an dorus. Thionndaidh esan 's chuir

e dà dhroll air an dorus gu maith teann air muin nan droll eile air fad.

"A bheadagain bhig shuaraich," arsa na h-amhuisg; "ciod e a thug dhuit-se dà dhroll a chur air an dorus?"

"Nuair a chuireadh sibh fhéin coig ceud droll air, nach fhaodainn-sa dà dhroll a chur air?" ars' esan.

Thuirt na h-amhuisg ris gu 'm b' e 'n t-aobhar a tha aca-san, na druill a chuir air an dorus, gu 'm biodh a cheann-san aca 'na bhall iomanach feadh an urlair m' am faigheadh e na druill dheth.

"'S e 'n t-aobhar a bha agam-sa," ars' esan, "an dà dhroll a chur air an dorus, ma 'm faigheadh sibh-se bhur druill fhéin a thoirt deth agus mo dhà dhroll-sa, nach fhàgainn ceann air muineal agaibh."

Air dha so a radh, thug aon fhear aca fosgladh fiadhaich air a bheul arson a bhith aige—fear aig an robh ceann mór agus beul uamhasach. Thug an Calpach leum 's rug e air chaol da choise air agus dh' éirich e air càch leis 's ghabh e dhaibh 's cha chluinneadh tu ach 'siod sod' air claigionnaibh a cheile gus an do chuir e sìos foidhe iad. Bha iad an sin 'nan luidhe—fear air leth-shuil 's fear air leth-chluais, 's fear air leth-laimh, 's fear air leth-chois; 's ged a bhiodh da theanga dheug 's an aon chlaigionn, 's ann ag innseadh uilc fhein 's uilc fhear eile bhitheadh e. Ach bha aon fhear ann, agus leum e suas cùl crùib agus ghlaodh e:—

"A Chalpaich, a mhic Mhacain an Athamain, 's mise Druainidh O'Draoch a bha ann an seirbhis do sheanair agus cumaidh mi sgeultachd agus naigheachdan riut gu maduinn a màireach."

(Coma leibh, bha na naigheachdan so taitneach r' an eisdeachd roimhe so ann an oidhche gheamhraidh).

"O dhuine bhochd," ars' an Calpach, "thig a nuas 's cha bhuin mise dhuit."

"A nis," arsa Druanaidh, "bheir mise mo mhionnan duit air faobhar a' chlaidheamh, gu 'm bi mi ann am ghille dileas duit gu brach."

Thòisich an dithis air an tigh a réiteach o na h-amhuisg 's thilg iad ann an aon torr iad cùl an doruis.

Thainig an so tri còcairean ann san anmoch o 'n righ a thoirt bìdh do na h-amhuisg. A cheud fhear de na còcairean a thainig a stigh air an dorus, thuit e air muin an closaichean. Bha 'n ath fhear dlùth dha air a chùl 's thuit e air a mhuin-san. Chaidh na cinn a thoirt de 'n dà chòcaire so a dh' aon

sguidseadh 's am biadh a ghlacail. Nuair a chunnaic an treas còcaire mar a dh' éirich d' a dha chompanach theich e air ais gu tigh an righ. Chuir e sgeul chun an righ gu 'n robh a chuid amhusg marbh agus dithis de na cocairean. Las feirg an rìgh suas nuair a chual e 'n sgeul agus dh' ordaich e naoi ceud làn-ghaisgeach a bha aige a ghleidheadh a chùirte 's a chathrach a dhol a thoirt a chinn de 'n bheadagan bheag shuarach a chaith a leithid de spìd 's de thamailt air. Fhad sa a bha na gaisgich a dol an uidheam, bha Druanaidh agus a mhaighstir ann an tigh nan amhusg. Thòisich Druanaidh agus chuir e 'n t-suipeir ann an òrdugh leis a bhiadh a thainig leis na cocairean chun nan amhusg. Nuair a ghabh iad an suipeir arsa Druanaidh: —

"Theirig thusa a mhaighstir a nis a luidhe 's gabh tamh is clos agus cuiridh mise m' anam air sgàth t' anam-sa gu maduinn a maireach."

Chaidh an Calpach a luidhe 's dh' fhan Druanaidh air a chois a' faire. Cha b' fhada bha e na luidhe nuair a thainig na gaisgich a thoirt a chinn deth. Ghlaodh fear aca an ceann a thoirt de 'n bheadagan bheag, shuarach. Ghlaodh fear eile iad á dhùsgadh ma 'n d' thugadh iad an ceann deth; 's thòisich cònspaid eatorra fhéin—an darna fear ag iarraidh an ceann a thoirt deth 'na chadal, 's fear eile ag iarraidh a dhùsgaidh. Thuirt Druanaidh O'Draoch riu nach b' fhiach an ceann a thoirt de dh' aon duine 's e 'na chadal 's nach bu treubhantas e 's nach rachadh an rioghachd gu bràch as a chionn. Leis a choiteachadh 's leis a ghlaodhach a bha ann 's le gleadhraidh nan arm, dhùisg e. Leum e na sheasamh 's dh' fhoighneachd e ciod e a bha dhìth orra. Thuirt iad ris gu 'n d' thug an righ mionnan nach itheadh e mìr 's nach oladh e deur gus am biodh a cheann-san aige aig ceann eile a bhuird. Thug e leum eadar iad 's an dorus 's thug e na cinn de na bha stigh diubh uile gu léir 's ghabh e an sin a mach a dh' ionnsuidh an fheadhainn a bha muigh chionn bha 'n tigh air a chuartachadh leo 's m'an deachaidh iad 'nan greim cha d' fhàg e ceann air muineal aca. Nuair a thill e stigh thuirt Druanaidh ris e luidhe sìos a rithis 's gu 'm faireadh esan e 's gu 'n cuireadh e 'bheatha air sgàth 'bheatha-san gu maduinn a maireach. Luidh an Calpach a cìos gu socair gu cadal 's chaidil e sìos gu socair gun tuillidh dragh a thighinn orra.

Ma's moch a thainig a mhaduinn bu mhoiche na sin a dh' éirich Druanaidh. Thuirt e ri a mhaighstir éiridh agus cuid d'a threubhas agus d'a threun-ghaisge 'leigeil fhaicinn dà-san. Dh' éirich an Calpach 's tharruing e 'chlaidheamh

's tharruing Druanaidh a chlaidheamh. Thoisich an dithis air a chéile 's mar am b' e Druanaidh a b' fhearr cha b' e dad a bu mheasa; agus a chuid a bha dhìth air a Chalpach thug Druanaidh dha e. Nuair a ghabh iad am biadh thuirt Druanaidh ris nach deanadh siud feum, gu 'm b' éiginn daibh mnathan fhaotainn. Tha nighean an righ 'ga suiridh le fear mór a tha 'n siud 's iad a dol a' phòsadh; ruig tigh an righ 's crath an t-slabhraidh-chomhraig 's cuir fios a stigh chun an righ a nighean a chur a mach a t' ionnsuidh ar neo gu 'm bi comhrag garbh m'a déibhinn. Ghabh an Calpach a mach, chrath e 'n t-slabhraidh chomhraig, 's bhris e còig teineachan innte. Chuir am fear mór a bha stigh fios a mach co a bha 'g iarraidh comhraig an siud. Thill an teachdaire 'a ionnsuidh le sgeul gu 'n rogh nighean an righ air a h-iarraidh an siud ar neo comhrag garbh m'a déibhinn. Chuir am fear mór fios a mach 'nuair a ghabhadh e 'bhiadh, gu 'm faigheadh e siud comhrag garbh ma fhuair e riamh e.

Thainig am fear mór a mach nuair a ghabh e 'bhiadh 's ghabh e far an robh an Calpach. Thainig an righ 's a nighean a mach agus àrd-uaislean na cùirte leo. Rainig iad barr agus baideil a bhaile a ghabhail seallaidh air a chomhrag.

Thug na laoich an dàil a chéile. Bha sradan teine 'g an cur a claidhmhean mar gu 'm faiceadh tu dealanach is tein'-athar na iarunn dearg aig gobhainn ga thoirt a mach a griosaich; iad air an dalladh le fallus agus ceo fala m'an sùilean. B' e sin a bu dol dhaibh o mhaduinn gu luidhe gréine, gus ma dhol foidhe na greine an do thuit iad bonn ri bonn.

Thuirt an righ an sin r'a nighinn:—"Thoir leat am ballan iocshlaint agus suath do leannan leis o mhullach a chinn gu bonn na coise 's fàg slàn-chreuchdach e agus fàg am beadagan beag suarach ud a' bàsachadh far am bheil e."

Dh' fhalbh nighean an righ 's fhuair i 'm ballan ìocshlaint; agus lean Druanaidh i 's thuirt e rithe ann an guth beag:—

"Nam bithinn fhéin ann am nighinn òig, b' fhearr leam am fear beag na 'm fear mór."

Thuirt ise gu 'm b' e 'm fear beag a b' fhearr leatha-sa cuideachd.

Thuirt Druanaidh rithe:—"Nuair a bhitheas thusa réidh de d' leannan fhéin a shuathadh, nach fhaod thu 'm ballan ìocshlaint a thoirt domhsa?" Agus rinn i mar sin. Shuath ise am fear mór o mhullach a chinn gu bonn a choise 's dh' fhàg i slàn-chreuchdach e. Dh' fhag i 'm ballan ìocshlaint aig Druanaidh 's ma shuath ise am fear mór, shuath Druanaidh

a mhaighstir gu maith gus nach d' fhàg e sliochd buille, creuchd na gearradh nach do leighis e, gus an robh e cho maith 's a bha e riamh, gun sgios, gun airtneal. Chaidh iad an sin dachaidh dó thigh nan amhusg. Chuir Druanaidh an ordugh biadh agus deoch agus ghabh iad an leoir. Dh' iarr Druanaidh an sin air a mhaighstir dol a luidhe 's gu 'm fanadh esan a' faire 's gu 'n cuireadh e 'bheatha air a sgàth gu maduinn a màireach. Ghabh an Calpach ma thamh 's cha d' thainig dragh sam bith an oidhche sin orra.

Cha bu luaithe a thainig an latha an la'r na mhaireach na bha Druanaidh deas. Rinn e réidh am biadh 's ghlaodh e r'a mhaighstir éiridh. Shuidh iad an sin 's ghabh iad an leoir de bhiadh 's de dheoch. An deigh am bìdh thuirt Druanaidh r'a mhaighstir gabhail a mach agus crathadh a thoirt air an t-slabhraidh-chomhraig agus nighean an righ iarraidh a mach no comhrag gu maith dian. Ghabh e mach, ràinig e 'n t-slabhraidh, thug e aon chrathadh urra, 's bhris e naoi teineachan innte. Chualaidh am fear mór 's an righ a stigh e 's thuirt iad: "Co bha 'n siud?" Dh' innis an teachdaire dhaibh gu 'n robh fear a bha 'g iarraidh nighean an righ a chur a mach na comhrag garbh fhaotainn. Chuir am fear mór fios a mach gu 'm faigheadh e comhrag 's nach b' e nighean an righ.

Chaidh am fear mór an coinneamh a Chalpaich 's thainig an righ 's a nighean 's mór-uaislean a chùirte gu barr 's gu baideil a bhaile a ghabhail seallaidh air a chomhrag. Thuirt am fear mór ris a Chalpach: —

"M'an tòisich sinn an diugh, innis domh, an tu-sa bha 'cumail comhraig rium an dé?"

"'S mi," ars' an Calpach.

"Cha do thachair duine riamh orm-sa a chum comhrag dà latha rium," ars' am fear mór.

"O!" ars' an Calpach, "thainig mise air astar fada 's bha mi sgìth. Bha do bhuillean cho annamh a' tighinn orm air a' cheann ma dheireadh 's gu 'n do thuit mi 'm chadal. Cha do tharruing mi claidheamh a truaill riamh gus an dé."

"O!" ars' am fear mór, "ma tha sin mar sin, an làimh an fhreasdail aon fhear a dh' fheuchas thusa an diugh 's mise Macabh Mór Mac Righ Nan Sorachan.[7] Leig domh thusa a leantainn 's bheir mi mo mhionnan duit air faobhar do chlaidheimh gu 'm bi mi am ghille dìleas duit gu bràch, agus 's leat nighean an rìgh." Dh' fhoighneachd an Calpach deth

[7] *Mac ríg na Sorcha.*—Eg. MS.

an robh tlachd aige de nighean an rìgh 's dh' innis e dha gu 'n robh, gur h-i b' fhearr leis fo 'n ghréin. Thuirt an Calpach an so ris nach cuireadn esan eatorra. 'Nuair chunnaic an righ 's a mhór chuideachd nach robh am blàr a' dol air aghaidh eadar na gaisgich, ruith iad a dh' fhaotainn sgeoil. Dh' innis am fear mór dhaibh mar a thachair, gu 'n d' fhuair an Calpach buaidh 's gu 'n do thoilich e nighean an righ a thoirt air a h-ais. Thog iad leo an sin an Calpach air bharraibh bàs agus ghiulain iad e gu lùchairt an rìgh.

Chaidh a bhanais a chur air aird agus phòs Macabh Mór Mac Righ Nan Sorachan agus nighean an rìgh.

## XIII.

Bha cluich ùr agus gach uile thoil-inntinn aca fad sheachd làithean. Air an t-seachdamh là 'nuair a bha iad a dol a shuidhe g'am biadh ann sa mhaduinn thainig Fear Mór 'a stigh. Thog e 'm bord mór air a mheur meadhoin 's chuir e m'an cuairt trì uairean e. Chuir e an sin sios air an urlar e mar a bha e roimhe gun soitheach na nì bhi air a charachadh agus shuidh e air cathair gun iarraidh. Ghlaodh an Calpach ri fear na bainnse: —

"Cha d' iarr mi aon nì ort o 'n a thàinig thu do m' sheirbhis 's ceangail am fear mór a thainig a stigh."

Rug na gaisgich air a chéile 's thug iad treis air gleachd. 'S e thainig a mach as a sin gu 'n do leag am fear a thainig a stigh fear na bainnse, 's chuir e ceangal nan trì chaol air gu daor agus gu docair. Bhuail e breab air 's thilg e fo shileadh nan lòchran e. Dh' éirich an Calpach 's labhair e 's thuirt e ris an fhear a thainig a stigh: —

"Fhir mhóir a thainig a stigh, rinn thu trì mìomhoidh o 'n a thainig thu stigh."

"Ciod e na trì mìomhoidh a bha ann?" ars' am fear a thainig a stigh.

"Thog thu 'm bord mór air do mheur meadhoin 's chuir thu m'an cuairt trì uairean e; shuidh thu gun chuireadh agus cheangail thu fear na bainnse," ars' an Calpach.

Fhreagair am fear mór a thainig a stigh agus thubhairt e ris: —

"Ma chuir mi m'an cuairt am bord, cha do ghluais mi mìr a bha air, 's ma shuidh mi gun chuireadh cha robh duine na shuidhe far an do shuidh mi 's ma cheangail mi fear na bainnse, mar an ceanglainn-sa esan, cheangladh esan mise."

"Cha d' theid an ceathramh miomhodh leat," ars' an Calpach.

Dh' éirich an dithis an dàil a chéile. Thug iad treis gleachd agus comhraig. 'S e bha ann gu 'n do chuir an Calpach foidhe am fear mór 's chuir e ceangal nan ceithir chaol air gu daor agus gu docair. Bhuail e breab air 's thilg e thar seachd sparran an tighe e 's chuir e fo shileadh nan lochran e 's leig ma sgaoil fear na bainnse.

"Fhir mhóir! a thainig a stigh an robh thu an àite riamh a bu chruaidhe na sin?" ars an Calpach.

"Bha," ars' am fear mor a thainig a stigh.

"Ciod e 'n t-àite a bu chruaidhe na sin ann san robh thu?" ars' an Calpach.

"Cha d' innis mi mo naigheachd riamh 's mi 'm luidhe," ars' esan.

"A bhéisd," ars' an Calpach, "cha robh de dh' eagal riamh agam romhad 's nach leiginn ma sgaoil thu; chionn an deigh cho beag dragh 's a bha agam gad chur fodha roimhe, bithidh mi na's clise ga d' chur fodha 'rithis."

Leig[8] ma sgaoil e o a chuibhrichean 's dh' fhoighneachd e deth an sin, de 'n t-àite na bu chruaidhe na siud ann san robh e?

## XIV.

Thuirt am fear mór: —

Shiubhail mi ceithir ranna ruadha an domhain ag iarraidh aobhar mo mhnatha 's mo leannain, Athan Aluinn Uchd-Soluis 's latha bha mi 'seòladh an sin, thog mi fearann 's ghabh mi a dh' ionnsuidh, 's leig mi mo shoitheach ri tìr. Leum mi mach o'n toiseach 's tharruing mi a trì fad fhéin air feur glas i. Thog mi suas gu carragh a chunnaic mi air mullach beinne dhol a dh' fhaotainn seallaidh m'an cuairt orm 's nuair a rainig mi sin co chunnaic mi ach an té a bha mi air a tòir, i 'na suidhe 's ceann gille òg aice 'na h-uchd 's e 'na chadal. Bheannaich mi dhì 's bheannaich i dhomh 's dh' innis mi dhì gu 'n do shiubhail mi ceithir ranna ruadh an domhain ag iarraidh mo mhnatha 's mo leannain, 's gu 'n d' fhuair mi ma dheireadh i.

Thuirt i rium [nach] b' ise i ach nach robh an té sin fada uam, 's na faicinn i nach dèanadh ise searbhanta bhròg dhi. Thuirt mi rithe gu 'n robh a coltas agam ann am shoitheach 's nach b' fhada gus am biodh fios agam-sa air an sin. Dh' fhalbh mi gus an t-soitheach 's thug mi leam a coltas 's chuir mi ma coinneamh e 's cha b' urrainn i smid a ràdh. Thug mi

[8] Pronoun elided in rapid speech of reciter.

làmh air a togail leam air falbh 's thubhairt i rium, nach fàgadh i gu bràch a brathair as a deigh. Dh' fhoighneachd mi dith am b' e brathair a bha ann 's thuirt i gu 'm b' e.

"'S ciod e 'rinn thu an sin?" ars' an Calpach.

"Rinn, gu 'n do thòisich mi air a dhusgadh 's bha e 'fairtleachadh orm. Dh' fheuch mi 'bhuill 's thuirt mi gu 'n robh buill cruaidh curaidh aige mar gu 'm biodh e an deigh a bhi ann am blàr, ar-neo a dol do bhlàr 's gu 'm bu mhaith na chadal e seach na fhaireachadh."

"Ciod e 'rinn thu an sin?" ars' an Calpach.

"Thog mi 'cheann gu mìn réidh 's leig mi air an làr e."

"'S ciod e 'rinn thu an sin?" ars' an Calpach.

Thog mi leam i 's chuir mi ann an toiseach mo luinge i 's 'nuair a chuir mi stigh an toiseach mo luinge i b' àill leatha a bhi mach air an deireadh. Thuirt mi rithe gun dochann a dheanadh urra fhéin, chionn achanaidh 'sam bith a dh' iarradh i gu 'm faigheadh i. 'S e dh' iarr i nach biodh i 'na mnaoi na na leannan agam-sa gu ceann latha 's bliadhna. Thug mi di siud. Chunnaic mi gur h-e a bu ghlice a bhi an toiseach bog. Chuir mi mach gu fairge. Bha sinn a' seoladh air falbh fad ùine fhada. Latha de na làithibh bha sinn 'nar suidhe air clàr na luinge, latha cho bòidheach 's a b' urrainn duinn fhaicinn, agus sinn ag imirt air thàileasg; co a bha 'ga h-iarraidh-sa 's e air a tòrachd ach Righ an Domhain, feuch am faigheadh e d'a mhac fhéin i. Chunnaic esan sinne, m-am faca sinne esan 's le draoidheachd 's le iodramachd cheangail e na soithichean r'a cheile. Thug e ise leis 's rug iad orm-sa 's cheangail iad mi ris a chrann. Theannaich iad mo làmhan 's rosgan mo shùl ris a chrann cuideachd. Bha mi an sin làithean an crochadh ris a chrann 's gun fhios agam ciod e a bha 'ga dhèanadh. Chunnaic iad fearann 's rinn iad air, agus spìon iad mise nuas o 'n chrann 's thilg iad 's an fhairge mi. Bha mi an sin 'gam thilgeil leis na tonnaibh air m' ais 's air m' aghart gus ma dheireadh an do thilg iad air a chladach mi. Ma dheireadh thainig beathach mór seachad ris an abair iad a' ghré-bhinneach agus thog i leatha mi na spùlan 's ghiùlain i mi air falbh gu nead a bha aice far an robh feadhain òga. 'Nuair a leig i sìos mi thòisich an fheadhain òga air mo phiocadh 's air m' itheadh suas. Bha mi cumail mo lamhan 's mo ghairdeannan uapa 's nuair a bha choslas orra an sin gu'n tolladh iad throimh m' chliathaichean, smaointich mi nach robh ach bàs romham agus a' m''dhéighinn. Bha mo shùilean air druideadh 's thug mi sgròchladh orra le m' ìnean 's fhuair

mi m' fosgladh. 'Nuair a dh' amhairc mi bha dà cheud aitheamh as mo chionn 's dà cheud aitheamh fodham de chreig ghlais 's an fhairge ghlas aig a' bhonn. B' e sin an sealladh uamhasach. Ach smaointich mi nach robh ach bàs romham 's am dheighinn 's gu 'm b' fhearr bàsachadh 's an fhairge na bhith air m' itheadh beo leis na creutairean so. Leig mi mi fhéin sìos leis a chreig 's chaidh mi fodha gus an do bhuail mi 'n grunnd. Nuair a thainig mi 'n uachdar chunnaic mi eilean mór air thoiseach orm a mach 's nuair a rainig mi e cha robh ann ach eilean lom gan mìr r'a fhaicinn air ach bàirnich agus duileasg is feamainn.

Ghabh mi air tìr 's thòisich mi air itheadh an duilisg 's nam bàirneach 's na feamnach. An ceann ùine theirig so 's cha robh mìr tuillidh r'a fhaotainn. Latha de na làithibh thug mi sùil a mach chun a chuain 's chunnaic mi coslas soithich 's rinn mi gach nì a b' urrainn mi arson rabhaidh a thoirt di. Ma dheireadh chunnaic iad mi 's thug iad leo mi air bord 's bha mi naoi laithean leo gus an do chuir iad air tìr air a chladach so shìos mi 'n diugh. Thainig mi an sin a nìos gus an lùchairt so, 's cha 'n 'eil h-aon agaibh fhéin thachradh a leithid da nach biodh cho furasda a chur fodha rium-sa.

Ghlaodh an Calpach ri fear na bainnse éirigh 's am fear a thainig a cheangal.

" Na dèan," ars' am fear mór, " 's bheir mi mo mhionnan gu 'm bi mi ann am ghille treubhach dìreach duit gu brach."

Mhionnaich e da air faobhar a chlaidheimh gu 'm biodh e dìleas treubhach dha. Dh' fhoighneachd an Calpach deth co ainm a bheir 's thuirt e gu 'm Macan na Foraise Fiadhaich a b' ainm dha. Thuirt an Calpach gu 'm bu mhaith an t-ainm e 's gu 'm b' fhiach an duine e 's dh' fheòraich e deth am bu tagh leis dol a dh' iarraidh na mnatha ud a rìs. Thuirt e ris gu 'm b' e obair a b' fhearr leis air an t-saoghal; chionn shaoil e gu 'm b' ann d'a fhéin a bhiteadh 'ga h-iarraidh.

Chuir iad an sin an ordugh arson dol a dh' iarraidh na mnatha, Athan Aluinn Uchd-Soluis. Fhuair Macabh Mór Mac Righ nan Sorachan agus a bhean soitheach o 'n rìgh, fhuair an Calpach soitheach eile agus fhuair Macan na Foraise Fiadhaich an treas soitheach 's bha iad uile air an uidheamachadh arson cath agus còmhraig.

Thog iad na siùil, etc.

Bha iad a' seoladh air falbh ma thuaiream na mnatha 's dh' innis Macan na Foraise Fiadhaich do 'n Chalpach gu 'n do

chuir i 'cheart chumhnant air righ an domhain 's a chuir i airsan. Latha bha sin chunnaic iad fearann 's dh' fhoighneachd an Calpach de Dhruanaidh O'Draoch ciod e 'n t-àit a bha 'n siud. Dh' innis Druanaidh dha gu 'n robh far an robh righ Siginn a chòmhnuidh le a cheithir mic fhichead.

"Falbh a Dhruanaidh air tìr, ars' an Calpach, "'s abair ris cuideachadh a thoirt domh-sa an diugh 's gu 'm faigh esan cuideachadh uam-sa a maireach."

Chaidh Druanaidh air tìr. Dh' fhoighneachd e arson righ Siginn 's dh' innis iad gu 'n robh e 'sa bheinn-sheilg.

Dh' fhalbh Druanaidh as a dheigh do 'n bheinn-sheilg. 'Nuair a rainig e 'bheinn-sheilg chunnaic an righ e.

"Fàilte dhuit! a Dhruanaidh O'Draoch," arsa righ Siginn.

"Fàilte agus furan duibh-se, a righ," arsa Druanaidh.

"'S e na thainig mi leis, le beannachdan o m' mhaighstir," arsa Druanaidh, "sibhse a thoirt cuideachaidh dhà-san an diugh, 's gu 'n d' thoir esan cuideachadh dhuibh-se a maireach."

"Cò 's maighstir dhuit?" ars' an righ.

"Is maighstir domh," arsa Druanaidh, "an Calpach Mac Mhacain an Athamain mac righ Lochluinn."

"Cò 's cuideachadh dha?" ars' an righ.

"Macabh Mór Mac Righ nan Sorachan 's Macan na Foraise Fiadhaich," arsa Druanaidh.

"Ma tha iad sin leis cha bhi mise na aghaidh," ars' an righ.

## XV.

Chuir righ Siginn le Druanaidh a cheithir mic fhichead le an ceithir soithichibh fichead. Sheol iad air an aghaidh ma thuairam baile mór righ an Domhain 's nuair a thog iad am baile mór 's an t-sealladh thuirt an Calpach ri Druanaidh, 'nuair a ruigeadh iad cala, e 'dhol air tìr le fios uaithe-san a bhean a chur dha ionnsuidh, ar-neo nan rachadh e air tìr, gu 'n togadh e 'm baile mór ann an crannagaibh a shoithichean. 'Nuair a rainig iad cala chaidh Druanaidh air tìr 's dh' fhoighneachd e arson righ an Domhain, 's cha robh e aig an tigh; bha e 's a bheinn-sheilg a' sealg. Dh' fhalbh Druanaidh as a dhéigh do 'n bheinn-sheilg. 'Nuair a rainig e 'bheinn-sheilg chunnaic an righ e.

"Fàilte dhuit, a Dhruanaidh O'Draoch," arsa righ an Domhain.

"Fàilte agus furan duibh-se, a righ," arsa Druanaidh.

"Ciod e do sgeultachd an diugh, a Dhruanaidh?" ars' an righ.

"Gu 'n do chuir mo mhaighstir fios bhur n-ionnsuidh," arsa Druanaidh, "sibh a chur Athan Aluinn Uchd-Soluis a mach a dh' ionnsuidh, ar-neo gu 'n d' thig e air tìr 's gu 'n tog e leis am baile-mór ann an crannagan a shoithichean."

"Co e do mhaighstir na co 's cuideachadh dha?" arsa righ an Domhain.

"Macabh Mór Mac Righ nan Sorachan, Macan na Foraise Fiadhaich, agus Ceithir Mic Fhichead Righ Siginn."

"O!" ars' an righ, "ma tha iad sin leis cha bhi mise na aghaidh. Abair ris tighinn air tìr agus gu 'm faigh e 'bhean, ach nam fanadh e trì laithean 'se tha dhìth orm. Thill Druanaidh air ais gus na soithichibh 's dh' innis e 'sgeul. Chaidh iad an sin air tìr do bhaile mór righ an Domhain. Chuireadh air doigh banais do 'n Chalpach 's phòsadh e fhéin agus Athan Aluinn Uchd-Soluis. Ciod a bha aig righ an Domhain ach ceithir nigheanan fichead a thug air falbh leis, a' saoilsinn gu 'm b' i gach té dhiubh Athan Aluinn Uchd-Soluis 'nuair a thug e leis i. 'S e 'n lagh a bha 's an am sin, gach aon beireadh leis nighean air fuadach mar so, gu 'n dìoladh e a tochar. 'Nuair a chuala an Calpach so, thug e air ceithir mic fhichead righ Siginn na ceithir nigheanan fichead a phòsadh, 's thug e air Righ an Domhain na ceithir tochair fhichead a dhìoladh dhaibh; 's chuir e air falbh dhachaidh ceithir mic fhichead Righ Siginn le an ceithir mnathan fichead, 's le an ceithir tochair fhichead. Dh' fhàg e beannachd aig righ an Domhain agus sheol iad as a chala.

Bha iad a' seoladh air an adhart 's bu cham 's bu dìreach gach slighe dhaibh, gus an robh iad dol seachad air an àite 's an robh an cath air a chur le a athair 's a chaidh e a dh' ionnsuidh m'an d' fhag esan an tigh. Thubhairt e ri Macabh Mór Mac Righ nan Sorachan 's ri Mac na Foraise Fiadhaich, gu 'n robh toil aige dol air tìr a dh' fhiosrachadh, ciod e mar a chaidh do 'n bhlàr 's chaidh iad air tìr 's cha do thog iad fada o 'n chladach 'nuair a thachair cailleach mhór orra. Bha car d'a h-ìnean m'an cuairt d'a h-uilnean 's bha car d'a falt liath a sìos ma ladharan; an fhiacaill a b' fhaide thall an cùl a cinn, is i a bu dealg 'na broilleach, 's a bu lorg na h-uchd, a bu bhior teallaich 's an teine 's a bu mhaide suathaidh na cabhrach.

"Fàilte dhuit a chailleach," ars' an Calpach. "Ciod e, a chailleach, mar a chaidh do 'n bhlàr a chaidh a chur an so?"

"Chaidh a ghràidh mar a bu mhaith," ars' ise, "gu 'n deachaidh muinntir Lochluinn dachaidh 's gu 'n d' fhàg iad a chuid a bu mhotha d'an daoine marbh as an deigh."

"'S am bu mhaith leat sin, a chailleach," ars' e rithe.

"O! ghaoilean, b' eadh," ars' ise.

Tharruing e cùl a làimhe 's bhuail e 'sa chluais i 's chuir e 'n eanchainn a mach air a chluais eile.

Thog iad a mach mar dhaoine uallach gus an d' rainic iad mullach cnoic, 's dh' amhairc iad an sin m'an cuairt orra, agus chunnaic iad tigh mór air a thogail air réidhleach agus trì dorsan air, dorus air a cheann 's dorus air gach taobh. Sheas an Calpach 's bha e ag amharc sa ghrunnd, 's gun e 'g radh smid 's ghlaodh Macan na Foraise Fiadhaich ris, a bhith mìne 's a bhith mìne gu clis.

"Ciod a tha mi 'smaointeachadh?" ars' an Calpach.

"Tha thu a' smaointeachadh," arsa Macan na Foraise Fiadhaich ris, "gu 'm bheil an tigh air a thogail arson dinneir mhór a thoirt do gach duine as fhiach duine a radh ris ann san rioghachd, arson na buadha a fhuair iad 's gu 'm bheil slabhraidh òir ma mhuineal a h-uile gin a bha ann, 's gu 'n d' théid gach h-aon a stigh air gach dorus 's a h-uile h-aon a dh' amaiseas òirnne, 's gu 'm beir sinn air an t-slabhraidh òir 's gu 'n d' thoir sinn crathadh urra 's gu 'n tilg sinn na cinn bharr nam muineal aca, 's nach leig sinn duine beo seachad oirnn diubh." "Is e sin a tha mi 'smaointeachadh," ars' an Calpach.

Ghabh iad sìos chun an tighe 's chaidh Macan na Foraise Fiadhaich a stigh aig an darna ceann de 'n tigh agus an Calpach aig an cheann eile. Cha do leig iad neach seachad beò. 'Nuair a choinnich iad a chéile am meadhon an tighe, bha làn an dà dhùirn aig gach fear aca de shlabhraidhean.

Dh' fhalbh iad chun nan soithichean, 's sheol iad dachaidh. Cha do thachair nìaradh na tubaist tuillidh dhaibh gus an d' ràinig iad an tigh.

Phòs is chòrd is naisg an Calpach agus Athan Aluinn Uchd-Soluis. Chumadh a' bhanais latha 's bliadhna. Air an latha ma dheireadh ghabh fear na bainnse a mach a ghabhail ceum spaisdireachd, agus sin mar a fhuair an Calpach mo mhac-sa a bhean.

"Agus sìn," etc. . . . "gus an cluinn mi ciod e mar a chaidh do Ghorm-shuil do mhac eile"

"Mo chuid chuileag," etc.

## XVI.

Bha Gorm-shuil mo mhac-sa fuathasach deidheil air a bhith 'sa bheinn-sheilg. Latha bha sin thachair e air fear le

casaig shliobasda liath-ghlais 's bha e 'ga leantainn fad thrì laithean. Air an treas latha thionndaidh Gorm-shuil m'an cuairt 's dh' fhoighneachd e de 'n fhear a bha 'ga leantainn ciod e an duine e na ciod e a bha e 'g iarraidh. Thuirt e gu 'm bu ghille maith ag iarraidh maighstir e 's gu 'n d' thainig e feuch am fasdadh esan na ghille e. Thuirt Gorm-shuil ris nach robh feum aige-san air gille, gu 'n robh na leoir de ghillean aige cheana 's nach robh e comasach air fhasdadh. Thuirt fear na casaige ris nach biodh a thuarasdal-san trom. Bha maide aige 'na làimh agus thog e e.

"So," ars' esan, "cas tuaighe 's ma chuireas tu ceann air a chois so cha bhi mi ag iarraidh tuillidh agus seirbhiseachaidh mi thu ann am ghille gu ceann latha 's bliadhna," agus mar an toilicheadh e sin a dhèanadh, e 'sheirbhiseachadh air ais dà-san 'na àite.

Dh' amhairc Gorm-shuil air cas na tuaighe. Smaointich e 'n rud a bha fear na casaige ag iarraidh, ceann a chur air an tuaigh, gu 'm b' fhurasda dha fhaotainn a dhèanadh, 's rinn e còrdadh ri fear na casaige. Latha de na làithibh chunnaic e fear a' tighinn 's thilg e 'cheann deth 's thilg e air a rithis e.

"Fàilt ort a Ghorm-shuil, a mhic Mhacain an Athamain, mac righ Lochlainn," ars' esan.

"Fàilte dhuitse," arsa Gorm-shuil gu gruamach.

"Cuiridh mi mo cheann ri d' cheann an geall, gu 'm bi mi air mullach a chuirn ud shuas air thoiseach ort," ars' am fear a thainig ri Gormshuil.

"Gu dearbh," arsa Gorm-shuil, "cha chuir mise mo cheann an geall riut; ged a chuireas tusa dhiot-sa do cheann, cuiridh tu ort a rithis e, ach ma thig mo cheann diom-sa cha d' theid e orm tuillidh."

"Tha 'n geall cuirte," ars' am fear a thàinig 's air falbh a ghabh e.

Thug Gorm-shuil làmh air a bhith as a dheaghainn. Ghlaodh fear na casaige shlibasda liatn-ghlais r'a mhaighstir: —"Cha do rinn mi car fhathast o 'n a thainig mi do d' sheirbhis 's cha tusa ruitheas an gille ach mise."

Thug e lamh air ruith 's rug tom air earball na casaige 's thuit e air a thulachan.

"Cha dean so," ars' esan, "a mhaighstir, feum." Gearr dhiom earball na casaige. Rinn Gorm-shuil siud 's thug e 'n sin oidhirp air ruith 's bhuail e mullach a chinn foidhe.

"A mhaighstir," arsa fear na casaige, "cha dean so feum,

's fhearr dhuit an t-earball fhuaghal rium a rithis. Cha dean mi feum as eugmhais."

"Droch comhdhail ort," arsa Gorm-shuil. "Na falbhainn fhéin a ruith na reis, dheanainn rudeigin ach cha dean thusa bheag idir."

Dh' fhuaigh Gorm-shuil an t-earball ris a chasaig. Thug fear na casaige sùil m'an cuairt 's chunnaic e trì lachaidh air lochan lamh riutha.

"Cha 'n fhalbh mi," arsa fear na casaige, "gus am bi dithis diubh sin agam air sgornan."

"O! marbhphaisg ort!" ars' a mhaighstir; "tha mise dheth a nis co-dhiubh."

Thug fear na casaige leis bogha, chuir e saighead ann 's mharbh e na tri lachaidh. Thug e leis iad 's thilg e air an teine iad 'a 'm bruich. Thug e h-aon d'a mhaighstir 's dh' ith e fhéin dithis. 'Nuair a dh' ith e 'n dithis, ghabh e mach. Thug a mhaighstir as a dheaghainn feuch am faiceadh e e ach cha robh crioman deth r'a fhaicinn. Dh' fhalbh e 'nuair a dh' ith e na tunnagan agus stad na fois chà do rinn e gus an do rainig e mullach a' chùirn. Dh' amhairc e m'a thimchioll 's chunnaic e fear a chinn gu h-ìseal aig iochdar na beinne. Bha e 'ruith a nunn 's a' ruith a nall 's a' tilgeil a chinn 's ga chur air. Chuir fear na casaige sliobasda liath-ghlas draoidheachd air nach b' urrainn e 'n rathad a dheanadh a mach ach, a nis, thog e 'n draoidheachd dheth. 'Nuair a chunnaic e fear na casaige as a chionn shaoil e gur h-e Gorm-shùil a bha air thoiseach air. Thilg e 'cheann air a mharbhadh, chionn 's ceann nimhe bha aige. 'Nuair a chunnaic fear na casaige an ceann a' tighinn thug e mach snathad nimhe a bha aige ann am muineal na casaige agus cheap e 'n ceann air barr na snathaid 's chuir e 'na asguill e, 's thuit a' cholann an sin marbh aig bonn na beinne.

Dh' fhalbh e leis a cheann na asgaill, gus an do ràinig e Gorm-shuil, a mhaighstir. 'Nuair a chunnaic a mhaighstir e a' tighinn, ghlaodh e mach:—"Shàbhail thu mo bheatha aon uair eile, fhir na casaige sliobasda liath-ghlais."

Bha 'n ùine a' dol seachad gus an d' thainig ceann latha agus bliadhna. 'Nuair a ruith an ùine, thubhairt fear na casaige sliobasda liath-ghlais gu 'm bu mhaith leis a nis a thuarasdal fhaotainn 's thuirt Gorm-shuil, a mhaighstir, ris, gu'm faigheadh e sin.

Dh' fhalbh Gorm-shuil le cas na tuaighe 'na làimh a dh' fhaotainn ceann a chur urra, 's rainig e gobha. Dh' fheuch

an gobha ri ceann a chur urra 's cha b' urrainn e 'dheanadh. Dh fhairtlich e air. Rainig e 'n darna gobha 's an treas gobha 's gach gobha bha ann san rioghachd 's cha b' urrainn gin diubh ceann a chur air a' chois.

"Tha mi 'faicinn," arsa Gorm-shuil, "gu 'm feum mise dol latha 's bliadhna ann an seirbhis leat-sa, o 'n a sheirbhisich thusa mise."

"B' e sin an cumhnant," arsa fear na casaige.

Moch 's a mhaduinn an la-'r-na-mhaireach, rinn iad réidh agus dh' fhalbh iad 's Gorm-shuil 'na ghille aig fear na casaige. Lean iad air an aghaidh ùin fhada gus an d' thainig iad gu gleann. Ghabh iad sìos do 'n ghleann 's thàinig iad gu tom mór 's thug fear na casaige sliobasda liath-ghlais spìonadh air an tom 's thainig an tom leis. Bha 'n sin toll 's 'nuair a ghabh iad a stigh ann bha àit ann cho ceutach 's gu 'm faodadh duine sam bith oidhche a chur seachad ann, leaba bhog fo 'n leasraidh, brat de 'n t-sìoda bhuidhe fòpa, brat de 'n t-sìoda uaine tharta, sràbh suain fo an cinn, 's rann suain fo an casaibh. Ghabh fear na casaige sliobasda liath-ghlais a mach air an dorus agus chuir e clach anns gach gartan aige. Leag e da làn-damh féidh. Thug e stigh iad 's chuir e biadh air dòigh d'a fhéin 's d'a Ghorm-shuil 's an deigh am bìdh a ghabhail chaidh iad a luidhe. 'S a mhaduinn an la-'r-na-mhàireach 'nuair a ghabh iad am biadh dh' fhalbh iad air an turus. Bha 'n oidhche tighinn 's an latha a' falbh 's na h-eoin bheag bhugalacha bhagalacha am bun nan dreas 's am barr nan dos ag ìarraidh taimh na h-oidhche. Dh' amhairc iad air thoiseach orra, chunnaic iad solus 's rinn iad air. 'Nuair a rainig iad, ciod a bha ann ach lùchuirt àluinn agus co dhà a bhuineadh so ach do dh' fhear na casaige sliobasda liath-ghlais. 'Nuair a dh' amhairc Gorm-shuil air an lùchuirt cha dèanadh a thé fhéin gille dhith. Ghabh iad a steach 's bha fàilte 's furan rompa. Chaidh cuirm a chur air dòigh agus ghabh iad toil-inntinn ri linn fir an tighe thighinn.

## XVII.

Bha trì nigheanan aig fear na casaige sliobasda liath-ghlais. Bha aire Ghorm-shuil orra agus tuiteas ann an tromghaol air an té a b' òige. 'Nuair a thainig am gabhail ma thamh bha Gorm-shuil ag amharc c'àit am biodh seombar cadail na té b' òige 's ghabh e beachd air. Dh' éirich e feadh na h-oidhche gu dol far an robh i 's rainig e taobh na leapadh aice. Bha iad a' bruidhinn agus thuirt e gun robh e dol a dh'

fhoighneachd nì sònraichte dhi 's thuirt ise ris e 'ghabhail air adhart.

"Sheirbhisich t' athair dhomh-sa," ars' esan, "latha 's bliadhna air chumhnant gu 'n cuirinn ceann air cois na tuaighe a bha aige 'na làimh ar-neo mar an deanainn sin gu 'n seirbhisichinn-sa latha 's bliadhna dà-san. 'Nuair a bha 'n t-am seachad thug mi leam cas na tuaighe gu gobha 's cha b' urrainn an gobha ceann a chur urra. Dh' fheuch mi a h-uile gobha a bha ann san rìoghachd 's cha b' urrainn gin aca a dhèanadh. A nis tha agam-sa latha 's bliadhna r'a sheirbhiseachadh do t' athair-sa. Cha 'n aithne domh obair a dheanadh 's cha 'n 'eil fios agam ciod e a nì mi."

Thubhairt an nighean ris:—"Ma cheileas tusa orm-sa e, agus nach innis thu e, innsidh mise dhuit-se, ciod e am feum a tha aig m' athair ort."

Gheall e so a dheanadh, gu 'n cumadh e 'n dìorras gu bràch e.

Ars' an nighean:—"Cha robh ach aon mhac aig m' athair, mo bhrathair-sa 's bha e 'n deigh air a bhith sealg a chois a chladaich. Bha béisd mhór a' tighinn as a' chuan 's a' taighich a chladaich 's thainig i 's dh' ith i mo bhrathair beò, slàn. Thainig an glaodh a mach 's rug m' athair air an tuaigh a bha aige 's ruith e gus a chladach. Bha 'bhéisd a' tarruing a mach o 'n chladach 's bhuail e 'n tuagh urra ann san druim. Dh' fhan an t-iarunn 'na druim 's ghléidh m' athair cas na tuaighe 'na laimh 's ghabh a' bhéisd air falbh. Dh' innis duine fiosrach do m' athair gu 'm biodh a mhac beò fad latha 's bliadhna ann am broinn na béisde agus nach robh h-aon a chuireadh as do 'n bhéisd mar an deanadh Gorm-shuil mac Mhacain an Athamain mac righ Lochlainn e; 'chionn gu 'm b' e coisiche, snamhaiche agus fear claidh-eamh a b' fhearr a bha ann an rioghachd Lochlainn. Agus bha fhios aig m' athair nach robh gobha ann an àite sam bith a chuireadh ceann air a' chois agus 'se so an t-seoltachd a ghabh m' athair air t' fhaotainn, féuch am marbhadh tu 'bhéisd 's an saoradh tu 'mhac 's cha 'n eil tuillidh feum aig ort."

Dh' fhiosraich Gorm-shuil di ciod e an t-am a bhiodh a bhéisd a' tighinn air tìr am bicheantas. Dh' innis an nighean da gu 'm bitheadh ann san oidhche 's a' falbh 'nuair a thigeadh an latha. Dh' fhàg e beannachd aig an nighean 's dh' fhalbh e. Ma's moch a thainig an latha bu mhoiche na sin a dh' éirich fear na casaige sliobasda liath-ghlais 's thug

e sùil gu h-àite tàimh Ghorm-shuil a dh' fhaicinn ciamar a chuir e seachad an oidhche 's an d' fhuair e cadal maith. Ach 'nuair a rainig cha robh Gorm-shuil 's an leabaidh. Chuir e 'làmh innte agus mhothaich e fuar i.

"A nigheana!" arsa fear an tighe r'a nigheanaibh, "bha Gorm-shuil le té agaibh-sa an raoir; ach ma dh' éirich dad cha bhi agaibh ach na bheir sibh dhà chionn."

Ghabh fear na casaige sliobasda liath-ghlais a mach 's thug e air an cladach. Sùil gu 'n d' thug e 's co a chunnaic e 'tighinn ach Gorm-shuil 's a' mhac leis air laimh dheis 's iarunn na tuaighe 'san làimh chlì. Ma bha gairdeachas roimh dhuine riamh bha sin roimh Ghorm-shuil nuair a thill agus mac fir na casaige leis an déigh a bhi latha 's bliadhna ann am broinn na béisde. 'Nuair a chaidh gach toilinntinn seachad dh' fhoighneachd fear na casaige sliobasda liath-ghlais deth an robh tlachd aige do h-aon d'a nigheanaibh 's thuirt esan gu 'n robh e 'n trom ghaol air a nighinn òig. Thuirt a h-athair gu 'm b' e slàinte 'bheatha ga h-ionnsuidh 's gu 'm faodadh e nis dol dachaidh agus a toirt leis 's nach robh tuillidh feum aige-san air.

Chuir iad an aird arson an astair 's thuirt fear na casaige ris gu 'n robh fios aige fhéin air a ghleann ann san do chuir iad seachad an oidhche roimhe. Dh' fhàg iad beannachd aig a chéile 's dh' fhalbh Gorm-shuil 's a bhean òg leis. Bu cham gach rathad dhaibh gus an do rainig iad an gleann 's bha gach nì ann san àite sin mar a dh' fhàg e fhéin agus fear na casaige e. Chuir iad seachad an oidhche an sin. An déigh dhaibh éirigh anns a mhaduinn chaidh Gorm-shuil a mach a dh' amharc m'a thimshioll. 'Nuair a thill e stigh fhuair e 'bhean a' caoineadh. Dh' fheoraich e dhi ciod e b' aobhar d'a caoineadh. Thuirt i ris nach robh moran ach gu 'n robh i dol a thilleadh dhachaidh. Thuirt e rithe an d' thug esan aobhar sam bith dhith arson a bhi ag iarraidh tilleadh cho luath. Thuirt i nach d' thug ach nach rachadh i na b' fhaide air a h-aghaidh; gu 'n robh e cho maith dhi tilleadh a nis agus uair a b' anmoiche. Chuir e 'cheisd urra, c'arson a bha i ag radh siud. Dh' innis i dha gu 'n do shiubhail an clarsair a bha aig 'athair, agus 'nuair a ruigeadh esan baile mór athar gu 'n coinnicheadh tòrradh a chlarsair e, agus gu 'm faiceadh e bean a chlarsair air chùl mharcachd leis an tòrrachd agus 'nuair a chitheadh e i gu 'n tuiteadh e ann an trom ghaol urra 's nach bitheadh cuimhne aig urra-sa 's a thaobh sin gu 'm b' fhearr dhi tilleadh an siud na uair a

b' anmoiche. Dh' fheuch e r'a chomhairleachadh dol leis, ach cha rachadh. 'Nuair a chunnaic e sin, dh' éirich a nàdur, 's bhuail e le cùl a bhoise i 's a' bheul 's leig e 'n fhuil aisde 's ghabh e mach. Ghabh e roimhe gus an d' ràinig e baile mór athar. Mar a thubhairt ise choinnich tòrradh a chlarsair e. Chunnaic e banntrach a chlarsair 's i air chul-mharcachd 's thuit e ann an trom ghaol urra 's cha robh cuimhne air nighinn fir na casaige sliobasda liath-ghlais. Lean e an so air suiridh air bantrach a chlarsair 's bha e ga chumail uaigneach m'an cluinneadh athair e. Ciod e a shiubhail ach bean clàrsair a bha aig righ mór eile 's bha 'n righ so ag amharc a mach arson bean d' a chlarsair agus cluinnear gu 'n robh bean a chlarsair a bha aig Macan an Athamain 'na bantraich 's gu 'n robh i anabarrach bòidheach. Chuir e air doigh soitheach a dhol m' a tuairam d'a chlarsair fhéin. Thainig an soitheach do bhaile-mór Mhacain an Athamain. Chualaidh Gorm-shuil so gu 'n d' thainig iad ma thuairam bantrach clarsair athar 's choinnich e na teachdairean a thainig ma tuairam 's thilg e na cinn diubh. Sheol an soitheach air a h-ais a dh' ionnsuidh an righ mhóir a chuir uaithe i.

'Nuair a chualaidh an righ a chuir uaithe an soitheach gu 'n do rinneadh a leithid de thamailt air a dhaoine thug e bóid gu 'n d' thugadh e sgrios air gach neach a bha san rioghachd a rinn a leithid de thamailt air. Chuir e air falbh soithichean a réir a mhionnan a dheanadh so. Bha fios aig Gorm-shuil gu 'm biodh rud ann arson mar a rinn e air teachdairean an righ mhóir so 's chum e so an uaigneas air 'athair 's bha e gach latha ag amharc a mach rathad a chuain feuch ciod e a chitheadh e a' teachd.

Latha de na làithibh chunnaic e cabhlach mór a' tighinn a stigh do 'n chala. Thuig e mar a bha chùis. Cha robh leis ach a ghille. Dh' fhalbh e cho luath 's a b' urrainn e do thigh àireach a bha aig 'athair. Bha mac aig an àireach a bha na ghille foghainteach 's e fhéin agus Gorm-shuil fiormhór aig a chéile. Labhair e ris an àireach arson a mhic a leigeil leis. Thuirt an t-àireach ris e 'dh' fhalbh 's e 'thruiseadh a chuid daoine 's gu 'n leigeadh esan leis a mhac an sin. Bha mac an àirich air bàinidh gu bhith mach ach ghlais 'athair 'na sheombar e.

Ghabh Gorm-shuil a mach a choinneachadh an namhaid. Nuair a bha iad a' teachd air tìr, bha esan air thoiseach orra. Cha luaithe a chuireadh fear a chas air tìr na bha an ceann

deth le Gorm-shuil; ach ma dheireadh bha iad a' tighinn cho tiugh 's gu 'n robh e 'faotainn a shàrachaidh. Ghabh e daibh gus an do chuir e ruaig orra. Thug iad an sin na bàtan orra, a mheud 'sa bha beò dhiubh 's ràinig iad na soithichean. Leis mar a bha Gorm-shuil air a leònadh 's le call fala, thuit e sìos ann an riochd mairbh. Chaidh an naigheachd a mach gu clis gu 'n robh na naimhdean an deigh tighinn 's gu 'n robh Gorm-shuil a' cumail cath riutha. 'Nuair a chuala mise gu 'n robh Gorm-shuil mo mhac na éiginn thog mi mach a dhol ma thuaiream an àite 'san robh an cath 'ga chur; 's nuair a bha mi 'dol gus an àite chunnaic mi gille Ghorm-shuil 's e 'tighinn a mach o chùl creige. Dh' fhoighneachd mi deth c'àit an robh Gorm-shuil 's thubhairt e rium gu 'n robh e marbh. Thubhairt mi ris a ghille: —

"An do rinn thusa a bheag idir 's a bhlàr?"

"Rinn," ars' esan, 's leig e 'fhaicinn domh bun a shleagha 's bha e sgrìobhta le fuil air an t-sleagh: "'Se mo ghille-sa fear a b' fhearr a bha 'sa bhlàr." 'Nuair a chunnaic mi so, thubhairt mi ris gur h-e esan a mharbh Gorm-shuil. Thilg mi 'n ceann de 'n ghille.

Suil gu 'n d' thug mi co a chunnaic mi 'tighinn ach fear na casaige sliobasda liath-ghlais 's a nighean leis. Ruith ise far an robh mi agus ràinig sinn Gorm-shuil. Bha Gorm-shuil na luidhe air an réidhlean marbh. Chrom fear na casaige sìos os a chionn. Thug e mach cungaidh leighis a bha aige as a phòca. Dhòirt e rud anns na lotan diubh, agus cheangail e suas iad 's chuir e stad air an fhuil. Dh' fhosgail e an sin a bheul le bàrr na biodaige a bha aige. Chuir e 'lamh na phòca 's thug e mach seorsa cungaidh leighis eile a bha aige. Thug e air a nighin a cheann a chumail suas 's chuir e beagan deth 'na bheul. Sheas e ag amharc air 's ann an ceann tiotamh beag dh' fhosgail Gorm-shuil a shùilean. Ghiùlain sinn dachaidh e. Bhàtar fad trì làithean agus trì oidhchean 'ga fhaire agus fear na casaige sliobasda liath-ghlais a' feitheamh air gu culaidh-leighis a thoirt da. Ann san fheasgar air an treas latha thoilich e éirigh. Fhuaradh ballan ìocshlaint agus shnathadh leis o mhullach a chinn gu bonnaibh a chas agus rinn sin slàn-chreuchdach e.

Dh' innis e 'n sin daibh gu 'n do theich a ghille cùl creige.

"Nuair a theich mo naimhdean-sa," arsa Gorm-shuil, 's ann an sin a thainig esan a mach o chùl na creige, 's fhuair e an claidheamh. Dh' asluich mi air e thoirt a m' ionnsuidh deoch uisge 's thubhairt e rium gu 'n deanadh e sin 'nan

sgrìobhainn air bun na sleagha aige gu 'm b' e fhéin laoch a b' fhearr a bha 'sa bhlàr 's rinn mi sin da. 'Nuair a fhuair gu 'n do rinn mise sin, bhuail e bun a shleagha orm 's dh' fhàg e an siud mi.

Thubhairt mi ri m' mhac, gu 'm bu mhaith a dh' aithnich mise siud 'nuair a chunnaic mi an sgrìobhadh 's gu 'n do thilg mi an ceann de 'n ghille.

'Nuair a chunnaic Gorm-shuil aobhar a mhnatha 's a leannain, nighean fir na casaige, ghabh e gaol urra a rithis, 's cha robh cuimhne air bantrach a chlarsair a phòsadh. Phòs agus naisg Gorm-shuil agus nighean fir na casaige. Sin agadsa nis mar a fhuair Gorm-shuil mo mhac-sa a bhean.

"Agus sìn thus a nis," etc. . . . "gus an cluinn mi an d' thainig rud sam bith as deigh a bhlàir a thug e aig a chladach, far an d' fhuair e buaidh air a naimhdibh."

## XVIII.

An ceann latha 's bliadhna an deigh a phòsaidh, bha Gorm-suil ann sa bheinn-sheilg. Bha e falbh taobh loch uisge boidheach 's ciod e a chunnaic e ach cailleach mhór, mhór a tighinn far an robh e.

"A Ghorm-shuil," ars' ise, "an cuir thu geall rium cò 's fhaide thilgeas clach 's an loch."

"Cuiridh," arsa Gorm-shuil.

Thog e clach bheag bhoidheach shleamhuin aig taobh an loch; thilg e 's chuir e gu meadhon an loch i. Thug a chailleach truiseadh urra, 's shìn i mach a cas 's an loch 's shìn i an sin a lamh 's chuir i sìos i far an deachaidh a chlach a thilg esan fodha 's thug i 'n uachdar i. Sheas i 'n sin ri taobh an loch. Thilg i 'chlach 's chuir i seachd far agus seachd leud an loch air an taobh eile i.

"Chaill thu do gheall," ars' a chailleach.

"Ciod e an geall a tha thu 'g iarraidh?" ars' esan.

"Tha mi 'g iarraidh ceann righ Art nan Casan Connalach," ars' a' chailleach, "a thoirt a m' ionnsuidh-sa an so m'an d' thig ceann latha agus bliadhna, 's gun thu a thoirt leat cù na duine ach thu fhéin."

Dh' fhalbh a' chailleach.

Rinn esan réidh an la-'r-na-mhàireach a dhol a dh' iarraidh ceann righ Art nan Casan Connalach. Dh' fhalbh e leis fhéin gun chù gun duine. Cha chualaidh e iomradh air an righ so riamh, 's cha mhò a bha fios aige c'àit an robh e na c'àit an rachadh 'a 'iarraidh. An taobh a thionndaidh e

'aghaidh dh' fhalbh e air a cheart slighe fad trì làithean. Ann san am sin bhiodh iad ag amharc a mach gu 'n d' thigeadh atharrachadh orra ann an ceann trì làithean, 'nuair a bhiodh iad a' dol air thuras de 'n t-seorsa so. Bha e ag amharc m'an cuairt air 's ciod e a chunnaic e ach òganach a bha 'dol trasda air an rathad air an robh e fhéin a' falbh agus choinnich iad a chéile. Dh' fhoighneachd an t-òganach a thainig deth, c'àit an robh e 'dol, mar am bu mhiomhodhail da fheòraidh. Dh' innis e mar a thachair dha fhéin 's do 'n chaillich mar a chuir iad an geall 's mar a chaill esan 's gu 'n do chuir i mar cheangal air nach d' thugadh e leis cu na gille.

"'S ann arson a bhith a' m' ghille agad a choinnich mise thu" ars' an t-òganach. "Cha 'n fhaod mi gille 'ghabhail leam," ars' esan.

"Ma chuir i na geasan sin ort," ars' an t-òganach, "cha do chuir i geasan ort nach fhaodadh thu fear a ghabhail a'd' chuideachd 's cha mhothaide gur misde thu e.

A bharr air sin bheir mi thu gu cùirt agus gu cathair righ Art nan Casan Connalach." Ghabh e ris an òganach mar fhear-cuideachd 's dh' fhalbh iad. Stad na fois cha do rinn iad gus an do ràinig iad cùirt agus cathair righ Art nan Casan Connalach. Chuir iad teachdaire a dh' ionnsuidh a ràdh ris, gu 'n robh iad ag aslachadh arson cuid na h-oidhche fhaotainn uaithe.

'Nuair a chual e a ghné dhaoine a bha ann 's an coltas chuir e fios a' 'm ionnsuidh nach robh aige-san ach tigh amhusg 's 'nan toilicheadh na h-amhuisg aoidheachd a thoirt daibh, nach biodh esan 'nan aghaidh. Ghabh iad air an aghart gu tigh nan amhusg 's nuair a chaidh iad a stigh leum na h-amhuisg eadar iad 's an dorus. Thug an t-òganach a bha 'n cuideachd Ghorm-shuil aon leum as, 's tharruing e 'chlaidheamh 's m'an deachaidh iad air dòigh thilg e na cinn dhiubh gu léir. Ruith cuideiginn chun an righ 's dh' innis e dha gu 'n robh a chuid amhusg marbh. Bha naoi ceud lànghaisgeach aig an righ a' gleidheadh a chùirte 's a' chathrach 's a' deanadh a thoil agus iarrtais; 's nuair a chualaidh e so, dh' àithn a dhaibh dol agus na cinn a thoirt de na beadagain shuarach a mharbh a chuid amhusg 's an cinn a chur air ceann eile 'bhuird 's gu 'm biodh e ag amharc orra a' gabhail a dhinnearach. Dh' fhalbh na gaisgich 's rainig iad tigh nan amhuisg 's chuartaich iad e. Leum an gille òg a bha le Gorm-shuil gus an dorus 's dh' fhosgail e e 's dh' fheoraich e dhiubh, ciod e bha iad ag iarraidh. Thuirt iad gu'n do chuir

an righ iad a thoirt nan ceann de 'n dà bheadagan shuarach a mharbh a chuid amhusg. Thug an gille leum a mach rompa 's rainig e craobh mhór a bha na seasamh an sin a ghabh seachd saoir ri seachd laithibh a ghearradh a bharr aice 's cha chluinneadh an darna h-aon tuaim buille an fhir eile. Thug e aon spiodadh urra 's bha i leis as a ghrunnd. Tharruing e throimh a asgaill i 's cha robh meanglan na rùsg nach do sgrìob e dhi gus an robh i cho sleamhuinn 's ged a bhitheadh i air a locradh. Thionndaidh e m'an cuairt. Dh' éirich e air gaisgich an righ leis a chraoibh gus nach d' fhàg e gin beò dhiubh 's chaidh e an sin a stigh far an robh Gorm-shuil 's thuirt e ris:—

Cha dean sinn feum an so gun mnathan. Feumaidh sinn nighean an righ agus a bhan-righinn fhaotainn a luidhe leinn 'san oidhche. Chaidh teachdaire a chur chun an righ arson a nighean agus a' bhan-righ a chur a mach 's cha robh aig an righ ach géilleadh dhaibh agus a bhan-righ agus a nighean a chur air falbh a' m' ionnsuidh.

Nuair a thainig na mnathan thubhairt a chompanach ri Gorm-shuil:—

"O 'n• is tusa as àirde gabhaidh tu an nighean òg 's gabhaidh mise a bhan-righ."

Thug e sùil m'an cuairt 's chunnaic e seicheachan glas air na sparrannan shuas 's thug e nuas iad. Rinn e leaba do Ghorm-shuil 's do nighean an righ 's chuir e luidhe iad le seachd seicheachaibh fòpa agus seachd seicheachaibh os an cionn.

"A nis," ars' a chompanach ri Gorm-shuil, "mar am bi na seicheachan mar leathrach làmhainn 'nuair a dhéireas mise anns a' mhaduinn, cha bhi agad ach na bheir g'a chionn."

Rinn e an sin leaba d'a fhéin 's do 'n bhan-righ 's chuir e seachd seicheachan fopa agus seachd seicheachan os an cionn.

'Nuair a thionndaidh Gorm-shuil ri nighean an righ 'san leabaidh, thug i trì crathaidh air 's cha d' fhàg i clì cuileige ann 's cha robh aige ach luidhe sìos r'a taobh. Uaireigin feadh na h-oidhche ghlaodh a chompanach ris:—

"Ciamar a tha dol duit?"

Thubhairt Gorm-shuil ris:—"Cha 'n 'eil ach gu meadhonach."

"Ciod e a tha tighinn ort?" ars' a chompanach ri Gorm-shuil.

"'Nuair a thionndaidh mi rithe," arsa Gorm-shuil, "thug i trì crathaidh orm, 's cha d' fhàg i clì cuileige afinam."

Dh' éirich a chompanach 's chaidh e far an robh Gorm-shuil agus nighean an righ. Thug e trì crathaidh air nighean an righ 's cha d' fhag e clì cuileige innte 's thug e trì crathaidh air Gorm-shuil 's dh' fhàg e e cho maith 's a bha e riamh.

"A nis," ars' a chompanach ri Gorm-shuil, "feuch ciod e a nì thu fo latha 's am bi thu cho maith ri d' ghealladh ma na seichachaibh."

'Nuair a dh' éirich iad 's a mhaduinn thug an companach sùil air na leapaichibh. 'Nuair a dh' amhairc e air leabaidh Ghorm-shuil bha na seicheachan cho cruaidh 's a bha iad riamh roimhe, ach bha na seicheachan na leabaidh fhéin cho maoth ri leathrach làmhainn.

"Falbh a nis," ars' a chompanach ri Gorm-shuil, "'s thoir an ceann de 'n righ."

Chaidh fios a stigh air an righ a thighinn a mach. 'Nuair a thainig e mach tharruing companach Ghorm-shuil a chlaidheamh 's chuir e an ceann deth, chuir e gad throimh an cheann 's thilg e thar a ghuailne e.

"Thig a nis agus gu 'n tilleadh tu dhachaidh," ars' a chompanach ri Gorm-shuil.

Ghabh iad a mach as a bhaile 's lean iad air an aghart gus an do rainig iad far an robh dá rathad mór a' dol trasda air a chéile. Thubhairt a chompanach an sin ri Gorm-shuil: —"'S ann an so a thachair sinn 's bithidh mise nis a' dealachadh riut."

"O!" arsa Gorm-shuil, "cha dealaich mi riut gu bràch agus falbhaidh tu leam fhéin."

"U!" ars' a compánach ri Gorm-shuil, "cha dean sin feum. Tha agad-sa ri dol do rathad fhéin 's tha agam-sa ri dol mo rathad fhéin, 's mo ghnothuichean fhéin a dhèanadh ach bheir mi dhuit fìdeag 's ma thig cùis na càs na éiginn ort gu brach seinn an fhìdeag agus bithidh mise agad."

Dh' fhàg iad beannachd aig a chéile 's dhealaich iad. Bha Gorm-shuil a gabhail dachaidh 's an ceann aig air a mhuin. Thachair dha a bhi gabhail seachad air cladach bòidheach creagach. Air dha bhi ag amharc air àilleachd an àite 's air luraichead na fairge, ciod e a chunnaic e ach bàta tighinn a stigh an comhair a dheiridh 's a choslas urra bhi air a bristeadh air na creagaibh. Ruith e sìos 'a' putadh a mach gun i bhi air a brisdeadh. 'Nuair a chuir e 'làmh urra lean a lamh ris a bhàta 's bha 'n làmh eile 'sa cheann. Ghabh am bàta air falbh 's cha robh aige ach crochadh rithe. Cha do

stad am bàta gus an do ràinig i eilean mara. 'Nuair a bhuail i 'n grunnd fhuair a làmh ma sgaoil 's ghabh e air tìr.

Chunnaic e tigh shuas aig meadhon an eilean 's ghabh e air aghart 's chaidh e stigh ann. Bha seachdnar dhaoine stigh ann san tigh. Thug iad sùil m'an cuairt 's chunnaic iad esan 's chunnaic iad an ceann air a ghualainn. Ghlaodh gach fear diubh mach 'nuair a chunnaic iad an ceann.

"Ceann ar brathar! Ceann Art ar brathar! Righ Art nan Casan Connalach!"

Thug fear glaodh as 's thuirt e gur h-e esan a bheireadh a mach dìoladh arson a bhrathar. Thuirt fear eile nach b' e, ach gu 'm b' esan a bheireadh a mach e. Rug iad air Gorm-shuil 's leag iad fòpa e air an ùrlar. A h-uile h-aon a strì feuch co 'mharbhadh e. Bha e 'n imirt a bhi moirte aca; ach cha robh gin idir ga bhualadh, a' thaobh gu 'n robh an darna fear a' cumail air ais an fhir eile. Fhuair e h-aon d'a lamh-aibh ma sgaoil, 's rug e air an fhìdeig 's shéid e i. Co 'leum a stigh ach a chompanach ris 's dh' fheoraich e deth, ciod a thug do 'n eilean ud e. Dh' innis e dha m'an bhàta 's ciod e mar a thainig e ann, 's nach b' uilear da esan a thighinn 'san am ar-neo gun robh e marbh. Thug iad orra an cladach 's dh' fhàg iad an t-eilean. Lean a chompanach ris gus an do chuir e air an t-slighe cheart e 'dhol dachaidh. Dh' fhàg e beann-achd aige 's thug e comhairle air an aire a thoirt da fhéin as a dheigh siud, gus an ruigeadh e 'thigh fhein.

Bha e 'n so ag gabhail air aghart gu sunndach an deagh-ainn a h-uile h-amhghur as an d' thainig e, gus an robh e dlùth d'a thigh fhein. 'Nuair a bha e dlùth d'a thigh fhein chunnaic e fear a' tighinn 'na chòmhdhail. Chuir am fear so fàilte air Gorm-shuil. Thuirt Gorm-shuil ris, ciod e an gille bha ann, na ciod e bha 'g iarraidh. Dh' innis am fear turais dha, gu'm bu ghille maith e 'g iarraidh maighstir, 's dh' fheoraich e de Ghorm-shuil, am fasdadh esan e. Thuirt Gorm-shuil ris gun robh e mar gheasaibh air gun ghille bhi leis 's leis an sin gun robh e 'smaointeachadh nach gabhadh e e. Thuirt an coigreach ris gu 'n robh an ceann leis 's a gheasan m' a sgaoil 's nach robh ni ga bhacail gun esan fhasdadh. Dh' fhoighneachd Gorm-shuil deth an sin ciod e an tuarasdal a bhitheadh e 'g iarraidh. Thuirt e nach biodh a thuarasdal mór, e 'dhèanadh faire-chlaidh airsan an oidhche a shiùbhladh e. Ach 's beag a thug Gorm-shuil fainear gu'n robh geasan air, gus an d' thugadh e 'n ceann an laimh na cailliche.

Ach co dhiubh, dh' fhalbh e dachaidh leis a ghille ùr agus dh' fhoighneachd e air an rathad d'a ghille, co b' ainm e, 's thuirt an gille gu'm b' e Suas-mhaol a b' ainm dhà-san. 'Nuair a ràinig iad an tigh, bha subhachas is boch roimh Ghorm-shuil aig a mhnaoi chionn gu 'n d' thainig e dachaidh sàbhailte. Ach ciod e 'thachair, ach gu'n deachaidh an gille ùr trì uairean timchioll an teine agus thuit e, 's nuair a thug iad làmh air a thogail, mhothaich iad gu 'n robh e marbh. 'Nuair a chunnaic Gorm-shuil so thubhairt e:—

"O! nach bochd an gnothuch a thachair an oidhche a thainig mi dhachaidh; an deigh mo thurais, m' allabain 's m' anraidh nach fhaigh mi socair na cead oidhche le m' mhnaoi mar a bu chòir dhomh."

Thiodhlaic iad Suas-mhaol ann an seann eaglais a bha fagus dhaibh, 's chaidh Gorm-shuil 'san oidhche 'dheanadh na faire-chlaidh air. Chuir e suas teine mhór a chumadh blàth agus tlusmhor e ré na h-oidhche. Bha e 'n sin na shuidhe a' deanadh na faire-chlaidh agus am marbh na h-oidhche chual e buille aig an dorus 's ghlaodh e co bha 'n siud. Chual e 'n guth a mach ag radh gu 'n robh bean bhochd a bha siubhal lòn agus lodan agus e a' leigeil a stigh. Thuirt e rithe nach leigeadh.

"Leig a stigh mi air sgàth t' athar 's do mhathar," ars' ise.

"Cha leig," ars' esan.

"Leig a stigh air ghaol do mhnatha 's do phàisdean," ars' ise.

Chuimhnich e an so air a mhnaoi 's air a phàisdean 's mar nach d' fhuair e caoimhneas a dheanadh riutha a thaobh gu'n d' thainig an dragh so m'an cuairt. 'Nuair a smaointich air an so, dh' fhosgail e 'n dorus, 's leig e stigh a chailleach. Thainig i 's shuidh i a chois an teine 's thòisich i air garadh. Dh' amhairc e air a chaillich siubhal na dha 's ar leis gu'n robh e 'ga faicinn a' gàireachdaidh. "A chailleach!" ars' esan, "cha chreid mi nach 'eil thu ag at."

"Cha 'n 'eil, a ghràidh," ars' ise, "ach mo luideagan a' teodhadh rium 's a tiormachadh rium; 's mi a tha gu gasda."

Bha esan ag amharc urra 's bha ise 'tionnadh m'an cuairt o thaobh gu taobh ris an teine. Bha e toirt an aire gu'n robh i fàs moran na bu mhotha na 'nuair a thainig i stigh.

"A chailleach, tha thu 'g at co dhiubh," ars' esan.

"A ghaoil mo chridhe," ars' ise, "cha 'n 'eil ach mo luideagan a teodhadh 's a' tiormachadh orm; 's tha mi cho prìseil deth an ceart uair."

Bha e an sin a' toirt sùil air a chaillich a nis 's a rithis. Ma dheireadh labhair e gu h-ard rithe 's thubhairt e: . . . . . "Tha," ars' a' chailleach, "'s bithidh a bhuil duit-se."

Rug i air 's m'an d' fhuair e éirigh bharr an àite air an robh e 'na shuidhe, bha e air a dhruim aice. Rug esan an sin a chaillich 's dh' éirich an dithis air a chéile. Chuir e fodh a' chailleach.

Ghlaodh a chailleach an sin: —"Nam bu bheo Suas-mhaol mo mhac-sa, cha 'n fhaiceadh e a mhathair na h-éiginn." Thug an leac a bha Suas-mhaol foipe carachadh aisde. Chuir Gorm-shuil a chas urra 'a chumail a sios. 'Nuair a bha esan a' cumail sìos na lice bha 'chailleach ag éirigh. Lean iad mar sin air carachd. Ma dheireadh fhuair Suas-mhaol air a chois. Thug e 'n sàs ann an Gorm-shuil. Fhuair a' chailleach an so air a cois, agus chuir i fhein agus Suas-mhaol fopa Gorm-shuil. Bha 'chailleach an sas 'na mhuineal 's am fear eile air a mhuin gus an robh e an imeas a bhi marbh aca ach fhuair e h-aon d'a lamhaibh ma sgaoil 's ràinig e air an fhìdeig 's shéid e i. Co a leum a stigh ach a chompanach. Tharruing e 'chlaidheamh, chuir e na cinn de Shuas-mhaol agus de 'n chaillich 's leig e ma sgaoil Gorm-shuil. Chuir iad fàilte 's furan air a chéile 's dh' fhoighneachd a chompanach de Ghorm-shuil ciod e mar a fhuair e-fhéin 'na leithid de dh' iorguill a rithis.

"Cha b' uilear dhuit," ars' a chompanach ri Gorm-shuil, "mise bhi ann ar-neo bha thu marbh. Shabhail mi nis trì uairean thu, 's fhearr dhuit an fhìdeag a thoirt domh; cha leig mi agad na's fhaide i. Mharbh mi Art nan Casan Connalach air do shon; marbh mi mo sheachd braithrean a bha 'san eilean air do shon; a nis mharbh mi Suas-mhaol mo bhrathair agus mo mhathair air do shon."

Thug Gorm-shuil an fhìdeag dha. 'Nuair a fhuair e 'n fhìdeag thuirt e ri Gorm-shuil e dhol dachaidh, gu'n robh gach draoidheachd agus iodramachd seachad. Dh' fhàg Gorm-shuil beannachd aig a chompanach, 's chaidh e dhachaidh g'a thigh fhéin.

"A nìs, sìn thusa mach do chas," etc., etc.

## XIX.

Thionndaidh O'Céin m'an cuairt a mhothachainn a choise; ach thug e aon leum as, agus bha 'chas gu slàn-chreuchdach. Bha spealg a dol 'na h-àite fhein leis gach sgeul a bha air innseadh. Bha O'Céin slàn-chreuchdach 's thug Macan an

Athamain leis e 'na churach gus an do chuir e air tìr an rioghachd na h-Eirionn e. Dh' fhàg iad an sin beannachd aig a chéile 's ghabh O'Céin air aghart gus an do rainig e cùirt agus cathair ard righ Eireann. 'Nuair a rainig e sin, cha robh e ag aithneachadh mìr a bha ann. Ghabh e air aghaidh gu tigh an righ. 'Nuair a bha e dol a stigh thachair seirbhiseach ùr air nach facaidh e riamh roimhe agus chum iad a mach e 's dh' fhoighneachd iad deth, ciod e bha e 'g iarraidh. Thuirt e riu gu'n robh e 'g iarraidh dol a stigh far an robh an righ.

"'S mise," ars' O'Céin, "fear-gleidhidh ionmhais an righ, agus 's e m' ainm O'Céin."

"Cha tu, cha tu," ars' iadsan. "Gabh romhad. Tha trì cheud bliadhna o 'n a bha duine de 'n ainm sin an so."

"Chualaidh mi ann an laithibh m' òige," arsa fear de na seirbhisich, "gu'm bu duine fiadhaich an duine sin."

"O," ars' an treas seirbhiseach, "bha 'm fear sin na dhuine dona 's chaidh a chas a bhristeadh 's thug caibhtinn air falbh e ann a h-aon de shoithichibh an righ arson a choise a leigheas, 's cha do thill e riamh 's cha robh fios ciod e thainig air. Na bi tighinn anns na mearachdan sin oirnne, gur tu e; ach bheirinn comhairle ort gun an t-ainm sin ainmeachadh ort fhéin a rithist ar-neo bheir sliochd nan daoine a bha cluinntinn iomradh air gnathachadh an duine sin ann ad cheathrannan beò as a chéile thu."

Thill e air falbh o dhorsan an righ. Smaointich e gu'n rachadh e feuch am faiceadh e an tigh ann san robh e fhéin a chomhnuidh. 'Nuair a rainig e sin, bha tigh mór eireachdail air a thogail far am b' abhaist d'a thigh fhéin a bhi. Sheas e 's dh' amhairc è air 's thainig na deòir air a shùilibh. Chunnaic e seann duine a' tighinn le a chiabhaibh liath sìos air a ghuailnibh. Thuirt O'Céin ris:—"Co a tha chomhnuidh 'san tigh so?"

Thuirt an seann duine ris:—"Tha fear-ionmhais an righ, duine maith agus ceutach a ghabh truaghas de 'n bhochd agus a chuidich leis na daoine fann, 's cha 'n eil duine 's a' bhaile-mhór nach 'eil 'toirt am beannachd air."

"Nach robh tigh roimhe so anns an àite so, aig fear O'Céin a bha 'na fhear-ionmhais aig an righ," ars' O'Céin ris an t-seann duine.

"U! bha 'leithid sin ann," ars' am bodach. "Droch dhuine fiadhaich. Thug h-aon de loingeas an righ e leo 'a' leigheas 's cha luaithe dh' fhalbh e na thruis muinntir an àite 's rinn iad an tigh 'na làraich luim."

" 'S mise an duine bha 'n sin," ars' O'Céin 's e 'caoineadh.

" Ciamar a dh' fhaodas sin a bhith?" ars' am bodach, " 's gu 'm bheil trì cheud bliadhna o na dh' fhàg e so."

" 'S mise an duine bha 'n sin," ars' O'Céin a rithis, " 's nam bithinn a rithis ann san àite mar a bha mi roimhe dh' atharraichinn cho mór 's nach bitheadh duine san rioghachd nach d' thugadh am beannachd orm."

" Am bheil thu ag innseadh na firinn?" ars am bodach.

" Tha mi," ars' O'Céin 's e gabhail a chaoineadh.

" Amhairc m'an cuairt clis 's amhairc air an tigh àluinn sin a thogadh an àite do thighe," ars' am bodach.

Thionndaidh O'Céin clis m'an cuairt 's ciod e bha aige ach 'sheann tigh fhéin ma choinneamh, a bhean a' tighinn a mach 'a fhàilteachadh, 's na seirbhisich a' cruinneachadh timchioll air a' fhreasdal da. Thug e sùil m'an cuairt a dh' amharc air a' bhodach a rithis; agus an àite a bhodaich ciod e a bha aige ach an righ òg éireachdail a dh' fhàg e na dheigh 'nuair a chaidh e 'a 'leigheas. Dh' fhàiltich iad a chéile gu cridheil. Fhuair O'Céin 'àite fhéin a rithis, 's cha robh duine ann an Eirinn a b' fhearr na e fad a bheatha.

Narrated to me by Lachlin Mac Neill, shoemaker, Paisley, who in his boyhood learned it from his father. His father, he says, learned it from a person of the name of Angus Brown, who lived in the neighbourhood of Islay House, and who is quoted as authority for many other stories told in Islay. Mac Neill was born at Creagan nam peighinnean, in the parish of Kilarrow, Islay, in the year 1788, on the 28th of May, and is now accordingly aged 82 years. The story was written down from his recitation in Paisley, and is now correctly transcribed. (Signed) HECTOR MACLEAN.

Ballygrant, January 7th, 1871.

The above tale, from the Campbell of Islay MSS., Edinburgh Advocates' Library, is one of the most considerable specimens of Gaelic prose.

GEORGE HENDERSON.

## CIAN MAC AN LUAIMH

No Sgeulachd Cas Chian, according to Duncan Cameron, constable, Tiree. 1871.

Bha bodachan bochd ann an Eirinn d' am b' ainm O'Cronaigil. Bha e ro bhochd agus smaointich e gu 'n rachadh e dh' iarraidh déirc air an righ. Rainig e agus

dh' iarr e an deirc. Thubhairt an righ ris: "Bheir mise dhuit ceud bo thorrach agus ceud làir shearraich." "Bheir mise dha," arsa Murchadh mac an Righ, "ceud bo thorrach agus ceud làir shearraich." "Bheir mise dha," arsa Donnachadh mac eile an righ, "ceud bo thorrach agus ceud làir shearraich." Thubhairt an righ: "A bheadagain, an e urrad 's a bheirinn-sa bu mhiann leibhse thoirt seachad. Bheir mise dha faoighe bharr Eirinn uile." An deigh do 'n bhodach falbh, thill e rithist agus chaidh e air a ghlùn an làthair an Righ. Thubhairt an Righ: "Ciod e so? Ciod a tha dhìth ort?" "Tha mi an deigh gaol a ghabhail air a mheasan a tha 'n deigh na Ban-righinn." "Hud! a dhuine dhona. Is feàrr dhuit a thoirt leat." Dh' fhalbh e leis a chuilein. Bha an t-each aig O'Cronaigil air thaod, agus an cuilein 'na uchd. Nuair a bha e greis air an rathad dhachaigh, leig e as a measan. Bha e ro dhuilich gun do chaill e measan, ach chual e comhartaich as a dhéigh 's co bha 'n sid ach an cuilein agus e 'ruith maighiche agus a nuair a bha 'm measan ga dubhadh 's ga teannadh, leum i air muin an eich air cùlthaobh O'Crònaigil.

Sheall e air a chùl agus ciod a bha aige ach an aon bhoirionnach a b' àillidh a chunnaic e riamh. Thug e leis air a bhialthaobh i agus thuirt e rithe, nach dealaicheadh iad ach am bàs. "Cha ghabh mi gnothuch sam bith riut mar geall thu gu'n dean thu na trì nithean a dh' iarras mi ort." "Ciod e sin?" thuirt esan. "Tha," thubhairt ise, "nach fan thu ag òl ann an tigh dibhe, gun mise bhi leat; nach cuir thu fios air an righ air chuireadh a dh' ionnsuidh do thighe, gun fios a thoirt dhomhsa bliadhna mu 'n dean thu e; agus nach tilg thu orm gu'n robh mi an riochd creutair mi-nadurr' mar sud." Thuirt esan: "Ni mi sin."

Dh' fhalbh iad dhachaigh agus chaidh iad a stigh 'sa bhothan bhochd. Chaidh iad a laidhe agus nuair a dh' éirich iad 'sa mhaduinn, ciod e bha 'n sin ach méilich chaorach, etc., gus na shaoil e gu'n robh e air sgrios thighinn air. "Ubh, ubh!" ars' esan, "cha b' iongantach e ach am beathach mì-ghnàthaichte thachair orm an dé." "Seadh," ars' ise, "tha cheud aon briste dhiubh, ach gabh thusa cùram de na tha agad," 7c, 7c.

This woman became a black filly and broke Cian's leg. Did not hear whether it was in 24 pieces or not, but the King of Ireland had to tell 24 true tales before it was healed. The 'sìth' woman said that this would need to be before the leg was cured.

"Sìn do chas, a Chéin, gus an cuir mise bile luis agus leighis rithe, ceirein agus tàdh-lus, am plàsd a' fuarachadh, a chnuimh a' borbadh, agus deifir orm a dhol a dh' éisdeachd aifrinn do 'n Eaglais mhóir 'san Roimhe."

"Na na cas dòmhs' i 's na na cas do Chìan i, 's na na cas a rithist; na dhéigh i, 's na na mac Maol-ua mise, ma shìneas mise mo chas no ma théid bile luis no leighis rithe, c'arson nach biodh Eaglais, 7c.

"Sgleò uilc agus urfhaidh * ort, b' olc an comhdhalaiche riamh thu, 's bu mhiosa 'n comhdhalaiche dhomhs' thu."

Instead of three wrights who came to build the church. I heard "trì manaich agus trì màileide craicinn air a muin."

It was the King of Ireland who told the tales, for what business had the King of Lochlann to go to hear mass in Rome? There was nothing in the tale as I heard it about Cian being taken to an island for the healing of his leg. It was at the place where it was broken [that] the King of Ireland, who was bound not to see any man in distress whom he could relieve, had to tell the 24 tales. Each tale hung from the other like the links of a chain. In each there was something that required a continuation of the narrative, which was a history of personal adventures of the King.

Cian was the King's sister's son. Keating mentions him as having commanded a division of the King's troops at the battle of Clontarf.

Ceirein—an luibh air a pronnadh agus ìm air a chur innte.

[D. C.]

## SGEULACHD CHOISE CEIN.

Bha righ air Eirinn ris an canadh iad Iarl Anndrum 's bha buachaille each aige, do b' ainm O'Cròleagann, agus bha móran each aig Iarl Anndrum agus se 'n dòigh-chunntaidh bha aig O'Cròleagann, taod ma choinnich na h-uile each, 's cha robh cloinn aig O'Cròleagann, ach aon mhac agus bhàsaich an seann duine agus bho 'n a bha O'Cròleagann cho measail aig Iarl Anndrum bha mac aige an àite an athar a buachailteachd nan each, agus air latha àraidh 's mac O'Cròleagann a' buachailteachd nan each 's breacan ruadh air chunnaic e maigheach 's thòisich e air ruith 's chaidh e steach ann an tom luachrach. Dar a bha e 'g iarraidh na maighich 'san tom luachrach leum i fo 'n bhreacan air a dhruim; theannaich

* ur-fhuadh—spectre of dire ill—G. H.

e 'breacan gu maith air a dhruim 's thainig e dhachaidh leatha 's thubhairt e ri 'mhathair: "Dùin na h-uile toll a tha air an tigh, tha naigheachd agam-sa 'sa bhreacan." Agus a nuair a dh' fhuasgail e 'm breacan thuit am boirionnach bu bhriagha chunnaic e riamh dheth a dhruim agus bha Iarl Anndrum airson gu'm pòsadh mac O'Cròleagainn i. Rinn Iarl Anndrum banais mhór dhaibh agus dar a chaidh am pòsadh mar tha daonntan a' tachairt chaidh ise laidhe 'n toiseach, agus dar a thainig esa dho dhol a laidhe leum ise as a leabaidh 'na lothain ghuirm agus thog i cas 's rinn e dà chruinn leth air cnaimh na sléiste aige-san agus sùil d' an dug e bha e ann sa ghleann luachrach ann sa d' fhuaradh an toiseach i. Bha Iarl Anndrum anabarrach brònach airson mar a dh' éirich do mhac O'Cròleagann agus chuir e fios air a h-uile lighich bha 'n Eirinn ach cha robh iad a' deanamh feum 'sa bith dha. Thainig seann duine rathad 's thuirt e gu robh lus ann an Eilean Iarodha domhain mhóir (properly **Eilean Iarthuath an domhain** mhóir, the island of Lewis*), ach cha b' aithnte do dhuine bha 'n Eirinn an lus agus chuir Iarl Anndrum sgioba 's biùrlinn leis an duine leònta do dh' Eilean Iarthuath an Domhain Mhóir agus dar a rainig iad cha b' aithnte dhoibh an lus ach 'se rinn iad thoisich iad air [an duine] a shlaodadh as an deigh troimh fheur 's lusan an eilein.

Thoisich an duine leònta air sgriachill 's air rànich agus dar a chunnaic iad nach robh a choltas orra feum air bhith a dheanamh dha 'n duine leònta 's nach robh choltas a bhi beò air, dh' fhàg iad an sid e 's thug iad fhéin an tigh orra. Agus an ceann trì làithean an deigh so chunnaic e curachan beag bàta a tighinn dho 'n eilean 's aon duine innte; thainig e far an robh an duine leònta agus thuirt e ris: "Sìn do chas, a Chéin, ach a cuir mise barra-lithi 's barra-leighis, ciaran furtachd agus slàinte rithe." "Mata," ars' am fear leònta, "nam bo chas dhomh féin i 's na bo chas do Chéin i, ma theid barra-l. na barra-l. rithe ach an dian thu aon sgialachd bheag eile dhomh air sin"; agus tha sgeulachd a' dùnadh 's ri ratha gun danig e ceithir latha fichead agus sgialachd ùr aige a h-uile latha dhiubh sin.

From John Campbell, Strath, Gairloch, Ross-shire (who learned it from a very old man who knew the 24, and died only two years ago). H. URQUHART.

* In Norway so far as actually reminiscent of place-names; cf. *iruade iruath*, of the older sagas —G. H.

[illegible]

## ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

[illegible] evening the annual Assembly was held in the Music Hall. There was a crowded attendance, including a pretty fair representation of West Coast visitors. As on former occasions, the platform and gallery were adorned with tartans and appropriate floral emblems, the whole arrangement being amply and effectively carried out. A picture, in black and white, of Flora Macdonald made a fitting background, seeing the programme gave the Jacobite element prominence. Mr A. Bignold of Ledbrooke, M.P., who is president of the Society, occupied the chair, and he was supported by Rev. Father Macqueen, Inverness; Councillor John Mackenzie, Lieut.-Colonel J. Macgregor, Ardgay; Lieut.-Colonel T. R. Macdonald; Messrs Charles M. Brown, manager, Caledonian Bank; John Robertson, H.M.I.S.; William Mackay, solicitor; Kenneth Macdonald, town-clerk; A. F. Steele, Bank of Scotland; A. M. Ross, Dingwall; Father Chisholm, Invercannich; Ian M. Grant of Glenmoriston; C. M. Cameron, Balnakyle; W. C. Macleod, Orbost Lodge; A. Mitchell, East Coast Railways; Andrew Mackintosh, H.M. Customs; W. J. Watson, rector, Royal Academy; A. Fiddes, Wick; James Purves, Kingsburgh, Skye; C. A. Palmer, Chizzola; A. De Cologan, ex-Provost Macbean, and Messrs D. Mackintosh and A. Macdonald, secretaries. At the outset of the proceedings, the four vocal artistes appeared on the platform and sang the National Anthem.

On the call of the Chairman, Mr Duncan Mackintosh, secretary, read a list of apologies for absence, viz.:—Lochiel, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Mr W. D. Mackenzie of Farr, The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Sir Reginald Macleod, Sir R. B. Finlay, Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, Mr Whitelaw, Nairn; Mr Ian Macpherson-Grant, Colonel H. G. Grant, Sheriff Davidson, Lieut.-Colonel Grant, Mr William Mackenzie, secretary to Crofters Commission; Dr F. M. Mackenzie, Sheriff Campbell, Portree; Mr James Anderson, Father Bisset, Nairn; and Mr T. A. Mackay, Edinburgh.

Mr Bignold then delivered his introductory address, which was varied in subject, and hopeful in tone as regards the future of things Celtic. He said he had come straight from the

House of Commons, of which it had been said, probably by some one who knew no better, that it was a place for the placid enjoyment of your declining years. It was nothing of the kind. What to him was an enjoyment, and a very real one was to come to Inverness to meet the great flockmasters and sheep farmers of the North, who were the backbone of the prosperity of the country, and also to listen to the delightful music of the Gaelic Society's concert. He was almost an old hand at those gatherings, at least to the extent, from experience, of realising the iniquity of interposing a stupid speech between the audience and the enjoyment of the finest ballad music of the North. Still, perhaps, by their courtesy and kindness, they would suffer him for a few minutes, upon a solemn pledge not to speak in the Gaelic. There had been a heavy pall hanging over the land since the 24th of June, now happily lifted, to the delight of the whole nation. He hoped they would soon see the King again, and that His Majesty would pay a visit to his Royal home in the highlands of Aberdeenshire in the autumn. Death, which spared no more the turrets of the rich than the cottages of the poor, had been busy, as usual, among the roll of members of the Gaelic Society. Major Randle Jackson of Swordale had left behind him an honoured name in this the glorious country of his adoption; whilst, too, they had to mourn the loss of a staunch supporter of the Society in the late Provost Macpherson, of Kingussie, who had sat beside him on that platform two years ago. Death struck the traveller and put an end to his journey, but they should indeed have "a heavy miss" of Provost Macpherson. Referring to the present position of the Gaelic language in Scotland and elsewhere, Mr Bignold said he might quote a few figures in illustration of the advance made in Gaelic culture and instruction on the other side of the Irish Channel. The Gaelic Society of Dublin had been in existence only eight years, but the progress it has made can be deduced from the fact that in the procession in March last in Dublin city the attendance of members approximated to thirty thousand, and the procession was three miles in length passing Nelson's Column. The number of publications issued by the Society during the last year was three hundred thousand; the number of children now being educated in the Gaelic language in Irish schools was seventy-one thousand, and the new Gaelic Primer, which was published on 1st January this year, had gone through four editions, and commanded a sale of nineteen thousand copies.

This was almost a record in the Irish publishing world; but perhaps the most important fact of all that could be noted was that the Minister of Education (Mr Horace Plunkett) had at last ordered the printing in Gaelic of the Government leaflets for distribution in the provinces of Ireland. The Emerald Isle had set them a splendid example in prosecuting the study of the ancient language. Their schools in Scotland now enjoyed advantages for the study of the language, inadequate though they were, namely, the grant of a shilling a-head in all infant schools in which there was a Gaelic instructor, the payment of the salary of a Gaelic instructor even although the attendance did not warrant the payment, and the award of special marks for proficiency in Gaelic in the King's Prize examinations. Although they could not hold the candle in regard to advance in comparison with the Irish movement, yet during the last twelve months they had made some progress, instead of having to report a decline as in former years. The subject of South Africa, Mr Bignold went on to say, had been so prominent in every man's mind for the past three years that he felt he must refer to it if only for a moment. The quarrel had ended upon the lines of broad humane sympathy, to the satisfaction of every honest man. At the same time, there was a feeling of satisfaction that their own hero, Hector Macdonald, had come safely through the fray. Some people said he had a banshee, but he (Mr Bignold) hoped that was not the case, because they all knew that Macleod of Dunvegan had a banshee who protected him through two battles, but on the third occasion whisked him off to Fairyland, and he returned to Dunvegan no more. He (Mr Bignold) had recently been in Caithness, and perhaps for that reason he might be a little superstitious. No Sinclair will leave the county on a Monday dressed in a green coat, and the reason for that was that some time ago, when the Sinclairs crossed the Ord on their way to Flodden, they all started on a Monday morning dressed in green coats, and only one came back. It had been said that the Highlander had nothing left but his language and his love of home. That he denied. The Highlander had his love of country; and their descendants in years to come, when they looked back across the waves of time, would mark with pride that in that long South African war no Highland brogue ever turned heel. It recalled to him a verse, written, he thought, by a member of the Gaelic Society—

"Yes, where'er the wrongs of Briton or oppression's woes and pains
Claim redress,
The Highland broadsword still the mead of honour gains.
Heaven then bless the land which gives us from its every strath and vale
Free brave hearts to guard our honour—
Clan nan Gaidheal ri guaillean a cheile."

The musical part of the programme was sustained by Miss Jessie Maclachlan, Mrs Munro (Strathpeffer), Miss Kate Fraser, Mr D. Miller, and Mr R. Macleod, and in addition there was a string Strathspey party, pipe music by Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, and dancing exhibitions by Pipe-Major Sutherland and others. Miss Maclachlan, who is on the eve of starting on a prolonged Colonial tour, was very heartily received, and she sung well up to her now more than national reputation. The other vocalists are locally too well known for detailed criticism; suffice it to say that their performances fully satisfied the large audience, and that encores were frequent. The Strathspey and reel party, led by Mr Alex. Watt, were greatly appreciated, and the other items mentioned proved popular variations in what, in all respects, proved a highly successful entertainment.

Lieut.-Colonel Macgregor, an old and enthusiastic member of the Society, delivered the Gaelic address. His remarks were as follows:—

Chuir Comunn Ghàidhlig Inbhirnis comain mhór ormsa, nuair a chuir iad cuireadh thugam tighinn air an oidhche chridheil, cheòlmhor so, airson focal no dhà a labhairt ann an cainnt mhaiseach ar sinnsear. Tha comunnan de 'n t-seòrsa so iomchuidh agus feumail, airson cumail cuimhn' air an t-sluagh agus an tìr de 'm buin sinn. Tha iad, mar an ceudna, cho feumail aig a' bhaile 's a tha iad bho na bhaile, cho feumail ann an Inbhirnis agus a tha iad ann an Lunnuin, cho feumail ann am Peairt agus a tha iad 'an Dunéidin, cho feumail anns an Oban agus a tha iad ann an Canada, Australia no New Zealand. Do bhrìgh ma chailleas sinn cainnt ar sinnsear aig an dachaidh, nach bi'dh i againn, airson a cumail no call, an uair a théid sinn a null do thìrean céine. Bi'dh sinn ri cluinntinn gu minig a' cheisd air a cuir: "Am faigh a' Ghàidhlig bàs?" Ach na'm biodh sinn cho dichiollach airson a cumail beò 's a tha sinn deònach air a bhi seinn a tuireadh,

cha 'n fhaigheadh a' Ghaidhlig bàs cho luath 's a tha cuid ri smaoineachadh. Tha cuid ri cuir as leith na Gàidhlig nach 'eil gnothaichean gnàthaicht' ar caithe-beatha, o là gu là; ged tha i glé mhath airson ùrnuigh no amhran, no eadhon suiridh a dheanamh innte, gidheadh nach 'eil i freagarrach airson reic is ceannachd agus gnothuichean saoghalta de 'n t-seòrsa sin. Tha so fior ann an tomhas, ach cha 'n e coire na Gàidhlig a th' ann, ach coire nan Gàidheal. Ni cleachdadh comhlionta. Agus na'm biodh sinne ri cleachdadh na Gaidhlig ni 's mó na tha sinn, bhiodh a' chainnt ri fas farsuinn mar tha 'Bheurla, 'an aite bhi searg as. Cha'n 'eil cainnt sam bith, an uair a bhios eòlas ri meudachadh, anns nach faighear focail nach buineadh dhi o thùs. 'S iomadh innleachd agus eòlas a fhuaireadh a mach o bha Adhamh le féidhleadh beag do dhuilleach nan craobh ri deanamh gaol agus briodal binn Gàidhlig ri Eubha ann an Garadh Eden. Agus tha 'Ghàidhlig a cheart cho comasach air greim agus air feum a dheanamh air focail ùra ri cànan eile. Ach cha ruig sinn a leas airson sin a bha measgadh na Gàidhlig le cànanan coigreach, mar bhios móran a' deanamh, an uair a bhios focail anns a' Ghaidhlig féin a cheart cho freagarrach, agus ni 's freagarraiche, airson a' chuis a chuir an céill. An saoil sibh gu'n tuigeadh na seann Shasunnaich gach focail Beurla 'tha na Sasunnaich ri cleachdadh aig an àm so? Cha tuigeadh. Oir mar tha eòlas ri craobh-sgaoileadh, tha Beurla ri fàs ni 's farsuinne agus, ma dh' fhaodas mi 'radh, ni 's fasanta, o linn gu linn. Tha mi duillich a chreidsinn gu'n robh na Sasunnaich anns an dòigh so ni bu dillse do chainnt an sinnsear na bha na Gàidheil do 'n Ghàidhlig. Oir na 'm biodh na Ghàideil cho toigheach 's cho deidheil air a' Ghàidhlig 's a bha na Goill air a' Bheurla, cha bhiodh a' Ghàidhlig cho diblidh 's a tha i aig an am so. 'S e gaoinealachd agus féinealachd nan Ghaidheal a mhill a' Ghaidhlig. Thòisich uaislean ri dol suas do Shasuinn, agus ri smaoineachadh nach biodh iad uasal gu leòr ann an sealladh an t-sluaigh, an uair a thilleadh iad dachaidh, na 'm biodh iad ri bruidhinn Gaidhlig, ged nach robh na Goill a riamh cho uasal fuil ris na Gàidheil fhein. An uair a rinn na daoine móra mar so, thòisich muinntir eile ri leantuinn 'an lorg an ceuma. Cha bhi cail uair 'air diùc no air tighearna Sasunnach bruidhinn Beurla, ged chluinneadh iad an tràill a's suaraiche ri bruidhinn anns a' chainnt sin. Ach tha móran de na Gaidheil, agus ma thachras doibh dol do Ghlaschu na Lunnuin, airson bliadhna no dhà, 's ann a bhios iad ri cumail amach, an uair a thig iad

dachaidh, gur e daoine móra bhios annta fein, ma leigeas iad orra gu'n chaill iad a' Ghàidhlig, ged nach biodh a' Bheurl' ac' ach gle mhabach. Bi'dh na laightearan ud ri foighneachd de 's fhiach a' Ghàidhlig agus de 'n feum a th' innte, airson cosnadh ar n-aran laitheil. Ach de 'n fheum a tha 's an ite 'th' ann a' stiùr a' choillich? Gidheadh cha bhiodh an coilleach iomlan as eugmhas na h-ite, ni mo bhios Gaidheal comlan as eugmhas na Gaidhlig. Nach cuimhne leibh, mar an ceudna, nach ann le aran amhain a bheathaichear duine ach leis gach focal a thig a mach—a beul na Gàidhlig! Cha'n 'eil buill a' Chomuinn so, cha'n 'eil sinne leis am b' aill seasamh còir na Gaidhlig, ri cumail amach gu'n dean na Gàidheil a' chuis as eugmhas Beurla. Am fear a chumadh sin amach, cha bhiodh e dileas aon-chuid de 'n Ghàidhlig no do na Gàidheil. Ach an aghaidh sin faodaidh sinn freagradh nach e mhàin gu 'm bu chòir daimh a bhi againn ri cainnt mhaiseach ar sinnsear, ach mar an ceudna gu 'm bi'dh buadhan ar n-inntinn ri fàs farsuinn, le eòlas a bhi againn air cainnt no dha eile a bharrachd air a' Bheurla. 'S e fior cheann circe nach urrainn giùlan da no tri chànanan, gun uallach sam bith a chuir air 'eanchuinn. Is eutrom an t-eallach an t-eòlas. Mar is mo ar foghlum 's anns is comasaiche bhios sinn airson ionnsachadh tuilleadh. Thubhairt Festus ri Pòl gu'n robh mór fhoghlum 'na chuir air bhoile. An do dh' aidich Pòl bochd ri so? Cha d' aidich. Ged bha Pòl 'na dhuine beag anmhuinn 'na phearsa, bha e anabarrach duineil agus dìleas 'na nadur. Agus na 'ni b' e 'n fhìrinn a bhiodh aig Festus, dh' aidicheadh Pòl ris an fhìrinn, ged nach aidicheadh e ris a' bhreug airson Festus no neach sam bith. Cha'n 'eil mi-fhéin ag aicheadh nach 'eil foghlum an dràsda 's a rithist ri cuir cinn air bhoile. Ach airson gach aon a tha ri call a chiall le mór fhoghlum, tha fichead ri call an ciall do bhrìgh nach 'eil cinn ac' airson foghlum no ciall a chumail. 'S cuimhne leis a mhuinntir sin agaibh a tha eòlach air na sgriobtuirean gu bheil tri nithean a bhuineas gu h-araid do 'n Chriosduidh—Creidimh, Dòchas, agus Gràdh—ach 's e 'n Gràdh a's mó dhiubh so. Ma dh' fheudas mi, ma-tha, car tamull, coimeas nithean talmhaidh ri nithean neamhuidh, gun oilbheum sam bith a thoirt do 'n fhìrinn, faodaidh mi 'radh gu bheil tri nithean, mar an ceudna, a bhuineas gu h-araid do 'n Ghàidheal—am feileadh beag, a' phiob mhór, agus a' Ghàidhlig—ach 's e 'Ghàidhlig a's mó dhiubh so! Ceart mar is e Gràdh a's mo na Creidimh no Dòchas ann an aidmheil a' Chriosduidh, mar Chriosduidh,

's e 'Ghàidhlig a's mo na piob no feileadh, ann an aidmheil a' Ghàidheil, mar Ghàidheal.. Tha ghnath-fhocal am measg nan Gall: "Gur duillich a' bhriogais a thoirt deth 'n Ghàidheal." Ciarson? Airson nach b' abhaist briogais a bhi air, 's nach b' urrainnear toirt deth an comhdach nach robh e 'giùlan. Ach, mo thruaighe, thriall an t-àm sin 's tha eagal orm nach till e tuilleadh. Oir 's an linn 'sam bheil sinne beò, 's ann a tha e duillich toirt an fhéileadh deth 'n Ghaidheal, 's cha 'n e bhriogais, agus airson an aon reuson ceudna—nach bi'dh feileadh air. Ach ged bhiodh na Gàidheil cho deidheil air an fheileadh 's a bha iad riamh, cha b' urrainn e bhi orr' an comhnuidh. Cha bhi iad an comhnuidh ri codal anns an fheileadh, am bi? Agus an uair a bheir iad dhiobh am feileadh, bidh iad dìreach mar bha Samson 'nuair a ghearradh 'fholt—cosmhuil ann an cruth ri daoin' eile. Mar sin, a dh' aindeoin 's cho deidheil 's a bhios cuid againn air sgal na pioba, cha 'n urrainn i bhi 'n comhnuidh fo ar n-achlais, no feadan aice bhi 'n comhnuidh 'nar pluic. Ach bu chòir do 'n 'Ghàidhlig a bhi aig an fhior Ghàidheal cho fad 's a bhios teanga 'na cheann. Bha 'Ghàidhlig aig a' Ghàidheal mas robh aon-chuid piob no feileadh aige, an uair a bha e ri ruith 's ri leum, luath, lomnochd, air feadh beanntan agus gleanntan na Gaidhealtachd. Nach 'eil sibh a nis, a' chairdean, ri tuigsinn ciarson bu chòir duinn cumail suas na Gàidhlig cho math 's is urrainn sinn. 'S an àite mu dheireadh, do bhrìgh gur e eisimpleir a's fearr na comhairle, innsidh mi duibh mar a dh'eirich domh fhein, agus ciamar a chum mi 'Ghaidhlig 'nam chuimhne. Bha mi aon turus corr agus ceithir bliadhna deug gun cluinntinn smid Gaidhlig o neach eile. Gidheadh an uair a thainig mi air m' ais do 'n Ghaidhealtach, bha 'Ghaidhlig agam ni b' fhearr na 'n uair a dh' fhalbh mi. Leughainn ni b' fhearr agus sgriobhuinn ni b' fhearr i na 'n uair a dh' fhalbh mi. 'S ann mar so a thachair: An uair a dh' fhairich mi mi-fhein ri call na Gàidhlig, thoisich mi ri leughadh agus ri sgriobhadh na Gàidhlig, ach gu h-araid—ri seinn na Gàidhlig. Eadhon gus an àm so cha mhór gu'n teid là seachad gun mi leughadh beagan Gàidhlig. An dràsda 's a rithist, mar an ceudna, thoisichinn ri sgriobhadh amhran ùr Gaidhlig leam fhein, air seann fhonn a b' aithne domh roimhe, no air fonn ùr a bhithinn fhein a feuchainn a chuir ri cheile. Mar bha 'n t-àm ri ruith, bha na h-amhrain ri fas lionmhor, gus na sgriobh mi mu dheireadh timchioll tri fichead ac', a chlò-bhuail mi ann an leabhar do 'n d' thug mi 'n t-ainm

neònach "Luinneagan Luaineach," oir bu luaineach mo chos agus mo chridhe fhein, an sud 's an so, 'n dràsda 's a' rithist, ri figheadh nan amhran. Cha mhór, mar an ceudna, gu bheil aon amhran anns an leabhar, nach b' urrainn mi-fhein a sheinn, agus nach do sheinn mi iomadh uair ann an iomadh ait' iomallach de 'n t-saoghal, nach cuala 'Ghaidhlig a riamh roimhe agus, is maithid, nach cluinn i gu brath tuilleadh. 'S iomadh uair, cuideachd, air feadh nam bliadhnachan ud, agus bliadhnachan 'nan deigh, a bha e gle choltach, air muir 's air tìr, nach faicinn fraoch na Gàidhealtachd a chaoidh. Ach faiceadh no nach faiceadh, b' e mo dhùrachd a bhi beò agus bàsachadh mar Ghaidheal nach treigeadh cainnt mhaiseach Tìr nam Beann, 'nan Gleann 's nan Gaisgeach. Cha b' ann airson airgiod no airson òr, cha b' ann airson urram no glòir, a rinn mi so. Cha 'n ann, ach—

Air sgath na 'laithean fad o chian,
Na 'laithean sin a thriall uainn.

Tha mi toillichte bhi comasach air innseadh so dhuibh air an oidhche nochd, mar fhocal na fìrinn; cha 'n ann mar ghill' òg ri fagail a dhuthcha, gu dichuimhneachadh, ann am bliadhna no dha, gach rùn diomhair a rinn e, ach mar fhograch air tionndadh dachaidh leis m' bu mhiann a riamh a bhi dìleas do 'n Ghàidhlig agus do 'n Ghàidhealtachd. Tha mi, mar a thubhairt mi, 'g a innseadh duibh airson eisimpleir, mar an ceudna; agus ma ni sibhse mar a rinn mise, 's mar tha Comunn Ghàidhlig Inbhirnis a' dheanamh, cha 'n fhaigh a Ghaidhlig bas—

Oh, togaibh, togaibh fonn, togaibh fonn air a' Ghàidhlig,
A chànan ro uasal 'thug buaidh air gach cànan,
Biodh dìleas d' ur sinnsear 's do 'n dìleab a dh' fhag iad,
'S 'an subhachas no 'n éigin na treigibh bu bràth iad.

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### *4th DECEMBER, 1902.*

At this meeting Professor Arthur A. Macdonald, Oxford, was elected an honorary member, and Messrs K. J. Brand, solicitor, Inverness, and Alex. Cameron, Highland Railway, Inverness, ordinary members. The contribution for the evening was by the Rev. C. D. Bentinck, Kirkhill, and entitled: "The Old Church of Wardlaw—Some Notes on its History and Clergy."

## WARDLAW CHURCH AND CLERGY—I.

For these notes upon "Wardlaw Church and Clergy" I have, in addition to the usual sources of information, such as "Scott's Fasti," "Shaw's History of Moray," and other works of a similar character, drawn mainly upon the records of the Presbytery of Inverness, and those of the Kirk-Session of the parish. Unfortunately the oldest Session records of Kirkhill have shared the fate of most others belonging to the same period: they have either been lost or destroyed, and are no longer available. Had they been extant, they would doubtless have shed a good deal of light upon those long bygone days of which now we know so little. Of what intense interest and great value the old Episcopal records of Wardlaw must have been we can gather from the perusal of a few pages of them that have happily been preserved, and were recently handed over to the custody of the Kirk-Session by Mr Biscoe of Newton, in possession of whose family they had been for many years. They cover but a short period of three years, from 1707-1709, and yet this mere fragment of parish history has yielded not a few notes of great interest and value. No record remains of the proceedings of Session for the next forty years: the oldest volume begins with the year 1748. There is indeed good reason to doubt whether the Kirk-Session met at all during the long vacancy that began in 1709 and continued until 1717; and when the meetings were resumed, there is evidence to show that until 1748 the minutes were kept in a careless, slovenly fashion, on loose sheets of paper, which were probably never bound.

With such limited sources of information at my disposal, I can hope to illumine but faintly the dark pages of the past history of Wardlaw. The earliest reference to the parish is to be found in a deed dated at Elgin on the 15th October, 1221, in which an arrangement is made in regard to the advowsons of the churches of Coneway and Dulbatelauch or Dunballoch. The charters dealing with this arrangement are recorded in the Register of Moray, and indicate that the lands granted to John Byset were formerly part of the parishes of Dunballoch and Conway. John Byset releases to Bricius, Bishop of Moray, the advowsons of the church of Dunballoch, and the Bishop releases to John Byset the advowson of the church of Conway. Byset also agrees to grant to the church of Dunballoch, in a competent place and near to the church of

Dunballoch, where it shall have been translated to "Fingasc or Fingassy" to the place which is called Wardelau (E) (Scotice Balabrach or Balcabrac)." From this we gather that in early days the church stood at Dunballoch, by which name the parish was then known, and that it was to be translated to Wardlaw, the Gaelic name of which appears to have been "Balabrach," meaning possibly "The bere town." Shaw, in his History of the Province of Moray, states that he saw in the hands of Mr Fraser of Dunballoch a Papal Bull, dated 1210, translating the church of Mauritius to Wardlaw. Though the Papal sanction was given in 1210, the actual transference does not appear to have been effected until a few years later. What the considerations were that led to the removal of the church from Dunballoch to Wardlaw we can only conjecture. The latter site may have been preferred as being more central: it is certainly more picturesque and commanding. The extensive view it affords of the surrounding country must have been less obstructed in former days, and led to its use for the purpose which gave it its Saxon name. In those far-off days, when might was right, and the different tribes or clans preyed upon each other when they could, this hill doubtless served as a place of vantage from which careful ward was kept to guard against possible incursions. Shaw declares that the garrison of Lovat, the castle of which stood on the plain below, kept ward or watch on the hill. From this circumstance it doubtless derived its name—Wardlaw, i.e., Watch-hill. Dr Alexander Fraser, in his article on Kirkhill in the old Statistical Account of Scotland, anxious apparently to find a Gaelic derivation for the name, suggests that it is a corruption of the Gaelic "Ban-tla, i.e., kindly summit"!

It is rather curious that neither the old nor the modern name of the parish is of Celtic origin; they are both, however, aptly descriptive of the situation of the church.

Like its predecessor at Dunballoch, the church of Wardlaw may have been dedicated to St Maurice. The author of the Wardlaw MSS., however, gives the Virgin Mary that honour, as does his successor in office, Dr Fraser, who cites in support of his view the Gaelic name of the parish (by which it is still known), "Cnoc-Mhoire."

On July 14th, 1618, the parish of Fearnua (Gaelic Fearn, alder), comprising the eastern section of the present parish, was united by the Commission of Plat to that of Wardlaw, and the parish thus formed came in time to be known as Kirkhill. Of the church of Fearnua, Mr Chisholm-Batten

thus writes in his History of Beauly Priory:—"The church of Fearnua seems to have been dedicated to a saint named Corridon, according to the Wardlaw MSS., and the light of Christianity which had been burning there, dimly it may be, for four hundred years was suddenly extinguished by this Commission for the planting of kirks." We know very little about the church at Fearnua. It would appear (notwithstanding the opinion of the author of the Wardlaw MSS. quoted by Mr Chisholm-Batten) to have been dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and to have been "ane common kirk of Moray." In 1239 Andrew Bishop of Moray grants the church of Fearnway with all its pertinents to the common use of the Canons of Elgin, "except one half of a davoch pertaining to the table for the personal maintenance of the Bishop." No vicar appears to have been ordained at Fearnua, and the church was served by a parochial chaplain. Of those who ministered there we have the names of only three, and of these little is known. Among the witnesses to an ancient charter of the 14th century appears the name of Sir Peter, chaplain of the parish of Fearnaway. In Scott's "Fasti" the names of two others are given; but the similarity of names, and also of careers, suggests the suspicion that they were identical.

In 1569 the church was served by Andrew Brabine or Brabone alias M'Phail, who was exhorter at Pettie in 1567, and was presented to the parsonage of Fearnua by James VI. on 18th June, 1569. Urquhart, Glenmoriston, and Bonoch were also included in the charge in 1574, forming rather an extensive sphere of labour.

In 1575 Andrew M'Phail was minister. He also had been reader at Petty, and was presented to the parsonage by James VI. in 1575, and also to the vicarage in 1581. His stipend amounted to the modest sum of £11 6s 8d; but he had a good glebe, known as Croit an Teampuill, as we learn from the Wardlaw MSS, which also bears that he lived at Kirkton till 1606. That same year he was translated to Kingussie. Of the old church of Fearnua no trace now remains, but its probable site is marked by the tiny church-yard which adjoins the farm steading of Kirkton, and is still in use.

As no reference is made either in the Presbytery or Kirk-Session records to the church at Fearnua, it is evident that the church at Wardlaw was made to serve the whole parish. Through what successive changes the old kirk of Wardlaw may have passed, and how much, if any, of the original building remained at the earliest date of which there is any

record, it is difficult to say. The earliest mention of it occurs in the minute of a visitation by the Bishop and Presbytery on the 12th May, 1682, where it is stated that "the fabrick of the church was found compleit in thack, glass windowes, Lofts, desks, church bible, pulpit cloath, and an excellent Bell and bellhouse." From this reference it would appear that the church of Wardlaw was in better repair and better furnished than most country churches of that time, many of which were destitute of the most necessary furnishings.

The thatch of the church seems to have been renewed in the summer of 1707, as the following minute of July 20th indicates:—"That day Alexander Clerk in Kirkhill called in and enjoined to enter to thack the church Roof and to clay it firmly, the materialls being now provided." What the materials were, and how provided, the minutes of next meeting show:—"Alex. Clerk, thackster, gave an account to the Session that he get yet some heather and clay lead to the church. . . . The Session orders Lovat and D—— to lead more heather, and the Deacons spoken to for that effort." The work was executed with dispatch, as the minute of August 24th bears that "the Thatch of the church being now compleated, Alexander Clerk, Thackster, being called declared judicially that he had spent 8 dayes constantly uppon that work, and Donald M'Klean, Pioner, attending him to carry clay and stakes wt. other necessaries for that work. The Session orders 6s Scots per diem to the said Alexander Clerk, which amounts to 4s sterling, and 4sl. Scots to Donald M'Klean per diem, which amounts to 3s sterling, the Moderator to give a written order to the church officer for uplifting the particular proportion stented uppon every Davoch of that money, and to collect ye same with the assistance of the elders." The aid of the civil power was also invoked to secure payment of this assessment, for we read in a later minute that "the constables are enjoined to concur with the church officer to uplift ye stented proportion of every town wt.in the parish for thacking of the church." Their efforts appear to have been eventually successful, for we learn from the minute of March 8th, 1708, that:—"That day the Deacons declare that Alexander Clerk hath receaved compleat payment through all the Parish for thacking the church in the victuall due to him in every town."

The glass windows were a source of trouble and expense. On August 5th, 1707, £12 11s 8d was "given to the Glasier,

Thomas Fraser, for mending and making up the Glass and weare of the windows of the church." In February, 1746, the windows are reported to want glass and frames of wire to prevent them from breaking by doves and dogs, and the Moderator is recommended "to cause mend them sufficiently that the hearers of the kirk may not be exposed to be wet as they have been frequently."

That the heritors and others provided and were responsible for their own pews appears from a complaint made against James Fraser of Achnagairn in April, 1707, whom the Session takes to task for "the top of his new desk, which wholly obstructs and obscures the prospect of seeing and hearing from the eastern end of the church." Achnagairn's plea that "the laird of Culloden was concerned to remove that impediment, the desk being his," evoked from the Moderator the reply "that Culoden was not within our Parish nor of our Communion, nor was it he but Achnigarn that built the desk, and therefore it was his concern to regulate the same."

The Session also provided a common loft, the seats in which they let for a yearly rent of about 2s per sitting. On 27th June, 1708, "6 shillings Scots were ordered to be given to Donald M'Krob, wright in Achnigarn, for fixing the breast of the common loft and the Stool of Repentance."

The pulpit was "covered with green sairge, for which 20s Scots was paid to Alex. M'Kay" in September, 1707. Testimony is indirectly borne to the force and vigour of the minister's preaching by the fact that in August of the following year "6s Scots was ordered to be given to John Dow Taylor for shewing and mending on the pulpit cloath and adding some new Green Freeze."

The church apparently had a porch, and was enclosed with a stile in 1707, part of which probably still remains in the old arch that stands at the present entrance to the churchyard.

In 1750 the church was represented to the Presbytery by the minister as being in a very bad condition, and "will quickly go to ruin if not repaired." The result of this representation, and a subsequent visitation by Presbytery, was that the church was practically rebuilt with the exception of the gables, the area of the church being widened to the north side. The new walls were to be 2½ ft. thick, and "the tabling of these walls 2 feet lower than that of the chapple at the east gavel." They were to be built with lime without any clay, and the south wall was to have six windows, "the two windows already

in the west gavel to be continued." The roof was to be slated, and in due proportion to the breadth of the church. The west end of the church was to have "a convenient and sufficient common loft, the stair thereto to be within the church." The total cost of the work was £198 18s 8d.

The church thus renovated stood until 1790, when it was probably taken down, and the materials employed in the erection of the plain and unattractive building that still serves as the parish church, which was completed in 1792, and renovated in 1892.

The abandonment of so picturesque and commanding a site, hallowed by past associations, in favour of another vastly inferior in every respect, is difficult to understand. The consideration that weighed most with those responsible for the transference may possibly have been the lack of sufficient accommodation, and the difficulty of extension owing to the churchyard. Imagination loves to picture the scene that must oft have gladdened the eyes and rejoiced the hearts of the old ministers of Wardlaw, as on Sunday mornings they watched from the manse windows the long procession of worshippers passing on their way up to the House of God. "Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis."

The site of the old church of Wardlaw is now marked by the Lovat mausoleum with its belfry, so graceful and ecclesiastic in structure that no great effort is needed to beleive that it may have been originally part of the ancient church. Had we no information to the contrary, we might have concluded that it was the chancel of the old church, and that on its abandonment at the abolition of Episcopacy Lord Lovat exercised his undoubted right of taking possession of it, and using it for burial purposes. But Dr Carruthers quotes a passage from the Wardlaw MSS. which renders any such theory untenable. In the description the author gives of the funeral of Simon Lord Lovat in 1632, he states that "the Frasers of Lovat, resolving to desert their burial place in Beauly minster, interred Lord Simson's corpse in Kirkhill, at the east end of the church, with a pale of curious timber work above his grave, and erected that aisle and steeple there as their tomb, which now we see joined to the church." From another passage in the Wardlaw MSS. we gather that it was originally intended to erect the chapel at the wester end of the church; but the height of the rock made the selection of the east end necessary. The contractor for the erection of the

building was Wm. Ross, master mason. The original contract between him and Lord Hugh has just been discovered among a collection of old Belladrum papers, and is a document of sufficient interest and value to entitle it to a place in this paper. It runs thus: —

"At Kirkhill the tuentie nynt day of September Jaivici threttie thrie yeiris It is agreit upoune betuixt Hew lord fraser of Lowatt one the ane pt. and Wm. Ros masoune one the tother pt. In maner efter specifeit That is to say the said Wm. ros as princll. and Hew fraser of belladrum caur. for him bindis and obleist thame that the said Wm. Ros sall build ane yle upon the eist end of the Kirk of Wardlaw off lenthe threttie sex foutis wt. the wall off the lyke breidthe wt. the said kirk wt. ane archt in the gabell of the said yle and ane uthir licht upoun the syd wall yroff, ane doore upoune the yle it selff and ane uthir doore stoppit in the olde gavell wt. ane passage upoun the uther syde of the wall besyde the olde gavell wt. ane pend in the inner syde of the wall for any monument to the lords of Lovatt with foure bowells upoun the northe syde two upoune every syde and ane timber table every one yroff to be two foote of height for qlk the said hew lord fraser of lovatt as prinll. and cautyoner for him bindis and obleist yame to pay and deliver to the said Wm. Ros or his airis the soume of four hundrethe merkis thrie chalders victuall halff meill halff malt wt. ane suit of clothes at the termes eftir specifeit viz. ane hundrethe pundis heirof at the dait of thir pntis. wt. ane chalder of victuall ane hundrethe pundis and ane chalder of victuall to be payit in parts as the worke goes forward to the levelling of the walls and ane hundrethe merkis and ane chalder of victuall in compleit payt. to be payit in ptis at the working of the gavell as the worke goes fordward Lykeas the said noble lord and his caur. forsd obleis ym to furnishe all scaffaldin quairrell Loomes and carriage requisit for the said worke and to furnishe to the said Wm. a dwelling hous and fewall to mak his vindes ready duiring the said worke . ffinallie the said Wm. Ros obleis him to win the haill hewen worke that sall serve to compleit the foirsaid yle doores windowes and belhous yrof in the best and most curious workemanshipe the said Wm. can. And for ye mair security we ar content yir pretis be registrat in the buiks of counsell & sessioun & that lres. neidfull be direct heirupon in forme as effeirs and to yis effect constituts

Our prors promitten de rato In witnes

qroff we have subt. yir pretis day and place foirsaid Before yir witness Mr George fraser and Alexr. Dunbar servitors to the said Lord Lovatt.

" A. Dunbar witnes W. Ros.

" G. Fraser witnes."

The building was competed in 1634, and is a standing testimony to the excellence and durability of the builder's work.

There can be no doubt that the old belfry (pronounced by a competent authority to be one of the most perfect of its kind in Scotland) belongs to the 17th century. It bears a close resemblance to the Tower of St Duthus in Tain, and may have been designed by the same architect, and erected by the same hands. On two of its tiny windows are cut in relief the figures 17-22, which may be the date of the renovation of the structure by the notorious Simon Lord Lovat, and possibly, too, of the erection by him of the well-known mural tablet with its ornate surroundings, which, presumably intended as a memorial of his father, was really meant to perpetuate the memory of his own imaginary virtues, as the inscription shows: —

" To the memory of Thomas Lord Fraser of Lovat, who chose rather to undergo the greatest hardships of fortune than to part with the ancient honours of his house, and bore these hardships with an undaunted fortitude of mind.

" This monument was erected by Simon Lord Fraser of Lovat, his son, who likewise having undergone many and great vicissitudes of good and bad fortune through the malice of his enemies, he in the end at the head of his clan forced his way to his paternal inheritance with his sword in his hand and relieved his kindred and followers from oppression and slavery, and both at home and in foreign countries by his eminent actions in ye war and State he hath acquired great honour and reputation.

Hic tegit ossa lapis Simonis fortis in armis
Restituit pressum nam genus ille suum
Hoc marmor posuit cari genitoris honori
In genus afflictum par erat ejus amor."

Among the relics of the past that are still preserved in the building is a fragment of a church bell, the upper part of which has been broken off, and has disappeared. The loss of this upper section is to be regretted, not only because it makes it impossible to recast the bell, but also because it bore almost

the whole of an inscription, of which only a few letters remain. It may be that this fragment is all that remains of the bell which, according to the author of the Wardlaw MSS., was originally taken from Beauly Priory, and being too large for the steeple, was hung for a time upon wooden supports on the knoll to the south-east of the churchyard, to which it gave the name "Tom-Chluige." It was afterwards sent to Holland to be recast, and made less. In its diminished form it was set up in the belfry in 1635, and bore the inscription—"Michael Burgerhous me fecit Anno d. 1634."

In the minute already quoted of the visitation of Wardlaw by the Bishop in May, 1682, the church is said to possess "ane excellent Bell and bellhouse." At that time it would appear that the belfry contained only one bell. That another must have subsequently been added the following minute of Session, of 24th July, 1748, indicates:—"The Moderator regrated the Loss the Parish was in by the want of the Benefits of the great Bells since they were broken to warn them to church as formerly. It was resolved the Session should think of some proper means to get them founded of new." Towards payment of the cost of recasting the bells subscriptions were invited from the heritors and parishioners, as also from those resident in the neighbouring parishes, who had burial places at Kirkhill. It was resolved that "when the Bells are repaired and set up they shall not be rung at the Burial of any but such as dwell within the Parish under twenty pounds Scots money, if they do not contribute generously to the Repairing of them; and if they do, they shall be rung for them at the same rate as for them that live in the Parish, and have their names and several contributions recorded in the Session Register." With a few notable exceptions (including Culbokie and Culmiln), those appealed to gave contributions ranging from one guinea to 2s stg. Every tenant in the parish was asked to contribute at the rate of two shillings Scots for each boll of land they possessed, those having no land being invited to contribute according to their ability. Those who contributed were to enjoy the privilege of having "the Bells rung for them and their wives at the Burial of either of them, they paying a firlot of victual or a half-crown to the kirk-officer."

The necessary funds having been raised, "the Moderator was desired to go to Inverness, and to see the Bells to be sent thither by a Boat, weighed and ship'd, and to receive a Bill of Loadening for them and to give the necessary directions for their being cast, and appointed to receive payment out of the

Session Box." The Moderator received his commission in August, 1748, and the bells were ready by May of next year; the work of recasting them appears to have been undertaken by Mr Alex. Fraser, merchant, Inverness, and to have cost £15 13s stg. The setting-up of the new bells was entrusted to two local tradesmen—Paul M'Lean, wright at Balgrinshell, and Wm. Bain, smith in Drumriach—who appear to have taken plenty of time to the work, as it was not completed in February, 1750, though undertaken by them in May, 1749! The custody of the steeple and bells was given to Hugh M'Hutcheon, servant in Grome, who was appointed to ring the bells when needful on week days and Sabbaths, and to uplift the fees charged for ringing at burials. For this he was to receive a yearly salary of £5 10s Scots money.

The Session funds for behoof of the poor were considerably augmented by the income derived from the ringing of the bells at funerals, which continued until the beginning of the 19th century, the fee latterly charged for the privilege being 5s. The last payment recorded was made by Wm. Maclean, farmer, Groam, in 1817, "to entitle his family, as the entry bears, to have the chapel Bell rung at their funerals or deaths." It is significant that, though as late as 1785 the "bells" are spoken of, as if there were more than one, in a minute of 1789, and ever afterwards, only the singular number is used, implying that there was only one left in the belfry. The other may have been removed to the new church, which was begun in 1790. In 1805 the Kirk-Session had to protest against the arbitrary procedure of the Hon. Archibald Fraser of Lovat, who about a year previous had "ordered and caused the door of the bell house to be shut and built up with stone and lime, so that all access to the Bell gifted by one of his predecessors is obstructed." An examination of the Session records revealed the fact that the bell was put up, not as the Session supposed by one of Lovat's predecessors, but at the expense of the parish by subscription, and consequently that Lovat had no right to deprive the parish of the use of the bell. This having been represented to his Lordship, he ordered the door to be re-opened, and the bell continued to be available for the purpose for which it was designed until, as I have been informed, it fell down during a great storm some fifty or sixty years ago, and was broken. The bell with which the new church was equipped was evidently an old one, and may, as already suggested, have been one of those two that had for so long done duty in the steeple, for we find that in

1808 (16 years after the church was opened) the Session contracted for the supply of a new bell, which cost £21 10s 6d stg., from which £5 6s 8d stg. fell to be deducted as the amount allowed for the old bell. The new bell, now nearly 100 years old, still calls the parishioners to worship; but in rather harsh, unmusical tones that have not been sweetened and mellowed by age, and the sound of which makes one sigh for the great bell that sounded sweetly in the ears of so many generations of worshippers, and now lies shattered and silent.

Another relic of the far past, of even greater antiquity and interest than the great bell, is an old sculptured stone, which in all likelihood had at one time been in the wall of the old church. Though it has been lying about the floor of the chapel for many years it has fortunately escaped serious injury, and is in a wonderfully good state of preservation. I am indebted to Dr Joass, of Golspie, for the following detailed description of this quaint old stone:—"In a niche surmounted by a canopy with trifoliate crockets is the kneeling figure of a priest in eucharistic vestments. The coronal tonsure is shewn, and the falling side-hair is tastefully treated. The face is three-quarter front, the widely opened eyes looking upward, and the mouth expressing reverent pity. The alb extends to the feet, and is foreshortened at the ground. The amice or collar is present, and the priestly chasuble reaching to the knee. Near the knee is the pyx—the case for the consecrated Host. On this is the paten, and near it the chalice with beaded stem and fluted bowl. The wafer is held between thumb and forefinger of both hands, and from the left wrist hangs the maniple with its embroidered decoration."

On the surrounding raised border, and in demi-relief, is an inscription in modified church-script, which, though sharp, is in some parts difficult to decipher. Several well-known antiquarians have tried to do so; but while they all agree as to the greater part of the inscription, they differ as to the name of the individual commemorated. Without doubt he was a former vicar of Wardlaw; but it is impossible to establish his identity. The inscription runs thus:—

"† Hic jacet dns. Johannis Del Ard quond. vicarius de Wardlau q. obiit a.d. mccccxxxi."

There is another stone, a mere fragment however, which may when complete have also contained a kneeling figure in the centre, and bears traces of having had a projecting arched canopy above, decorated on the front and sides. Only a few

words of the inscription remains:—"† hic jacet dns donald de obiit anno dni mccccxxii or lxii." The spacing of the figures in the date is irregular; there is a long interval between the 'm' and the 'c,' which may have contained another 'c,' and also between the first 'x' and the second. Here again the identification of the individual commemorated is impossible.

Of the old vicars of Wardlaw the names of only a few have been preserved, and of these we know very little indeed.* The earliest of whom there is any mention is David Cuthbert, vicar of Wardlaw, whose name appears in an old charter among those present at an inquiry held in August, 1532, within the burgh of Inverness in regard to a grant made by the Church to Thomas Lord Fraser of Lovat of the church lands of Kilmorack (C.B.'s H. of B.P.). His name is not given either in Shaw's "History of Moray," or "Scott's "Fasti."

Sir William Dow Fraser (an ecclesiastic knight) is the next vicar of Wardlaw of whom there is any record. He died about 1588. His name is also omitted in the list of Wardlaw clergy in the "Fasti."

He was succeeded by Donald Dow Fraser, who was at Wardlaw in 1574. Of him the Wardlaw MSS. says that he "lived in Finask, there being no settled mans at Kirkhill, and married Agnes Mald out of Lovat's family." He was translated to Kilchrist about 1580, and returned prior to 1590, when Kilchrist also was included in the charge. As Kilmorack and Kiltarlity were also included, and Abertarff likewise came to be attached in 1579, we do not wonder that at this date he disappears and is heard of no more! His stipend at Wardlaw was XL lib.

Bartholomew Robertson comes next. He was translated from Lhanbryde, and admitted to Wardlaw prior to 1608, where he appears to have continued till 1610.

The next vicar of whom there is any record is John Houston, who was the first minister of the united parishes, to which he was presented by Bishop Douglas in 1614. His name occurs in the minute of a Presby-

* According to an interesting old list of Wardlaw vicars, compiled in the early part of the 18th century, which came into my hands since my paper was written, "Sir William Sinclair served in Lord Humphrey's time, was his own chaplain, and entered in 1504. Sir David Daly served after him, and Sir David Cuthbert after him." Sir William Dow Fraser served from 1580 till 1588; Donald Dow Fraser, 1588 and 1590 till 1600.

terial visitation at Boleskine in 1632. That same year —as the Wardlaw MSS. tells us—he flatly declined to preach the funeral sermon of Lord Simon of Lovat, a duty which his neighbour, the minister of Kilmorack, undertook, and discharged with such credit to himself that the Laird of Grant, to show his appreciation of the minister's discourse, embraced him at its close. We learn, too, from the Wardlaw MSS. that Mr Houston married Anna, eldest daughter of James Fraser of Phopachy. He was suspended by the Bishop of Moray in 1634 for "having marryed the Laird of Balnigown and the Lord Lovat's daughter upon two proclamations." He was a member of the General Assembly of 1638, and died in 1659, a year so fatal to the members of the Presbytery of Inverness, that all the parishes except four were vacant.

The next vicar was a most interesting individual, and we fortunately know a good deal more of him than of his predecessors in office. Though nearly 200 years have passed since he entered into rest, the name of James Fraser, the author of the Wardlaw MSS. is well known to-day, and traditions about him are still current in the parish where he laboured so long and so faithfully. He was of good family, his father being Dr William Fraser of Phopachy. Born on January 1st, 1634, he studied first at the Grammar School of Inverness, and then at the University of Aberdeen, where he graduated in 1655. He was ordained in 1661. For two years previous to his ordination he appears to have acted as domestic chaplain in the family of Lovat, to which he was much attached. Mr Fraser has been described as "a distinct and accurate person, as well as learned and ingenious." He was certainly a man of wide and varied culture, and travelled extensively in his own country and in foreign parts, a somewhat rare accomplishment in those days for a man of his position. Of his travels on the Continent he has left an interesting record in his work entitled "Triennial Travels." He was a great writer, at least in the sense that he wrote a great deal. That his mind was active and his pen busy is evident from a list of his compilations which he wrote on a blank leaf prefixed to the Wardlaw MSS. The list is entitled "A Catollogue of Manuscripts being Bookes bound, written, and filled be Master James Fraser, Pastor Montis Mariae in divers volumes ab anno 1660." It included no fewer than fifty works, mainly sermons and theological treatises. Among other writings mentioned are "A Book of Jests and Ballads," "A Collection of Songs and Sonnets," "Authologia, his own

Life," "Triennial Travels," "Fraser's Familiars," volume of Letters, a Herbal, a volume of "Experiments of Physic and Surgery," a Catollogue of Books, Catechumeni, in 3 volumes, containing the names of houses and individuals in every town and family within Wardlaw parish since 1662; "Hibernilogia," a volume of Irish verse; an Irish Dictionary; a Diary of Weather Contingencies; and a Bill of Mortality. I am indebted to Dr Carruthers's "Highland Note-Book" for this list, which is verily a tribute to the extraordinary industry and versatility of the writer, or rather compiler. Of all the many writings that came from his pen only three, unfortunately are extant, so far as we know. It is to be feared that several of them may have perished in the destruction by fire of Newton House, where many most valuable and interesting documents were stored. The three that remain are "Triennial Travels," the Wardlaw MSS., and the "Bill of Mortality." The first two are now, fortunately, in the hands of a well-known antiquarian—Mr William Mackay, Inverness—who is about to publish the Wardlaw MSS., under the auspices of the Scottish History Society. The appearance of this quaint old chronicle of the past will be awaited with the keenest interest. It deals in a homely, gossipy fashion with events of local and general interest, and contains a curious mixture of events of national and historical importance, and details of local occurrences. The writer's credulity and love of gossip and exaggeration detract in great measure from the historical value of the work, which, according to Mr Chisholm-Batten, "bristles with inaccuracies." But the extracts already published from it are so interesting and entertaining, that one anticipates with delight the publication of the whole MSS., or at least of whatever of interest and value it contains. The title of the MSS. is a high-sounding and ambitious one, such as the author evidently delighted to give his writings. Dr Carruthers gives it in his Note-Book, so that I need not quote it here. His chronicle, which he himself informs us was "entered and begun at the desire of the House of Fraser," consists of 400 pages of very closely-written foolscap paper. The MSS. was for many years in the possession of Sir William Fraser of Ledclune.

The "Bill of Mortality" was for long in the keeping of the family of Newton, along with many other valuable and interesting papers, many of which are now destroyed. It was deposited some years ago in the Register House, Edinburgh, and forms one of the most interesting records of its kind in

Scotland. This old MS. is in a wonderfully good state of preservation, though some of the writing is difficult to decipher. It is entitled, "A Book of Mortality recording the names of all persons, men, women, and children, with all strangers, that died within the Parish of Wardlaw and Farnway at anno 1652." Appended to the lists of several of the years are short notes by the author, some of which are of interest. Of the year 1677, he observes "that there was a great mortality this yeare, for there died of countrymen, women and children and strangers, and now interred at our church, in the summer quarter about 33, by a malignant fever that raged among us, of which twenty men died in 3 dayes time. Died in all yt. yeare, 52."

Of 1682 he notes "a great mortality, especially among the children, of the smallpox; there died in all about 43 persons."

In 1683 again the mortality was great, 52 persons dying in that year, but no disease is specified.

Of the year 1692 he notes:—"This yeare blessed be God few died in our parish: the Bill amounts but to 28 persons."

The year 1697 was, however, a disastrous one. Of it he says:—"This was the yeare of the greatest mortality that I can remember in this corner and all Scotland over a running contagion of a plague. Fluxes of all sorts of which many died. Our Bill that year extends to 112."

He records that Margaret Symmer, his own wife, who was the daughter of the minister of Duffus, and whom he married in Oct., 1669, died at 4 a.m. on Friday, 12th June, 1702. Of this year he says:—"This was a wonderful year; but 20 persons died in the parish during the whole year. From June 12th that my wife was interred not one parishioner died till Jany. 1703."

In 1706 the Bill of Mortality did not amount to 20 persons; but in the following year, which he characterizes as "this evil, rainy, noisome year 1707," 42 persons in all died.

The author continues his record until the year of his own death, in 1709.

Mr James Fraser was not only a voluminous writer: he was also a most faithful and devoted pastor, and was much respected and beloved by the people to whom he ministered. The minute recording the Presbyterial visitation of Wardlaw on July 23, 1672, bears testimony to the harmony and cordiality of the relations that subsisted between pastor and people. The gentlemen and elders, in answer to the Presbytery's inquiry as to their satisfaction with their minister, declared

"that they were well pleased with their minister in all the queries proposed and what could be proposed; they blessed God for him, and said that he deserved to be encouraged." The minister declared himself well pleased with the gentlemen and elders, who were "verie willing to contribute wt. him in anything that could doe good among them." That these satisfactory relations continued is shown by the minute of the Presbytery's visitation in August, 1677, which states that the elders, in reply to the usual query, "all one by one answered that they blessed God for him, that he observed all those ministerial duties, and was so paneful that they were affrayed that he should thereby shorten his own dayes in all likelihood." Than this no more emphatic testimony could surely be borne to the unwearied zeal and devotion of the minister, and it seems to have made a deep impression on the Presbytery, as their minute indicates:—"The minister being called in, the Moderator in name of all the Brethren blessed the Lord for the affectionate joynt commendatione and applaus he had in all the steps of his ministeriall functione and carriage, from the whole gentlemen, elders, and deacons pnt.: he was brotherely exhorted to continue in his zeale within the Lord's vineyard, who should give him his crown and reward at his second appearance." The same satisfactory testimony was borne at the Bishop's visit in 1682.

With such a reputation for zeal and devotion to duty, as earned him the hearty commendation of his brethren, we are hardly prepared to find that in 1675 Mr Fraser was actually suspended from office. The minute bearing upon his suspension states that "Mr Hugh Fraser, minr. at Kiltarlity, conforme to the Bishope and Subsynod's order, and did intimat the minr., Mr James Fraser, his suspension." That this penalty was probably inflicted for frequent absence from the meetings of Presbytery is suggested by a paragraph in the minute of 26th June, 1676, to this effect:—"The Moderator declared that he hath searched the Presbyterie books, and cannot find the Act anent suspending of ministers that wilfully thryce or oftener absents themselves from the Presbyterie without any excuse." It is possible then that the minister of Wardlaw was not so diligent in his attendance at Presbytery as he was in the discharge of his parochial duties. His suspension was evidently of short duration, as we find him at a Presbytery meeting about five months after the sentence of suspension was intimated. He atoned to some extent for any

remissness he may have shown in his attendance at Presbytery by his presence at the meeting of 5th September, 1688, at which only the Moderator and he were present. "All the rest absent, some by reason of the great stirrs that were in the country anent the late rebellion and bloodshed in Lochaber, and others necessarily wt.drawn as their excuses did carry." This was the second last meeting under Episcopacy.

Mr Fraser seems to have had a grievance against his neighbour, the minister of Kiltarlity, of whom he complained to the Presbytery that "his hands were weakened in discipline," Mr Hugh Fraser having married delinquents belonging to Wardlaw parish "without any testificat, but rather contrare to the said Mr James his missives."

Thus much for Mr James as a Presbyter; we shall now try, with the scanty materials at our disposal, to picture him at work in his parish.

Though Gaelic was doubtless the predominating language in Kirkhill in those early days, we find nevertheless that as far back as July, 1672, a sermon in "Scots" was preached at Wardlaw. There were probably two diets of worship each Lord's Day, the minister preaching first in Gaelic and afterwards in English. In the minutes of session written by his own hand, Mr James Fraser invariably records the texts from which he preached. He, however, gives only one text for each Sunday, so that he must either have ignored the other, or preached upon the same subject in both languages. He seems to have taken a long time to exhaust his subject, as we find that he discoursed upon the same text (John xvii. 21) for four months (i.e., from April 20th till August 17th, 1707)! It is doubtful if, even at the end of that period, he would have taken another text, had circumstances not made it necessary for him to do so. He explains his change of subject in the minute of August 24th, where he states that "the Proclamation for fast and humiliation in reference to the weather being read publickly here Sunday 17th that text (Amos iv. 12) was chosen uppon which we yet continued." On September 21st he reverts to his old "subject of thanksgiving," and that day, he informs us, "the long and tedious Proclamation and Commission nameing the Justices of peace in particular within the Kingdom of Scotland was this day read publickly by our clerk after Divine Service." This irksome task must have added considerably to the clerk's duties for that day What these duties were is suggested by a paragraph in the record of the Presbytery's visitation of Wardlaw in

1682, which informs us that the schoolmaster, "besides his attendance of the schoole, was precentor and clerk and read the Scriptures publickly every Lord's Day in Irish betwixt the second and third bell." His salary was a chalder of victual with £20 Scots (£1 13s 4d stg.) out of the Session box. The school was evidently without a teacher in 1708, and the delay that occured in making an appointment seems to have irritated the minister considerably. In the minute of August 6th, he writes:—"That day a heavy regret is made by the Moderator and minister of the place for want of a schoolmaster, and declares yt. 'sine mora' he will put the laws in execution thereanent." Again, in the minute of November 21st, 1708, we read:—"That day the Moderator urged the settlement of the school, there being so many Acts of Parliament enjoining schools elsewhere, and qt. an indignity it is for us in a civil country to be wanting in such a common Good when the Highlands are vigorously setting about so good and publick a work." The reference here is doubtless to a Proclamation he had read from the pulpit on October 17th, "encouraging the great and laudable design of erecting schools for propagating Learning and the knowledge of Christ in the Islands of Scotland and Highlands thereof with diligence." Notwithstanding all his protests and efforts, no appointment had been made by January 23rd, 1709, when he writes:—"So many overtures for setting our schools and no concurrence or indeavoures anent makes us give up hope of ever seeing it performed to our great shame." Whether or not his wish was realized before he died we are not told.

But to return from this digression to the church services. On October 10th, 1708, "Sir James Strachan of Thorntown, Parson of Keith, officiated, the minister of the place preaching in Irish." As Sir James had also preached on the Sunday previous, the probability is that he was on a visit to his friend at Wardlaw, and not (as we might have supposed) assisting him at his Communion, of which there is no mention.

A great deal of laxity in the administration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper appears to have prevailed at this time throughout the Presbytery, more especially in the rural parishes, and the ministers were ordered by the Synod in 1679 to administer it; but they failed to do so, and gave as their excuse "that the frequent charges that their people gott to be in armes against the Macdonalds obstructed their friedom to that great work." The Synod's order was repeatedly renewed; but with little effect, for in April, 1681, the ministers of

Inverness, Daviot, and Wardlaw alone are found to have celebrated the same about and after Easter; "but ye not giveing it at all or but verie seldome is verie much to be regrated."

The minister of Wardlaw appears to have celebrated the ordinance regularly at Easter during the years covered by the old minutes of Session (1707-9), as the record shows. He seems to have made due preparation for the proper and profitable observance of the rite, his discourses for several Sundays previous being of a preparatory character. Good Friday was observed as a Fast-day, on which services were conducted by some neighbouring minister, and the tokens distributed after service. All the arrangements for serving the tables were that day made, and duly recorded. Some of the minutes bearing on this subject are so interesting and instructive, that I may be allowed to quote extracts from them.

February 8th, 1708.—"That day intimation was made to the People by the minister of the place of his purpose God willing of celebrating the Sacrament of the Eucharist at Easter, and so began his sermon of Preparation uppon Text Is. liii. 5." He continued to preach on this subject each successive Sunday up to and including March 27th, the minute of which date bears that: "That day the minister of the place preached the Preparation Sermon before the Sacrament this being Palm Sunday, uppon his ordinary subject. That day intimation was made publickly out of Pulpit that God willing the Sacrament of the Eucharist was to be celebrated here next Lord's Day being Easter Sunday in order to which sermon was to be held in this church next Friday, 2d April, commonly called Passion or Good Friday, and the same to be kept as a Fast day, and also the whole week in abstemiousness, mortification, and preparation previous to so solemn a work."

April 2nd, 1708.—"That day after solemn invocation of the Lord's holy name this being Good Friday Mr Hector M'Kenzy preacht the Passion Sermon having done us that charitable, brotherly office to leave his own charge at Inverness, and give us the preparation sermon. This day the tokens were distributed 'more solito,' and two of our deacons appointed to stand at our church doore next Sabbath being Easter-day to take up the offerings. That day six of our deacons are nominat and appointed to attend the tables next Sabbath at the celebration of the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist, and serve devoutly . . . . all these to meet at the church be 7 o'clock in the morning to cover the communion Table, and carry the Flaggons, cups, and Elements in desent form to the Quire."

May 2nd, 1708.—Seeing we had no session since April 2d it is to be recorded that April 4th being Easter day the holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper or Eucharist was celebrated in our church. The Action Sermon was preached by the minister of the place uppon yt. heavenly subject Isaiah 53, 5. The afternoon sermon preacht by the Reverend Mr Thomas Fraser, minister at Dorris. The offering at the Doores and Tables that day given in amounts to 18 lbs. Given to the officer for transporting the elements 'more solito' 12 shillings Scots."

The elements had to be paid for out of the Session funds, owing to the heritors' failure to pay the allowance due for this purpose, as appears from the following minute of Aug. 6, 1708: —"Given in for the communion elements at that time 7 libs. Seeing our Superioures are deficient in advancing the yearly moyety appointed by the Decreet of Plat. to the minister for that use amounting to £13 6s 8d. Wherefore he is necessitat to get it supplied out of the publick good, a shame to be recorded here." A donation was also given from the Session funds towards defraying the travelling expenses of a minister who had come from a distance to assist at the Communion—a laudable practice unfortunately quite unknown in the Church of Scotland to-day, though still in operation, I believe, in most of the other Presbyterian Churches in Scotland.

We are quite prepared to find that the services of so learned and popular a minister as Mr Fraser were in great request for communions in neighbouring parishes. These absences from his own pulpit he faithfully records, as they usually implied a vacancy in his own church. He was at Urquhart in October, 1707, and September, 1708; at Kiltarlity in May, 1708; at Dores in June of that year. This points to a distinct improvement in the regularity with which the Sacrament was administered within the bounds of the Presbytery since the Synod had to deal with it in 1679. At Wardlaw its importance was certainly not minimised, as the minutes quoted prove.

The church of Wardlaw, like many others in the country, was but poorly equipped with the furnishings necessary for the seemly celebration of the Eucharist. At the Presbyterial visit in 1682 it was found to possess "a very good large table, two good towells, a Basin also," but the minister had to borrow cups yearly.

The care of the poor within the parish was one of the most important duties that fell to the Session in these as in later days. At intervals throughout the year persons in distress got relief from the Session funds; but a certain day every year was

fixed for the distribution of charity, and duly intimated. Mr Fraser appears to have been anxious to impress upon his heritors and elders the importance of this part of their duty, as the following minute of August 3, 1707, shows:—"The Session appoints Tuesday next, 5th inst., to meet at ye church for distribution of the poores mony, and the Moderator exhorts the Heritors, Elders and Deacons to convene frequently, it being a solemn and charitable work wherein every one is concerned." Ten shillings Scots was the usual allowance made to the poor of the parish; strangers received rather less. Meal was also given when the Session had any to distribute. The annual distribution of charity attracted such a crowd of needy strangers desirous of sharing in the spoil, that the Session was compelled to alter somewhat its mode of procedure. At the meeting of August 6th, 1708, "the Session taking to their consideration the crowd of strangers which convened yearlie to disturb our meeting when a publick day of distribution is appointed at the church to our great trouble and uneasiness have this day, to avert the same, appointed our poor to have recourse privately to the minister's house wt. the Treasurer, where every one is to receive his due proportion both of meal and money and the same to be recorded in our Register 'ad futuram Rei Memoriam.'"

The care of the poor cost the Session less trouble than the care of the morals of the parish, over which they exercised the strictest supervision. They were called upon to deal with all kinds of offences, and were at once the prosecutors and judges in every case. Breaches of contract of marriage were a frequent cause of complaint, for which fines were exacted. On May 12th, 1707 (to take one instance), "Donald Mac Thomas vic Andrew in Inchbary made application to the Session declaring that being contracted with Janet Ross. James Ross his daughter in Drumreach, about 7 weeks ago, and is content to adhere, but the said Janet and her parents resiling and going back from their promise the said Donald protests to be free from that contract (the set time of 40 dayes being elapsed), and penalty and liberty given him to match qr. Providence may cast his lot. . . . . That day compeared also Alex. Roy in Finask contracted wt. Janet Fraser there 40 dayes agō and the said Janet resiling he pleads for exemption from that tye. The said Janet compearing passed point blank from her promise to the said Alex., and therefore the Session declares her and James Fraser her Brother cautioner liable to the fine specified in the contract, and poinding or payment of the same."

A case of slander is interesting because of the penalty inflicted on the guilty party. Isabel nin Davy in Finask, having confessed to the charge of slandering another woman publicly at the Market Cross of Inverness, is condemned to stand in "Jougs and Pillory and to continue for 3 dayes but intermission."

When delinquents were contumacious and refused to obey the Sessions's citation, the aid of the civil power was invoked —with effect as a rule. On this subject Mr Fraser says in one minute:—"Two delinquents promise peremptorie to be here next diet. The terror of the Justice of Peace prompts them; so usefull is the assistance of the 'brachium seculare.'"

Another minute informs us that the master of an erring maid-servant fugitive from discipline is "enjoined to goe in quest of her or be poinded, seeing the Justices of peace sit with us in Session, and this their act must be put in execution."

When the accuser persisted in a charge, and the accused obstinately denied guilt, an oath of purgation was often tendered, and, if taken, was sufficient to exculpate the accused. The ceremony of tendering the oath was invested with such solemnity as to terrify the guilty from submitting to the ordeal, which Mr Fraser thus describes in a minute of June 29, 1707: —"The Moderator holding forth to him what a sacred thing an oath was, how deliberat, knowing, cautious, and conscientious a person ought to be uppon that point of worship, and how heinous a sin to take the name of Almighty God in vain or to witness an untruth, at length finding him resolut and conscious to his own innocency, the Moderator tenders him the oath being uppon his knees his hand uppon the great church Bible, and in the ordinary solemn terms by the name of God Almighty, the judge of men and angels, declares, etc., etc."

The Session also dealt with matters affecting the public convenience and welfare, and took steps to have any grievance rectified. In illustration of this, I may quote part of the minute of October 26, 1707, relative to the want of a bridge over the Kingilly burn:—"That day the common grievance renewed that there was no bridge upon ye great burn which threatened hazard and danger. Therefore the tenants of Holme, Craggag, Drumchardony, and Kingily are enjoined to repare to Dunballach and transport the beams of firr lying on that shore, and carry them by water or land for the use of a bridge under Kingily 'loco solito' which is accordingly condescended."

In the faithful discharge of these and the other duties of his sacred office, Mr Fraser won the esteem and affection of the

people among whom he lived so long, and for whose temporal and spiritual welfare he unremittingly toiled. Even to this day his memory is wonderfully fresh and fragrant in the parish, and several traditions regarding him are still current among the older people. One of these—perhaps the most striking, and suggestive of his popularity—is to the effect that on the Sabbath morning of his return to his parish after several years' absence in Palestine, to which he had made a pilgrimage by way of penance, the church bells of Wardlaw rang of their own accord, summoning the parishioners to worship. He is said to have visited the Holy Sepulchre, and to have ascended Mount Sinai, on the slope of which he slept, and in a dream heard a voice bidding him return to his parish and flock. This summons he obeyed, and on his arrival at Wardlaw was joyfully welcomed by the parishioners. So strong was the hold he had obtained upon their hearts that, though at the Revolution Settlement he refused to conform to Presbyterianism, no attempt was made to disturb him, and he retained his charge until his death in 1709, at the advanced age of seventy-five years. He was buried in the old church-yard behind the manse, and though no stone marks his last resting-place, he has a better and more enduring monument in the works he has left behind him, and in the memory of a long life well spent, and of duty faithfully and diligently performed.

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*5th FEBRUARY, 1903.*

## THIRTIETH ANNUAL DINNER.

This evening the annual dinner of the Society was held in the Caledonian Hotel. There was an attendance of between sixty and seventy, and the proceedings were, in all respects, successful. Lord Lovat, C.B., D.S.O., who the other day was elected Chief of the Society, presided, and was supported right and left by the Very Rev. Dr Norman Macleod and Dr Alex. Ross. The general company included Messrs A. Mitchell and A. Mackintosh, who were croupiers; Dean Bisset, Nairn; Mr Charles Marshall Brown, Father Macqueen, Mr Alex. Machardy, chief-constable of Inverness-shire; Bailie Lyon Guild, Messrs Alex. Fraser, solicitor; R. L. Mackintosh, J. A. Gossip, Dr Alex. Macbain, Mr Munro Fraser, H.M.I.S.; ex-Provost

Macbean, Messrs David Munro, solicitor; Graham, solicitor; Gibson, solicitor; Major A. K. Findlater; Messrs Steele, banker; John Sutherland, solicitor; Councillor John Mackenzie, Messrs Alex. Mactavish, Castle Street; Allan, Seafield; John Maclennan, wine merchant; James Logan, Planefield Cottage; Alex. Cameron, D. Gray, gunmaker; George Gallon, commission agent; W. J. Maclean, grocer; James Howe, Castleheather; George Batchen; Fraser, of Fraser & Davidson, drapers; K. A. Gillanders, Duncan Campbell, D. Maclachlan, commercial traveller; Evan Jack, grocer; John Mackenzie, grocer; A. Mackenzie, solicitor; J. E. Macdonald, A. W. Falconer, hatter; K. Brand, Arthur Medlock, jeweller; Maclean, C.A.; Alex. Watt, John Whyte, H. T. Salway, Charles Kennedy, Colvin, auctioneer; D. Davidson, Waverley Hotel; Mitchell, Station Hotel; Smith, writer; Maslin, collector of Inland Revenue; J. Trendall, and Duncan Mackintosh, secretary.

Letters of apology from about sixty members were intimated to the meeting, some of them containing complimentary references to Lord Lovat and his services to the country. Dinner of an unusually recherche style was excellently served by Mr Stevens and his staff.

Lord Lovat gave the toast of the King, and the National Anthem was played by Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, piper to the Society, who also supplied stirring music in the course of the night's programme. The toast was heartily pledged. In giving the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal Family, his Lordship alluded to the pleasure with which the appointment of the Prince of Wales to the Colonelcy-in-Chief of the county regiment had been hailed. The toast was drunk to the strains of "Highland Laddie."

In giving the toast of the Imperial Forces, Lord Lovat said he had the pleasure three years ago of presiding at this dinner, and this toast was then put in a cumbrous form, and required five or six people to respond to it. It was a marked improvement to cut it down to one head; and the change was typical, he thought, of what had happened within the last three years, for they had now welded the vast forces of the Empire into one great and, he hoped, more effective whole. This welding was, of course, the outcome of that regrettable but most necessary war the country had come through. Three years ago most people knew little about the army, and practically nothing

about the fighting capabilities of the Militia, the Volunteers, and their Colonial or oversea forces. And what did the War Office itself know? Need he remind them that the War Office asked the Australian bushmen to go without their horses to South Africa, upon the backs of which they virtually spent their lives. What that telegram meant heaven and the War Office alone knew. If they did not know before, they knew now that mounted Boers cannot be caught by foot soldiers. His Lordship paid a compliment to the value and valour of Militia and Volunteers in the campaign, and called for a bumper to the gallant men to whom were entrusted the destinies of the Empire.

Major Alexander Fraser, 1st V.B.C.H., in replying to the toast, reminded the company that this country is in the unusual position, among the countries of the world, of having all its forces formed by voluntary enlistment. It was the proud boast of the county Volunteer regiment, he added, that it had contributed more troops to the war than any other regiment of Volunteers in Great Britain.

The Secretary here read the 30th annual report, which stated that the membership of the Society was now 418. During the year Vol. 23 of the Transactions was issued, and Vol. 24, it was expected, would be issued before the date of the assembly in July next. There was a balance of £31 8s at the credit of the Society. The publication of the Transactions was a great drain on the resources, and the Council wished to impress on the members the necessity of doing their best to increase the membership.

Lord Lovat said it was now his pleasing duty to propose the toast of the evening—Success to the Society that had brought them together to rejoice over another year's good work. He thought the objects of the Society should appeal to every Highlander present. They knew the reasons for which the Society was formed, and he was certain there was nothing which went more into the life and feelings of Highlanders than the ideas embodied in the reasons for which the Society had been raised. The Society had now got well on in years, and he thought they might say that it had thoroughly justified its existence and the work their worthy secretary and other prominent members threw into its interests. Much folklore and many subjects which would have been completely out of the ken of the present generation had been recovered, and the Society had also kept up many of the traditions which were very nearly moribund at the time the Society was started. The

present generation would not realise as much as future generations how much the Society had done for the preservation of the traditions of the Highlands. If their ancestors of a hundred years ago had taken anything like the trouble and the pains in collecting data and information as the Society had done, they could imagine how much richer they would be than they were at present. He need scarcely remind them that the chief reason, the 'raison d'etre,' of the Society's existence, as they were informed in each volume of the Transactions, was the perfecting of the members in the knowledge of the Gaelic language. He thought, however, that perhaps this first reason was sometimes rather left in abeyance. It was found much easier to gather information by consulting old references and other handy sources, and thus play at a sort of dilettante antiquarianism than to study the language thoroughly and in earnest—of that the majority of members, he took the liberty of saying, fought shy. It was a difficult language to learn, no doubt, but this, the first object of the Society, was one which was not carried out as one would expect from the position it occupied in their agenda. They must not object to a little criticism. Looking at the matter from a common-sense point of view, he should say there was one or two things the Society might do to increase its status in the country. In the first place, they ought to do all they possibly could to bring about some combination among the different Celtic Societies with the view of doing genuine work together in the promotion of their old language. The present time was one of trusts and great combinations, and a better combine they could not have than the amalgamation of all those various other organisations which were working on the same lines, but frittered away their enthusiasm to little practical purpose—(applause). There was no real point of touch between the societies, no touch which tended to increase the study of the language, and consequently though there was much apparent activity, there was a minimum of practical results. Were such a movement to be started, this association, with its headquarters in the Capital of the Highlands, was naturally the one which should lead the way. Only the other day he came across an instance of how far divided the people were in their use of the Gaelic language, and how far back some parts of the Highlands were getting in the matter of good Gaelic. He happened to be in Lochaber, than where no better Gaelic is spoken in the Highlands, and one of the speakers made use of an expression which several people could not understand. He (Lord Lovat) went to a man

who hailed from another part of the county, and asked him what the word meant, and, after some cogitation on the part of the fellow, the reply was that he did not know, they spoke such curious Gaelic in Lochaber. What was wanted was combined and organised effort to create a standard Gaelic for common use among the people. He spoke of a thing about which he knew very little, but he hoped to know more by and bye, and a common standard of spelling Gaelic would be a great help to him and others in studying the language. In his estimation, it was perfectly hopeless for any person to learn the true meaning of words as they were spelt at the present day. There was an extraordinary redundancy of consonants—they were heaped up one on the top of the other until it took the qualifications of an expert to tell what they meant. The Irish were more sensible; they had introduced a system of aspirates which helped to obviate the extraordinary conglomeration of consonants which obtained in Scottish Gaelic, apparently for no particular or indispensable reason. It must be remembered that they had reached a very important period in the history of the Highlands. In all matters there was growth and development, and there was also a migrating and mixing up of Lowlander and Highlander, and amid it all the Gaelic language was not gaining. After an absence of three years, he was astonished to find on the West Coast Railway not a word of Gaelic used at Mallaig, while at Fort-William itself English was spoken with a Glasgow accent. They must be up and doing if they were to preserve their language at all. In this matter the Irish had got very much ahead of them. In South Africa he had for a time the pleasure of serving next to an Irish regiment, the colonel of which was learning Irish Gaelic very assiduously, and he (Lord Lovat) was struck with the business-like manner in which the language was taught. Some people were fond of asking, What is the use of preserving the Gaelic language, seeing it was going to die? To such people he could only say that the Celtic fringe which exists in the British Isles had always been an important influence in art, literature, and war, and that beneficial influence could not be kept up without the cultivation of the language which formed its basis, and by which alone they could instil into that Celtic fringe those feelings of loyalty to King, Empire, and country which had always been the strong characteristics of the Highland people. With regard to past and passing events, he thought a considerable factor in the future life of the people of these counties was the raising of a permanent force

of 2000 Yeomanry. He said so advisedly, because they must remember that upon that force the Government would spend £20 per man, which meant that £40,000 would be introduced yearly into the Highlands for all time, which must have a very beneficial effect in a country which was really starved in money matters. There was another aspect to this subject. He thought they might hope that the regiments to be raised might tend in a great way to do some good in helping to settle some of the social and other differences which unfortunately existed amongst them, by bringing the different classes of men together, and, by association and interchange of thought, establishing a greater community of purpose than had existed in the past. If any good was ever to be done, it must come from both sides looking at matters from a thoroughly common-sense and friendly point of view. He did not deny it; many evil things had been done in the past in the absorption of land from the people, and many stupid things had also been done in furthering the idea of getting the land back again. There were too sides to all questions, and both sides had their limitations—that view must be recognised by all parties to the issue. He had travelled considerably in the Highlands during the last four months, and it had astonished him to see the number of places in which crofters had been reinstated in suitable holdings, without harm to the proprietor and with much good to the crofters. That the distribution must be limited to a very great extent was quite certain. Proprietors were not a rich body of men, and it could only be done in circumstances where it was for the benefit of both parties. In the places he referred to it certainly seemed as if both sides had acted harmoniously together, and were advantaged by what was being done. The connection between the military movement and the settlement of the land question was perhaps closer than they might think. In the first place, they had the sinews of war provided for them, and, in the second place, the two classes were brought together without, as in the past, the agitator coming in between them and stirring up strife. No doubt what was required in many cases had been funds. These were provided not only by the military scheme, but also by the Congested Districts Board and other similar schemes; and, provided that the people approach matters with diffidence and quietly, they might hope for a more happy state of affairs some time in the future. The Gaelic Society must be from its principles wrapped up in everything that appertained to the Highlands, and, therefore, he thought no apology was needed

for his having entered into what might appear to be a slight digression. He hoped the Society would enter thoroughly into the work of preserving the literature of the Gael, and that those who were determined not to learn the language would bring in members who would endeavour to do so, as it was the stepping-stone from which they should set forth in the work of the Society.

Rev. Dr Norman Macleod proposed "Tir nam beann nan gleann 's nan gaisgeach." He said he could hardly suppose there was any member of the Gaelic Society who needed to have those words translated; but in case there should be some stranger present who was in the state of deplorable ignorance to which his Lordship had referred, he might remark that, freely translated, the words mean the Highlands and the Highlanders. It was a toast which embraced the changeless and the changing. Whatever opinion their southern neighbours might have of Highlanders, and often with a great deal of prejudice, he was not aware that there had ever been any difference of opinion as to Highland scenery. It was only yesterday, as they regarded the life of a country, since the Highlands might be said to have been discovered, so far at least as concerned their scenery. When Dr Samuel Johnson visited the Highlands it was an undertaking almost as formidable as a visit to Central Africa would be at the present day. To Sir Walter Scott, more than to any other man, they owed the revelation which had been made to the world of the Highlands as a land of romance, of poetry, and of chivalry. From his day until now multitudes from all parts of the world had been attracted to the Highlands, and though the number had greatly increased in recent years, they hoped it would still go on increasing, and leave behind that stream of gold which was so much needed, and which, he believed, was not less appreciated by Highlanders than by other people. Nor was it a matter of surprise that those multitudes should flock to the Highlands, for where would they find finer scenery? He had sometimes heard comparisons made between the scenery of the Highlands and other countries, such as Switzerland and Norway. It had always seemed to him that such comparisons were utterly futile. In nature there were various types of natural beauty, each perfect in its own way, though they did not admit of any such comparison as this. Switzerland is glorious and Norway is glorious; the fact was it was impossible to go to any part of this fair earth without seeing a great deal which it was impossible to behold without a rapture of joy.

But, after all, there was a charm about Highland scenery which they would find nowhere else, and this he called the changeless. Men might come, and men might go, generations might pass away, but the mountains and the glens, the rivers and the sea, abide in their unequalled grandeur and loveliness. His toast included the Highlanders as well as the Highlands, and here no doubt they were confronted with the changing. Socially, politically, and religiously a great change had taken place among the people, even within the memory of some of them—changes which in some cases were for the better, and in other cases for the worse. Speaking of the Highlands generally, he thought he might say without fear of contradiction that the population was much more sparse than they would like to see it. That this depopulation had resulted in some instances from what were called evictions must, he thought, be acknowledged—often cruel evictions. He never was surprised for his part that they should have left a deep scar on the hearts of the people. The depopulation had also been the result of economic laws, which they could not control any more than they could control the management of the planets. Depopulation assuredly there had been; but, apart from that, it was manifest, he thought, that a vast improvement in many respects had taken place in the condition of the people who were still resident on the soil. They were better educated than they were ever before. The gentleman who was to reply to the toast would confirm that statement; but they did not need the authority of one of His Majesty's school inspectors. It was quite evident to any one who knew about the matter. One hundred or fifty years ago education in the Highlands was as bad as bad could be. He (Dr Macleod) began his ministry in Glasgow more than forty years ago, and at that time it was part of his duty to marry a great number of people from all parts of the Highlands. It was quite a common thing in those days for the bride or the bridegroom to sign by mark. Such a thing was hardly known at the present day. Where it did occur, it was the result of the natural shyness and nervousness of the bride or bridegroom. The people were also better clothed, although they did not all wear the kilt. They were better fed, though they did not eat as much porridge as used to be done. The land question, to which his Lordship so suitably referred, seemed to him to be gradually solving itself, partly through legislation, but still more through a better understanding on the part of landlords and tenants. He wished he could say that the ecclesiastical contentions and divisions were

passing away in the same degree. It humbly seemed to him that evils were rather on the increase than on the decrease. However, that was a smouldering fire at which he had better not burn his fingers. There was another burning question—if anything connected with the ocean could be a burning question—he meant the trawling question. Some weeks ago he received a grateful minute passed at a meeting held somewhere in the Lews, thanking him for some observations which he was supposed to have made in Glasgow on this subject of trawling. He did not wish to be held responsible for all the sins of the family to which he belonged, neither did he wish to claim all their good deeds; but it so happened that the speech was not made by him, but by another Macleod. He took the opportunity, however, of most cordially expressing his sympathy with the sentiments expressed on that occasion. It did seem to him, as an outsider, having no special knowledge of the matter—rather a mysterious thing to most of them—to be very hard that those poor people should see the harvest of the seas gathered into the vessels of those foreign depredators, or poachers, or whatever else they chose to call them. As regards the population, he thought there were signs here and there that it was likely to improve in the near future; perhaps not on the old lines or under the same conditions, but still he thought there was reason to hope that the forlorn, desolate appearance of many parts of the Highlands would gradually be removed by being re-peopled by a contented and a happy peasantry. His toast referred especially to what were called the Celtic heroes of the olden time. He sometimes asked himself if the heroes had disappeared like the fairies and the ghosts which used to be so troublesome to their forefathers. He did not believe it. No one knew better than his Lordship in the chair that there were still heroes to be found among the Highlanders. His Lordship had many of them in that noble band of Lovat Scouts, with which his Lordship's name would go down to posterity fragrant with the immortal memory of his courage, his patriotism, and his loyal service to his King and country. He sincerely hoped, for his part, that the prejudice which had so unhappily existed so long in the Highlands with regard to the army would gradually disappear, and that the Highland people would begin to see more than they did at present that the army was not that moral cesspool that they thought it to be, but that it was a noble and great profession, to which the very best of their sons might very well devote

themselves. He gave them the time-honoured toast, "Tìr nam beann nan gleann 's nan gaisgeach."

At this stage Dr Alexander Ross, in a few sentences proposed the health of Lord Lovat, who, he explained, had to leave them at that juncture. The toast was pledged with Highland honours, all singing "He's a jolly good fellow." Lord Lovat, in response, expressed his warmest thanks for the honour they had paid to him, and assured them that he greatly regretted that he had to hurry away on account of some difficulties in London in connection with military matters, which necessitated his departure that night. He proposed that Dr Macleod should take the chair in his absence. By the unanimous choice of the meeting Dr Norman Macleod took the vacated chair.

Mr Munro Fraser, after some eloquent sentences on the glorious scenery and other advantages of the Highlands, said though the toast recalled the heroes and heroic deeds of the past, they must not entertain the view that the heroic age was for ever closed; the age of chivalry had not yet passed away, and the Empire could still rely upon the strong Highland heart and the stout arm to defend the country's interests and redress wrong. Lord Lovat had referred to the great changes for the better which had come over the Highlands of late years; but they must not conceal from themselves that there was another side to the picture, namely, the constant flow of people from the Highlands into the towns, with the result that they had a large increase in the numbers of the submerged tenth in our cities. Many Highlanders thus migrated had drifted into the slums, and their children could never hope to again breathe the scented air of their native hills. He did not think the character of the Highlander who stuck to his native strath or glen had degenerated, but it could not be denied that there was a good deal of what was unlovely, backward, and joyless in certain corners of the Highlands. They heard much from a certain class of writers about the Celtic gloom which was supposed to haunt the Highland people, and there was something in the averment. Contributory thereto was the special system of theology which had swayed them for generations; in many cases it took the form of an exaggerated awe in presence of the elementary forces of nature; it may be due to the loneliness and isolation of the people; due also to their struggle with an unfriendly soil, and the harshness of the climate. However, with increased means

of communication, and the spread of education, there were evidences that even in the remotest districts of the Highlands improvement was on the way. There was plenty of room for improvement, especially, as he illustrated by a story, in the direction of toleration and broad-minded charitableness. Education had come in, if not exactly like a flood, like a gentle tide, and there was at least some hope that those backward things to which he had alluded would soon pass away. Speaking as a private individual, he would say that what was most urgently wanted in the Highlands was money. He would like to see one large endowment of, say, £20,000 per annum set apart by the Government to increase the salaries of teachers in the Highlands, so as to attract men of capacity from all quarters of the kingdom to the lone and waste places in the north. Dr Carnegie, all honour to him, had given Scotland a system of free education at the Universities. He was a most generous man; were he present he would venture to ask him to do something in the light of what had been said to enable the Highland boy or girl to set their first foot upon the ladder, for, granted that first step, it could be left to those so assisted to do the rest of the climbing themselves. What was wanted was "siller." In connection with the supply of teachers, he also suggested that the Education Department should establish at Inverness a college for the training of teachers. He did not know, however, whether they would get the money, because they were not Irishmen, and they had not got eighty members of Parliament at their back to plead their cause. The speaker glanced at various other phases of Highland life, and resumed his seat amid applause.

Mr Duncan Campbell spoke strongly against the action of the French Government in issuing an order against the use of the Breton language, and said they who were interested in a branch of the old Celtic language should raise their voice against the tyrannical act of that Government.

Mr Charles Marshall Brown, Caledonian Bank, in proposing the toast of the Town and County, alluded to the want of industries at Inverness, and expressed the hope that the introduction of the electric light would in a material degree add to the prosperity of the town. The time would also come, he hoped, when there would be electrically propelled tramways not only in the lower but to the Hill part of the town.

Ex-Provost Macbean, with whose name the toast was coupled, spoke highly of the residential attractions of Inver-

ness, which was, he remarked, one of the most desirable places to live in the United Kingdom. Educationally it was also an important and well-equipped centre, with its Royal Academy, College, four large public schools, and a large number of private institutions. With regard to business, its shops were as commodious and up-to-date as in other cities, while the charges were as moderate. Much had lately been written about Highland hotels and their charges, but he asserted this, that all the circumstances considered, Inverness hotels were as moderate as other first-class hotels in the great commercial centres in the south, where there was a stream of visitors from one end of the year to the other. He trusted they were on the eve of a better state of things for the Highland Capital. As regards the electric light, he thought it was quite possible that the necessary power would be attained in another quarter than those which had hitherto been searched for it, and should present negotiations be successfully carried out, the light would be in operation two years hence.

Mr A. Mitchell proposed the health of the Non-resident Members and Kindred Societies, for whom Dean Bisset, Nairn, and Mr J. A. Gossip replied. The Croupiers were given by Mr Alex. Mactavish, and briefly replied to by Messrs Mitchell and Mackintosh. Mr Mackintosh proposed the health of the Secretary, Mr Duncan Mackintosh, and the latter, in reply, stated that the Society was never in a more flourishing state than it was at present. Dr Macleod's health was proposed by Dr Alex. Macbain, and heartily pledged. Dr Macbain alluded to Dr Macleod's eminent services in connection with the new Celtic Bible, a splendid piece of work, which, he added, would shortly be in the hands of the public. During the proceedings songs were sung by Mr Brand and Mr R. Macleod; and Messrs A. Watt, Charles Kennedy, and A. Mackintosh played a selection of reels and strathspeys, for which they received the thanks of the company.

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## *19th FEBRUARY, 1903.*

At this meeting the following were elected members of the Society, viz. :—Messrs Alex. Newlands, Highland Railway, Inverness; Angus Macleod, Union Hotel, do.; Evan C. Jack, Exchange,

do.; and Alex. Dewar, solicitor, Dingwall. The contribution for the evening was by Mr D. Murray Rose, and entitled: "The Urquharts of Cromarty."

## NOTES ON THE URQUHARTS OF CROMARTY.

The published pedigree of the Urquharts is unique in Scottish genealogy, because Sir Thomas Urquhart traced his lineage back to Adam, so that no family can ever hope to surpass it in point of antiquity or splendour of descent. There are many who regard the work as a clever satire; they say that a man of Sir Thomas's culture could surely never credit the nonsense he had written. But this is by no means clear; experience proves that in genealogical matters some men possess a faith that is astonishing. In our own unbelieving age we have an instance of this in a recent work upon a Highland clan, where the pedigree is carried back several centuries before the Christian era, local events being brought under notice with a precision that is appalling.

It would be amusing to follow the adventures of the early fathers of the Urquharts, since the day "when wild armed men first raised Esormon aloft on the buckler throne, and, with clanging arms and hearts, hailed him as fortunate and well-beloved sovereign Prince of Achaia." He was the fifth in lineal descent from Japhet! These men of the olden time were a nomadic race, bearing uncouth names, and although their historian records their illustrious alliances, and warlike exploits, I fear a recital of their deeds would make some of you exclaim with the famous Panthea—"O Hercules, what is this?" Sir Thomas's list of ancestors betrays a woeful lack of patriotic sentiment; there was only one 'Mac' in the long line, and it is to be feared Highlanders will not accept the name 'Machemos' as another proof of the antiquity of Gaelic. But we must not further pursue these phantoms of Urquhart's imagination.

The origin of the name Urquhart has been disputed, and until experts are agreed it would be hazardous to advance any theory. The surname is certainly derived from the place-name, which appears on record, in various localities, long before any family adopted it, or ere surnames became common in Scotland. It seems purely Gaelic, and there is some ground for believing that the Urquharts were of native stock—perhaps an offshoot of the once potent Del Ards, reputed

ancestors of the Forbeses. The Urquharts and Forbeses claim common descent; the evidence is of course weak, in fact there is none save a curious legend connected with Urquhart Castle. Heraldry, which very often throws light upon obscure points in pedigree, does seem to support the idea of kinship, but there is really nothing to shew that the Urquharts came from the district of Lochness, and the traditional connection between them and the Forbeses is easily explained by the inter-marriage of later date.

Cromarty and its sheriffdom was originally held by the Scoto-Norman family of Monte Alto or Mowat. Sir Thomas Urquhart of course claimed these lairds as ancestors, just in the same way as he 'annexed' that daughter of Pharaoh who found Moses among the bulrushes! One may well question whether the Urquharts were, in any way, descended from the Mowats, who, according to our author, valiantly resisted the English. But records prove that Sir William de Mowat, the last sheriff of his line, was everything but a patriot. He was an English partisan, and held office under Edward I. On this account Sir William probably lost his lands when Sir Robert Bruce was in these northern parts. It is significant that King Robert in 1315 conveyed the whole burgh of Cromarty, as well as the sheriffdom, to his brother-in-law, Sir Hugh de Ross (Family of Kilravock, p. 112). It is true that, at a later date, the son and heir of Sir William resigned certain rights in favour of the Urquharts, but his claims were merely formal, and of a very shadowy description.

Sir Hugh, who became Earl of Ross, married the King's sister Maud about 1308, and received grants consolidating his rights in Cromarty. He had, with a son William, afterwards Earl of Ross, a daughter Lilias, who, it is said, married a William de Urchard or Urquhart—practically the first of the family on record. Considering this alliance, William must have been a local magnate of considerable importance, and although identified with Sir William de Mowat, there is nothing to support such a conclusion. William de Urquhart and Lilias, according to the pedigree, had a son Adam, who in 1338 received a charter of the lands of Inchrory from William, Earl of Ross. If so, Adam must have been a mere child at the date of this grant, because his grand-parents were only married after 1308. A curious point arises as to his real name: while Robertson's "Index" and "Register of Great Seal" give it as Adam, it appears as Alexander in the only

transcripts of the original charters which we possess. On 6th January, 1349, Adam de Urquhart had another charter from William, Earl of Ross, of the whole davoch lands of Brae, to be held in blench ferm for yearly payment of a pair of white gloves. In an undated charter, William, Earl of Ross, Lord of Skye, conveyed to Alexander de Urquhart, his beloved gentleman and kinsman, the whole burgh of Cromarty, etc., to be held as freely as possessed by the granter's father (Macfarlane's Collections, 11, p. 372-3). On the other hand, at intermediate dates, we have, in 1351, Adam de Urquhart as witness to a charter by Hugh, Earl of Ross, in favour of Peter de Graeme, while on 18th November, 1357, there is a charter under the Great Seal of David II. to Ade de Urquhart of the sheriffdom of Cromarty with the court and office of the sheriffdom, proceeding upon a resignation of William, Earl of Ross, and Richard de Mowat, chaplain, the son and heir of Sir William de Mowat (Antiq. and Coll., Aberdeen, 111, p. 526-30). This document indicates when the Urquharts became possessed of the sheriffdom, but there is still difficulty about the order of the succession, for in 1365 Hugh de Ross, Lord of Philorth, granted the lands of Fisherie to Ade de Urquhart, while in 1369 Adam de Urquhart, sheriff of Cromarty, appears with his son John, and is still styled sheriff in 1381-2. These references clearly prove that, unless there is an error in transcription by Macfarlane, the pedigree is faulty, the true succession being William succeeded by Adam, who is followed by Alexander, to whom succeeded Adam, the grantee of 1365. The exact relationship between these persons is not clear, and the point is worthy of attention.

Passing over Sheriffs Adam, John, and Sir William, of whom very little is known, we have a very curious deed concerning a member of the family whose place in the genealogy cannot be fixed. It may be given here as illustrating how the Earl of Ross dealt with an heiress of the olden time. The document, being in the vernacular, has a peculiar interest apart from the subjects conveyed: —

"Be it maid kend till all men be thir present lettres Us Alexander the Earl of Ross, and Justiciar to our Sovereign Lord the Kinge fra the north part of the water of Forth,..... Till haf giffyn to Walter of Urchard our cousin, parson of Kiltearn, all the right of the land of Finlay and Rosan within the burgh of Cromarty, and his ousgang of Newaty: Not-

againstandan that the foresaid Walter his sister's docter was ayr to the foresaid lands, we gif that as af free gift to the said Walter, as throw virtue of our office and throw powar that langs (belongs) til our lege Lord the King: the fee as giffin throw our gift, the frank tenement remanand with the foresaid Walter quhilk be part of the same (th)at lyes upon the foresaid land, as his indenter party proports maid their upon. And We, the foresaid Alexander Earl of Ross, warrands to the foresaid Walter, and his ayres and assignais, the foresaid lands, and (th)at no man be so hardy to make grife, molestian to the said Walter in the said lands onder pains of lyves, lands, and guds al that may tyne agains the King and us. Giffyn onder our greit seal at Balkyny the XXIII. dav of Marche the yeir of our Lord Mo. IIIIo. XXXIXo."—(Macfarlane's Collections, II., p. 274).

William de Urquhart, the next laird, was served heir to his father, Sir William, in 1436. He married Isabel Forbes, a business-like lady, who purchased two oxgangs of Navity from John St Clair for sixteen marks. This deed, if in existence, is one of uncommon interest, for attached to it, in token of sasine, is the seal of the bailies of Cromarty. In 1457 the King appointed Urquhart to assist in reforming hospitals within the diocese of Ross, but he took part in proceedings of a more lively character, and acted as a 'reiver bold' in the most approved fashion of the time. He extended his predatory excursions as far as Sutherland, and for his misdeeds had a comprehensive remission at Inverness on 4th October, 1457, when the King remitted all action against him, provided he made reparation to those whom he injured.

Documents of his time throw fresh light on the cause of the Great Hership of Cromarty, which some years later created such a sensation. It seems that the lairds of Cromarty and Kilravock arranged a double marriage—William Urquhart was to marry Mariot Rose, while Hugh Rose was to marry Agnes Urquhart. The ladies were probably never consulted, and it so happened that Mariot declined to be forced into the alliance until the Urquharts brought legal proceedings against her father. The marriage was then celebrated, but turned out unhappily; the lady forsook her husband, and on 23rd June, 1471, David, Bishop of Moray, divorced the parties on account of consanguinity. The whole affair left a bitter feeling between the families, and later on resulted in disastrous consequences.

Sir William Urquhart built the Castle of Cromarty, having received license to do so on 6th April, 1470. Although not a vestige of the old pile remains, it has been beautifully described by Hugh Miller, the most famous of Cromarty's sons: —

"Directly behind the site of the old town the ground rises abruptly from the level to the height of nearly a hundred feet, after which it forms a table-land of considerable extent, and then sweeps gently to the top of the hill. A deep ravine, with a little stream running through it, intersects the rising ground at nearly right angles with the front which it presents to the houses; and on the eastern angle, towering over the ravine on the one side, and the edge of the bank on the other, stood the old castle of Cromarty. It was a massy, time-worn building, rising in some places to the height of six stories, battlemented at the top, and roofed with gray stone. One immense turret jutted out from the corner which occupied the extreme point of the angle, and looking down from an altitude of at least one hundred and sixty feet on the little stream and the straggling row of trees which sprung up at its edge, commanded both sides of the declivity, and the town below. Other turrets of smaller size, but pierced like the larger one with rows of little circular apertures, which in the earlier ages had given egress to the formidable bolt, and in the more recent, when the crossbow was thrown aside for the petronel, to the still more formidable bullet, were placed by pairs on the several projections that stood out from the main body of the building, and were connected by hanging bartisans.

"There is a tradition that, sometime in the seventeenth century, a party of Highlanders engaged in some predatory enterprise approached so near the castle on this side that their leader, when in the act of raising his arm to direct their march, was shot from one of the turrets and killed, and the party, wrapping up the body in their plaids, carried it away.

"The front of the castle opened to the lawn, from which it was divided by a dry moat, nearly filled with rubbish, and a high wall indented with embrasures and pierced by an arched gateway. Within was a small court, flagged with stone, and bounded on one of the sides by a projection from the main building, bartisanded and turreted like all the others, but only three stories in height, and so completely fallen into decay that the roof and all the floors had disappeared. From the

level of the court a flight of stone steps led to the vaults below; another flight of greater breadth, and bordered on both sides by an antique balustrade, ascended to the entrance; and the architect, aware of the importance of this part of the building, had so contrived it that a full score of loopholes in the several turrets and outjets which commanded the court opened directly on the landing-place. Round the entrance itself there jutted a broad, grotesquely-proportioned moulding, somewhat resembling an old-fashioned picture frame, and directly over it there was a square tablet of dark blue stone, bearing in high relief the arms of the old proprietors; but the storms of centuries had defaced all the nicer strokes of the chisel, and the lady with her palm and dagger, the boars' heads (sic), and the greyhounds were transformed into so many attenuated spectres of their former selves—no unappropriate emblem of the altered fortunes of the house. The windows, small and narrow, and barred with iron, were thinly sprinkled over the front; and from the lintel of each there rose a triangular cap of stone, fretted at the edges, and terminating at the top in two nobs fashioned into the resemblance of thistles. Initials and dates were inscribed in raised characters on these triangular tablets. The aspect of the whole pile was one of extreme antiquity. Flocks of crows and jays, that had built their nests in the recesses of the huge tusked cornices which ran along the bartisans, wheeled ceaselessly around the gables and the turrets, awakening with their clamorous cries the echoes of the roof. The walls, grey and weather-stained, were tapestried in some places with sheets of ivy; and an ash sapling, which had struck its roots into the crevices of the outer wall, rose like a banner over the half-dilapidated gateway."

This graphic description applies to the place as it appeared after the decay of the Urquharts. Miller records that "two threshers could have plied their flails within the huge chimney of the kitchen," and in the great hall, an immense dark chamber lined with oak, "a party of a hundred men had exercised at the pike." This fine old castle was pulled down in 1772, after the place had been sold by Lord Elibank to George Ross, and the "plough and roller passed over its foundations."

Sir William was succeeded by his younger son, Mr Alexander, who was infeft in the barony of Cromarty, the Motehill, and Sheriffship on 18th November, 1475 (Macfar-

lane's Collections, II., p. 360). The Motehill, where the sheriffs dispensed justice, was an artificial mound situated several hundred yards nearer the town. In Mr Alexander's time the King passed through Cromarty several times, on his way to the shrine of St Duthus at Tain, but on these occasions James was not the guest of Urquhart, as 18s was paid to the priest where the King lodged, and the same amount was given to the ferrymen.

The chief incident in the life of this laird was the raid upon his lands by young Kilravock and a band of Highland allies, when they swept the countryside of everything portable. The spulzie was carried out in most thorough fashion, and the raiders must have presented an extraordinary spectacle as they trudged homewards with their booty. Nothing came amiss, for they took pots and kettles as well as cattle, sheep, and swine. But the foray ended as disastrously for the Roses as for the Urquharts, because the Highlanders got clean away with the spoil, defied the law, and left their friends in the lurch. As a result of the raid a great part of Urquhart's lands lay waste for years, and he took legal proceedings against the laird of Kilravock, who had become surety for his son and his accomplices. Although the quarrel originated in matrimonial infelicity, it was put to rights by another marriage between the families, which on this occasion proved extremely fortunate.

Thomas Urquhart, who succeeded before November, 1506, was a patriarchal sort of person. He paid composition for his marriage to the tune of £133 6s 8d, and espoused Helen Abernethy, of Saltoun, by whom he had, according to the popular story, twenty-five sons and eleven daughters. It is said that he appeared at Inverness with all his sons mounted upon white horses, and presented them to Mary Queen of Scots when the Highlanders rallied to her side against the Gordons, who refused her admission to the Castle. Franck, the Tourist, increases the number of Urquhart's children to thirty sons and ten daughters, who all surrounded the patriarch, and there "was not one natural child among them." According to this writer, "the declining age of this venerable laird of Urquhart, for he had reached the utmost limit of life, invited him to contemplate mortality, and to cruciate himself by fancying his cradle his sepulchre, wherein he was lodged night after night and hauled up by pullies to the roof of his house, approaching as near as the roof would let him to the beautiful battlements and suburbs of heaven"—(Franck's

Northern Memoirs, p. 183). The story proves how popular tradition leads one astray, for Thomas Urquhart died on 6th August, 1557, while Queen Mary did not visit Inverness until 1562. Its absurdity becomes evident when one is told that seven of the sons fell at Pinkie—a battle fought in 1547! Thomas certainly lived to be a great-grandfather, for he arranged a marriage in 1550 between his grandson Walter and Elizabeth 'Makcainzeoch' of Findon.

Alexander, the next laird, had a special warrant to be served heir to his father Thomas, because, being Sheriff of Cromarty, he could not be served before himself as Judge Ordinary, nor before any other judge. The Sheriff of Inverness was therefore directed to serve him heir to his father, which was done on 5th October, 1557. He married Beatrice Innes, and had five sons—Walter, John of Craigfintray (Tutor of Cromarty), James, Arthur, and Thomas.

Walter was infeft in the family estates on 11th April and 28th May, 1564 (Macfarlane's Collections, II., p. 362). His wife was Elizabeth Mackenzie, the spelling of whose surname is proof of the prevalence of Gaelic in the district. He had, in 1568, a feu charter from John, Bishop of Ross, of the lands of Kinbeachie, afterwards a favourite residence of the Urquharts, where still may be seen a beautifully sculptured stone bearing the family arms. After the death of his wife, he married Elizabeth Rose of Kilravock, who was infeft in Nether Pitnellies and other lands. This laird had a yearly pension of the Dean's quarter teinds of the lands of Navity, Easter Farness, Davidston, Peddieston, Little Farness, and Udole, viz., three chalders and twelve bolls victual, thirty-five wedders, and forty shillings of money. He also held a considerable amount of other ecclesiastical property, as well as lands within the burgh of Cromarty. His eldest son, Thomas, married Elspet Abernethy of Saltoun, whose tocher, by the contract dates last of February, 1572, amounted to 2450 marks. She was to be infeft in the lands of Inchrory, but Thomas died during his father's lifetime. The old laird, becoming incapable, resigned the sheriffship in favour of his son Henry, who died before 1599, leaving a son Thomas.

During his minority, John Urquhart of Craigfintray, owing to the mental infirmity of the old laird, became Tutor of Cromarty, and managed affairs on behalf of the young heir, Thomas, who had sasine in the lands of Cromarty and Fisherie in 1599, and inherited one of the finest properties in the North.

He lived in troublous times, for the district was in an uproar on account of a deadly feud between the Mackenzies of Kintail, the Macdonells of Glengarry, and Macleod, "through a cruel murder committed by some of them upon the servants and tenants of the other." Owing to the terrible disorder the laird of Cromarty could not go to Inverness without a great retinue, and he therefore petitioned the Lords of Council craving a commission for serving his brieves (Macfarlane's Collections, II., p. 365). This feud is best known as the "Raid of Kilchrist," which culminated in a terrible tragedy.

Thomas Urquhart was served heir to his grandfather, Walter, in 1603, and a whole series of deeds proves how extensive were the estates he inherited. At the outset of his career he made extensive purchases, and was knighted at Edinburgh by King James VI., in 1617. At this time the Urquharts reached their zenith. Although Sir Thomas received the family estates "free of debt, or provision of brother, sister, or any other of his kindred, or alliance wherewith to affect it," yet he dissipated his fortune with startling rapidity, and the efforts of the shrewd Elphinstones could not avert the disastrous consequences of the laird's imprudence. The knight was a warm-hearted, impulsive man, and was ever ready to engage in other men's quarrels, as appears by the prompt way he acted on behalf of his kinsman, Thomas Urquhart of Burdsyards. This family was long famous for the incomparable beauty of its maidens; generation after generation, the Burdsyard ladies were the toast of the countryside, and gallants came to woo them from far and near. It would take up too much time to tell how John Dunbar of Egernes, in 1617, forcibly abducted the beautiful Marjory Urquhart, then a girl of fifteen. There is the usual story of hot pursuit, pistol drawing, and questionable marriage—in this instance at the Kirk of Kinloss, by "ane hieland minister called Alexander Macpherson." The parents invoked the aid of the law, and the Lords of Session, doubtful whether the knot tied by Macpherson would hold, restored the lady to her relatives. A few years later the sister of Marjory had become equally beautiful, and an impetuous lover, Robert Tulloch, a son of the laird of Tannachy, sought her in marriage. The Urquharts were against the match, and on 14th September, 1621, Robert made a desperate attempt to carry off the lady from her father's house in Forres. The laird appeared on the

scene and rescued his daughter, but reluctant to prosecute a neighbour's son, he tried to arrange matters. The young man was determined to have the lady at all costs, and the mother's watchfulness baffling every attempt to kidnap the girl, Tulloch, mad with passion, fired at the old lady. For this outrageous conduct he was brought before the Lords of Council, and on 24th April, 1622, in their presence, gave solemn oath never to molest the Urquhart household. Notwithstanding this he pressed his suit ardently and impudently. The Sheriff of Cromarty soon afterwards was a guest at Burdsyards, and very likely heard the story of Tulloch's persistent wooing. The recital roused him to anger; in his own domain he dealt out shrewd and sharp justice, there being none to call him in question. So next Sunday he went into the Kirk of Forres, when the third bell was ringing to the sermon, accompanied by men armed to the teeth. The stricken lover evidently occupied a seat near the Burdsyards' pew in the hope of seeing his fair one. Although he never offended the Sheriff in word or deed, yet Urquhart and his companions, "with bandit pistols, drawn swords and whingers, immediately set upon him, and after giving him divers bluidy straikes and woundies, threw him out of his desk and seate, and cuttit and brak the same in pecis." The worshippers interfered and saved Tulloch from the Sheriff's fury, and the parson—a clansman—coming out of the pulpit, tried to reason with the rioters, and "threatened them with the heavy wraith of God for profaning His holy Sabbath and sanctuary." This led to further violence, for, seizing the cleric, they cut off his garments with swords and daggers, and so "birst and bruisit his haill bodie and bowalis" that the poor minister spat blood for ten days, and was unable to preach "sensyne." Sir Thomas soon found that there was a difference between the Highlands of Cromarty and the "Laich of Moray," for he was committed to ward in the Castle of Edinburgh, and had to pay £20 to every witness who was a horseman, and ten marks to every witness who was a footman—(Reg. of Privy Council, XIII., p. 174). Although the gallant Sheriff suffered severely in pocket, he put an effectual stop to Tulloch's wooing.

From this time forth his affairs became confused. According to his son—"The unfaithfulness, on the one side, of some of his menial servants in filching from him much of his personal estate, and the falsehood of several chamberlains and

baylifs to whom he had intrusted the managing of his rents, in the unconscionable discharge of their receipts by giving up one account thrice, and of such accounts many, and on the other part by the frequency of disadvantageous bargains, which the slyness of the subtill merchant did involve him in, his loss came unawares upon him, and irresistibly like an armed man, too great trust to the one and facility on behalf of the other occasioning so grievous a misfortune, which nevertheless did not proceed from want of knowledge or abilitie in natural parts, for in the business of other men he would have given a very sound advice, and was surpassing dextrous in arbitrements upon any reference submitted to him; but he thought it did derogate from the nobility of his house and reputation of his person to look to petty things in matter of his own affairs."

He received a Royal protection from his creditors in 1637, but "troubles never come singly," and the laird's worry was accentuated by the unfilial conduct of his sons. They regarded him as incapable, and, making him prisoner, kept him confined for nearly a week in the Inner Dortour within the Castle of Cromarty. The matter came before the courts, but, after hearing evidence, the case was dismissed. Sir Thomas made extensive additions to the Castle, and in 1631 craved permission from the Privy Council to export ten chalders of beir and meal in order to get timber for his house from Norway. This fact is interesting, and indicates that the woods of Ross and Lochness never recovered from the operations of Dougall Campbell, who carried away a great deal of timber, about 1512, for the navy of James IV. Sir Thomas died in April, 1642. He had married Christian, daughter of Alexander, 4th Lord Elphinstone, whose tocher was £500. By this lady he had a large family, but we are only concerned with the two eldest, Thomas and Alexander.

Thomas was knighted at Whitehall on 7th April, 1641, and became one of the most famous of his race. His career is so well known that it is unnecessary to enter into much detail; his life was one long struggle with his father's creditors. He inherited twelve or thirteen thousand pounds sterling of debt, besides having to make provision for five brothers and two marriageable sisters. Sir Thomas waxed eloquent over the "usurious cormorants" who held mortgages upon his estate. The "caitiff" Robert Leslie of Findrassie was the most unscrupulous of his tormentors, for when he needed money to

portion one of his ungainly daughters, he regarded Urquhart's estate as a sort of El Dorado, and on one occasion tried to grab the farm of Ardoch, to which he had as much right as to distant Jericho! Thomas Rigg of Athernie, a great money-lender in his day, drew £2000 a year from the barony of Cromarty. There were others with substantial claims, such as Sir Robert Farquhar of Mounie, James Cuthbert of Drakies, Patrick Smith of Braco, and Sir James Fraser, of whom Sir Thomas wrote in a fit of exasperation, "no good can truly be spoken but that he is dead." Sir Thomas desired to devote his whole revenue to paying off the debts, and determined to reside abroad. But he dearly loved Cromarty, and, after a short absence, returned to find his affairs in greater confusion than ever. He was totally unfitted to retrieve the fallen fortunes of his house, and while he thought out wonderful schemes for the benefit of mankind, creditors clamoured at his gate, keeping him in perpetual turmoil. He petulantly complains "that above ten thousand several times I have, by these flagitators, been interrupted for money, which never came to my use directly or indirectly one way or other, at home or abroad, any one time whereof I was busied about speculations of greater consequence than all they were worth in the world; from which had I not been violently plucked away by their importunity I would have emitted to public view about five hundred several treatises on inventions never hitherto thought upon by any."

He was also at issue with the ministers of Cromarty, Kirkmichael, and Cullicudden, and opposed augmentation of their stipends in heroic manner. They in return preached at him from the pulpit, thundering forth denunciations before his tenantry with spiteful and unchristian vigour. Sir Thomas confessed that he was driven like a feather before a whirlwind, and declares that one of his denouncers "behaved more like a scolding tripe seller's wife than a good minister." Although his difficulties led him to write angrily about his neighbours, he bears ample testimony to the consideration of the Robertsons of Kindeace, a gentle race whom he hoped would "flourish as long as there is a hill in Scotland, or the sea doth ebb and flow."

As became an ardent Royalist, he took part in the early skirmishes, and in 1649 was among those who surprised Inverness, razed its walls, and unfurled the Royal standard. For this he was declared guilty of treason, but his well-known

eccentricity saved him, and the Rev. John Annand, of Inverness, was asked to deal with him. He joined Charles II. at Scone, but was not greatly impressed by the Royal following; the presence of so many Presbyterians he regarded as a source of weakness, for they were inclined to desert, he says, "lest they should seem to trust to the arm of flesh." When in the field, Sir Thomas marched with an enormous quantity of baggage; four large portmanteaus were filled with gay apparel and other precious commodity, for he was a great dandy. There were three trunks filled "with an hundred manuscripts of his own composition." After the disastrous fight at Worcester, the precious MSS. fell into the hands of ruthless Puritans, and one can fancy the fun and frolic among Cromwell's soldiers when they discovered the marvellous pedigree proving that the Urquharts were descended from the Creator of all things. The papers were promptly converted into "spills" for lighting tobacco pipes, and only part of the Genealogy and Universal Language was recovered.

Sir Thomas himself fell into the hands of the enemy, and was confined in the Tower, where his harmlessness was soon recognised, and he enjoyed a large measure of freedom, and busied himself with writing. But wonderful tales being bruited abroad about his MSS., the Government, early in May, 1652, seized his papers, which were not of a dangerous character. On 14th May he requested the authorities to secure all papers found in his Castle of Cromarty, and suffer none to be embezzled. He then had five months leave to go to Scotland, on condition that he did nothing to the prejudice of the Commonwealth. This release proved very fortunate, because at Cromarty they heard he had been killed, and the creditors calmly appropriated his estate. They found that he was very much alive when they demanded payment of bonds which had been discharged long before, and, to their utter confusion, he produced the receipts. Leslie of Findrassie, his old enemy, tried to get him made a prisoner of war in his own house, then garrisoned by troops; but he safely returned to London, and continuing his literary labours, withdrew himself more and more from the haunts of men. The infirmity which he inherited became more marked, and the remaining years of his life were passed in a state of imbecility. On the eve of the Restoration he went abroad, and when that event became an accomplished fact, he died, it is said, in a fit of laughter.

## ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

The annual assembly took place in the Music Hall on 9th July, 1903. As on former occasions, there was a large and much interested audience, and the programme was sufficiently varied and popular in character to meet with all-round approval. The chair was occupied by Mr A. M. Mackintosh, Geddes, Nairn, one of the original members of the Society, who was very cordially received as he stepped on to the platform wearing the Highland dress. He was supported by Dr Alex. Macbain, Dr F. M. Mackenzie, Mr R. L. Mackintosh, Mr Andrew Mackintosh, Mr A. F. Steele, Councillor Mackenzie, Lieut.-Colonel T. R. Macdonald, Canon Brook, Rev. Mr Dinwoody, Rev. Mr Bisset, Nairn; Rev. Mr Macqueen, Rev. Mr Lamont, Glen-Urquhart; Rev. Mr Macneill, Cawdor; Mr James Fraser, C.E.; Mr W. Stevenson, collector of customs; Mr Alex. Macdonald, acting secretary, and others. Mr Macdonald intimated the letters of apology for unavoidable absence, among the writers being Lord Lovat, Chief of the Society; The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Mr Baillie of Dochfour, Mr Ian Grant of Glenmoriston, Mr J. P. Grant of Rothiemurchus, Mr Macdonald of Skeabost, Mr Bignold, M.P.; Mr Dewar, M.P.; Captain Wimberley, and many others. The hall was appropriately, but not lavishly decorated.

The Chairman, in his introductory speech, assured the meeting that he appreciated the honour of filling the chair that evening, and proceeded to comment upon the great work the Society had done, and was still accomplishing, not only in the cultivation of the Celtic language and its literature, but in folklore and other departments of research. This was, he said, the 31st annual assembly of the Society, which in a couple of months shall have completed its 32nd year. He noted a few of the changes which had happened during that period, and reminded the meeting that only a very few of those who had attended the first meeting of the Society now remained. One of the few was Mr William Mackay, who year by year had retained his place as an office-bearer of the Society. They hoped he would long continue to give those very valuable and interesting papers which he had written. It was his (the Chairman's) good fortune to be in Inverness on a visit when the inaugural meeting of the Society was

held, and he well remembered the delight with which he listened to the eloquent addresses of Rev. Mr Mackenzie, Kilmorack; Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, and Mr J. F. Campbell of Islay. All three had gone from them. Immense gaps had been made in the membership of the Society since its formation. Of the 55 honorary members only two now remained—one was Mr Mackintosh of Holm and the other was himself. But the Society had not flagged in its work or dropped into senile decay, for there were now between sixty and seventy honorary members, and the list of ordinary members was three times as long as it was in 1871. Death had been busy among their members in past years, and in the present year it had struck a blow not less heavy and severe than any it had previously struck. That, he thought, was the prevailing feeling among those of them who, a few weeks ago, followed the mortal remains of their late secretary, Mr Duncan Mackintosh, on their way to their last resting-place in Glen-Urquhart. The large number of members who attended on that occasion, some having come considerable distances, and at necessarily short notice, testified their appreciation of Mr Mackintosh's devotion to the interests of the Society, and their sense of the great loss which it had sustained. The work of the secretaryship involved the expenditure of a considerable amount of time and labour, and the exercise of a great amount of patience and tact. It required a man with special qualifications, who was willing to give up his ease and leisure to the Society and its work. That those qualifications were happily combined in the late Mr Mackintosh few members would question, and he (the Chairman) might even go so far as to express his opinion that it was in great measure owing to Mr Mackintosh's enthusiasm and his devoted exertions that the Society had for so long maintained its high position in both membership and work. They had good cause for congratulation that papers continued to come in freely, and they were of no less value and interest than those contributed 25 or 30 years ago. The printed volumes constituted a small library, and abounded in excellent reading in Gaelic and English, indicating an immense amount of study and research. But a great deal more remained to be done by the members, who were connected with all parts of the Highlands. He thought, for example, that there was a great want of some comprehensive account of their Highland surnames, and their Transactions would not be complete with-

out a series of papers on that subject. He knew that some valuable papers on names had been written and published some years ago, but something more of the kind would be highly appreciated by members of the Society, who, he was sure, would be glad to bring under the notice of any who were engaged in the study out-of-the-way names with which they might be acquainted. He himself could give a few such names, which he had come across in old documents. For instance, he found Duncan McOhanak and Sir Duncan Obrolchan among the witnesses to a deed in 1456; Hew Makostennog, in 1575, witness to a bond by four persons of the name of McMaye, who signed McMaha; and Thomas McMowlagan witnessed a document at Ardersier in 1579. Others were McClarvin, McCoren, McGailbea or McAlivia, McQuoban, McKilliyne. The other subject he should like to see more frequently treated in their Transactions was that of local history and legend. This subject, unlike the other, had received illustration, and in his opinion the volumes containing papers on Glen-Urquhart, by Mr Mackay; on Badenoch, by Dr Macbain; and on the Legends of Strathardle, by Mr C. Fergusson, were as valuable as any among the two dozen volumes. But what a vast field remained open to the explorer in other districts of the Highlands! Argyllshire, Lochaber, and the West Coast generally were practically untouched by the Society, as were most of the islands; and the Lochness district, the Beauly and Strathglass district, and the country contiguous to Inverness itself all had history and legend teeming with interest—(applause). He was sure there must be in the Society many members who had never written a word for the Transactions, and were quite capable of telling them what they knew of the story and legend and place-names and other interesting particulars connected with nooks or glens of their parishes. He hoped that some of those members would tell them what they knew of their own districts, and he was sure the Council of the Society would welcome contributions, however short they might be, from the present members. The country was rapidly changing, and the old life, the old thought, and the old customs were all dying out, and they might look forward to the time when the native language would cease to be the language of daily life. That time was, however, still far away, he hoped; at anyrate, such meetings as he now addressed shewed that the Gaelic language and the Celtic sentiment were still strong and active forces in their midst.

A strong feature in the programme was the singing of Mr R. Macleod's Gaelic Choir, a small, well-balanced, and evidently enthusiastic body of ladies and gentlemen, whose pronunciation and melody forbids anything but pleasant criticism. The Highland Reel and Strathspey Society also made several very acceptable appearances, their selections of popular airs being crisply and tunefully rendered. Of the soloists, Mrs Munro, Strathpeffer, was, it is scarcely necessary to mention, prime favourite. She was in characteristically excellent voice, and several of her old favourite ditties received quite an ovation. Miss Watt, Mr Miller, Mr R. Macleod, and Mr John Macleod also sung so well that encores had to be peremptorily stopped. Dances by Pipe-Major Sutherland and others, and some first-class pipe music by Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, completed the programme, with the exception of the Gaelic oration, which is appended.

Rev. Mr Lamont, who was received with applause, said:—Fhir na Cathrach, uaislean a' Chomuinn, 's a luchd dùthcha,—D' iarr an rùn-chleireach agaibh ormsa facal no dhà a radh ann an cainnt nan Criosduidhean, 's thachair dhomh mar a thachair do dh' Fhionnladh Pìobaire 's do 'n phortair—rinn e 'bhéio cho modhail 's nach robh e 'nam chomas a dhiultadh. Dh' fheòraich mi dheth gu de 'n cuspair a bu mhaith leis mi 'labhairt air—ach 's e na thuirt e rium—faodaidh tu bruidhinn air ni sam bith fo 'n ghréin. Dh' fhàg sin mise mar a bha mi roimhe, ged is cinnteach mi nan gabhainn an rùn-chleireach aig 'fhacal 's an t-each a leigeil far na teadhrach anns an doigh a thug esan cead dhomh—nach cluinneadh e fhéin na mi fhéin a dheireadh. Ach co dhiubh their mi so—gu bheil mi toilichte a bhi 's a chomunn so an nochd, 's gu bheil mi toilichte Comunn Gàidhlig Inbhirnis a bhi 'na dheagh shlainte. 'S fhada o 'n a chuala mi iomradh air a' chomunn so ach gus an nochd cha 'n fhaca mi riamh 's a choluinn e. Ach ged nach faca mi sibh 's iomadh uair a bha mi 'n ur n-eiseimeil. Tha sibh a' cur a mach cunntas bhliadhnail air obair a' Chomuinn, 's anns na leabhraichean sin tha fiosrachadh ri fhaotainn mu chainnt 's mu eachdraidh ar dùthcha, air nach bu chòr do neach sam bith aig a' bheil suim do Ghàidhlig 's do nithean Gàidhealach dearmad a dheanadh. Am bonnach a bhruich sibhse 's tric a dh' ith mise. 'Nan rachadh duine gu dichiollach troimh na leabhraichean sin o 'n cheud fhear gus am fear mu dheireadh, gheibheadh e gu leòr gu bhi cnamh a chìr uile laithean a bheatha. Bha mi 'sealltuinn thairis air na riaghailtean

agaibh, 's tha mi faicinn gur h-e a' cheud ni a th' ann an rùn a' chomunn na buill a dheanadh iomlan 's a Ghaidhlig. Cha b' urrainn e 'bhi ni b' fheàrr, mar thuirt am madadh-ruadh 'n uair a dh' ith e 'n coileach. Ged a bhios muinntir Inbhirnis a' deanadh spagaluinn as a' Ghàidhlig tha amharus beag agam, nach bu mhisd iad greis a thoirt an dràsd 's a rithist air a' chainnt sin a chur an cleachdadh, cha bu mhaith dhaibh tuilleadh 's a chòir de dh' earbsa a chur anns an t-sean-fhacal—Am fear a gheibh ainm na moch eiridh faodaidh e cadal cho fada ri choimhearsnaich. Their daoine ruinn gu bheil a' Ghàidhlig a' dol bàs. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil, ged is docha nach faigh an t-ogha, no 'n t-iar ogha againne fios a tiodhlaiceadh. Ach ged a tha galair a gonaidh air a siubhail, cha 'n 'eil reusan sam bith againn a maslachadh fad 's a tha i 'lathair. Cha 'n 'eil e na ni ro dhuilich do neach sam bith aig a bheil Gàidhlig, mar chainnt a mhathar, e fhéin a theagasg gus an teid aige air a chainnt sin a labhairt le beagan snas is grinneas, ach nach tric a tha e tachairt gu bheil cuid againn air am biodh nàire ar beul fhosgladh ann an cuideachd, mar b' e 's gun rachadh againn air Beurla 'bhruidhinn ann an dòigh iomchuidh—gu bheil iad caoin shuarach gu de 'm peanas a ni iad air a' Ghàidhlig bhochd? Smuididh iad a mach i purraich air tharraich, móran de na facail air an leth-chois 's gu leor dhiu gun cheann gun chasan. Faodaidh duine 'bhi na Ghaidheal, 's na smior a' Ghaidheil ged nach teid aige air a chainnt a bhruidhinn, ach a chuid againn aig a bheil i o 'r n-òige 's a tha 'ga cleachdadh gach latha d' ar beatha, saoilidh mi gu 'm bu choir dhuinn feuchainn ri bruidhinn le snas is blas—'s e sin ma tha meas againn oirnn fhéin no air ar cainnt no air ar dùthaich. Agus ged a their cuid ruinn nach 'eil ann, ach a bhi toirt fiodha do Lochabar, a bhi 'cur snas air Gaidhlig Inbhirnis, cha 'n 'eil mi creidsinn gu bheil buill a' chomuinn air an rùn so a th' aca 's na riaghailtean a ghiùlan am mach ni e obair is fhiach a dheanadh anns a' baile mhór so. Ach tha mi a' saoilsinn gur h-e ni is fheàrr a tha 'n comunn so a deanadh uile gu leir—an t-suim a tha sibh a gabhail do leabhraichean, 's do litreachas 's do sgoileareachd Ghaidhlig. Chuir sibh air a' chois anns a' bhaile so leabhar lann far a bheil cruinneachadh mór de leabhraichean a tha cur solus air cainnt 'us eachdraidh na Gaidhealtachd. Cha dean dubhan ruisgte iasgach, 's cha mho a ghabhas eòlas fhaotainn gun leabhraichean. Gle bhitheanta tha na leabhraichean a dh' fheumas a bhi aig sgoileir Gàidhlig daor, agus 's iomadh uair

a tha deagh cheann far nach 'eil ach sporan aotrom. Ach tha an Comunn so a' toirt cothrom do na buill air cho aotrom 's 'gam bi an sporan na leabhraichean sin a bha aca, 's ged nach deanadh e ach sin fhein, 's mór an t-sochair e. 'S a thaobh sgoilearachd na Gaidhlig tha agaibh daoine cho comharraichte 's na nithean sin 's a th' anns an duthaich. Cha bhiodh ann ach gnothuch mi chiatach gu feumadh Frangaich is Gearmailtich ar teagasg 'n ar cainnt fhein, ach ged a tha sinn cheana gu mór 'an eiseimeil nan daoine ionnsaichte sin, 's a bhios e duilich dhuinn na fiachan a phaigheadh, tha fear an sid 's an so 'nar duthaich fhein a nis is urrainn cudthrom a ghnothuich a ghabhail air an guailean—Rhys ann an Sasunn, MacFhionghain 'an Duneidean, 's MacBheathain 'an Inbhirnis. Feumaidh mi radh 'n uair a chluinneas mi iomradh air Comunn Gàidhlig Inbhirnis—gur h-e ainm an duin'-uasal ionnsaichte sin an Dotair MacBheathain a cheud fhear a thig gu 'm inntinn. Dh' fheuch e uair-eigin de 'n t-saoghal ri beagan sgoil a chur 'nam cheann fhein, ged is docha nach do shoirbhich leis cho mór 's a bu mhaith leis fhein no le m' athair, ach faodaidh mi a radh cuideachd gun do nochd e caoimhneas 'us gradh dhomhsa 'n uair a bha mi 's an sgoil aige a dh' fhàg agam deagh chuimhneachan air mo cheud turus do dh' Inbhirnis, 's gu 'n annam ach sgonnbhalach air aineoil 's a bhaile mhór. Ged a dh' fhàg mise 'n sgoil theid aige-san air rud no dha a theagasg dhomhsa 's do 'm sheòrsa fhathast, 's cha 'n urrainn mi ni 's fhearr a ràdh no gu 'm a fada a bhios esan air a chaomhnadh gu bhi teagasg Gaidhlig 's sinne gu bhi 'g ionnsachadh. Far am bi 'm bòrd lan tuitidh spruidhleach air chor-eigin gu lar. A thuilleadh air gach deagh sheirbhis eile a tha 'n comunn a' deanadh tha e 'na mheadhon air a bhi tarraing ri cheile ann an cairdeas 's an gradh brathaireil Gaidheal a' bhaile so. Cha 'n 'eil iomradh air an t-seann naimhdeas 'us tuaiseadean a bha eadar na fineachan, 's a tha dorus a' chomuinn fosgailte do Ghàidheal sam bith, cha 'n 'eil deifir gu de 'shloinneadh na duthaich, no co dhiu a bha a sheanair a mach ann am bliadhna Thearlaich 's nach robh. Anns na coinneamhan tha mi-rùn air chul an doruis 's deagh ghean am measg na cuideachd. Tha sibh a' cumail suas a' chéilidh le ceòl 'us conaltradh 'us sgialach' 's ma 's fhior na chuala mise, 's e sin an céilidh a b' fhiach do dhuine a chasan a fhliuchadh gu dol thuige. Cha 'n urrainn mi radh gur mise bha thall 's a chunnaic e ach mar a robh bithidh. 'S a nis a dhaoin'-uaisle a' Chomuinn, cha 'n abair mi beag tuilleadh. Ged a tha toimhseagan no dha agam a dh' fhaod-

ainn a chur oirbh, agus ma dh' fhaoidte sgialachd no dha, nan robh ùine air an innseadh, cha robh math orm riamh 'n uair a chuirte ann an ceann seancha's mi, 's math no dona 'n seanchas 's fhearr beagan dheth na móran. Ach cleas nan cocairean chum mi an greim is milse gu deireadh na cuirme. Tha bard a' Chomuinn a' cur failte air a' chuideachd so, agus dh' iarradh ormsa 'n fhailte sin a liubhairt. So agaibh i:—

Mile furan agus fàilte
Air gach armunn anns a' chòmhlan,
A tha 'togal suas, mar b' àbhaist
Bratach aill' na Gàidhlig mhòrail;
'S e mo dhùrachd agus m' àbhachd
A bhi nochd am measg nan Gàidheal;
'S guidheamaid sonas dhaibh is àilleas
H-uile là gu bràth is beò iad.

'S gu 'm a fada beò a' Ghàidhlig;
Cainnt ar màthraichean 's ar n-eòlais,
Cainnt is bìnne 's cainnt is blàithe,
Cainnt is càirdiche 's is ceòlmhoir.
'S gu 'm a lionmhor pìob 'us clàrsach,
'S gu 'm a suibhlach fonn is dàna,
Feadh gach beann is gleann is ceàrna
De thìr aill nan àrd bheann mòra!

Biodh ar n' inntinnean a' direadh
Gus an t-sinnsearachd o 'n d' thriall sinn,
'S biodh 'an spiorad ann ar cuideachd
Ann ar n-iomachd 's ann ar briathraibh.
Bha iad duineil agus dileas,
Bha iad uasal agus rioghail;
'S cha téid cliù nan laoch air di-chuimhn'
Fhad 's a mhaireas tìr an liath-cheò.

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*19th NOVEMBER, 1903.*

The paper for this evening's meeting was a further instalment by Mr Alex. Macdonald, Highland Railway, of his interesting series of contributions, entitled "Scraps of Unpublished Poetry and Folklore from Lochness-side," and was as follows:—

## SCRAPS OF UNPUBLISHED POETRY AND FOLKLORE FROM LOCNESS-SIDE.

The first piece I am to submit this evening is a love song, and a great favourite along Lochness-side. It is sung to an air very much the same as that of "Ae fond kiss and then we sever." What I have been able to ascertain as to the story of it is to the effect that an affection sprang up between a gentleman of the poorer class and a lady occupying a higher station in life. Circumstances in this case did not, one way or another, favour the possibility of a union, and the little romance ended with a quiet but affectionate parting, which, it would appear, inspired the following beautiful verses:—

MAIRI-ANNA.

Fonn—Huirionn-i-'s na-horo-ù-éile,
Huirionn-i-'s na-horo-ù-éile;
Hoirionn-an-o-'s na-horo-ù-éile,
'S cianail mi 's mo ghaol o chéile.

Ghabh mi m' chead an diugh dhe m' leannan,
Ise 'falbh is mise 'fantuinn;
'S dh' fhàg thu mi mar uan air 'aineol',
A' caoidh a mhathair—a Mhàiri-Anna.

'S binn a' chuthag 'séinn le caithream;
'S binn an smeòrach 'an òg an daraich;
'S binn gach téud fo mhéur an taruinn;
Ach 's binne guth béuil mo Mhàiri-Anna.

Ged a rinn an cuan ar sgaradh,
'S ged theid bliadhna chianail thairiom;
Gus a' sgar mo chorp o m' anam,
'S leat-sa mo ghràdh, a Mhàiri-Anna.

'S bòidheach gach géug fo shéid an t-samhraidh,
'S eòin na spéur a' séinn na 'meangaibh;
A h-uile créutair éibhinn, seamhsail,
Ach mise leam fhéin, a' caoidh na chaill mi.

'S truagh nach robh mi an riochd na h-eala;
An long 's an do ghluais thu bu luath a leanainn;
Ghabhainn tàmh ann am bàrr a crannaibh,
Ag amharc a mhàn ort, a Mhàiri-Anna.

'S bòidheach a com', a béusan banail;
'S sgàthan a cridh' 's a miog-shuil meallach;
Cha 'n 'eil Gàidheal an gleann a' bharraich,
Nach d' thoir gràdh do Mhàiri-Anna.

Shiùbhlainn leat a' choill 's na crannaibh,
Far am b' àbhaist duinn 'bhi 'tional
Sobhraich a' bhlàis is blàth na' meangan,
'Tha 'n diugh a' fàs gun Mhàiri-Anna.

Chi mi 'n calltainn, chi mi 'n cuilionn,
Chi mi 'm beatha 'fàs fo dhuilleach;
Chi mi 'n tigh mòr 's an robh thu 'fuireach,
Ged nach fhaic mi thu 'ghràidh—a dh' fhàg mi duilich.

The following composition shows the spirit in which the men of the olden time took the little accidents of life, from day to day. It was the work of a local bard of the name of John Macdonald, but better known as "Iain Glaiseach." John composed a number of fairly pleasing verses, and his muse was always ready to deal with any subject or event that appealed to him—more particularly so if there was any possibility of creating a little harmless fun at the expense of somebody else. One of John's compositions is to be found in Rev. Allan Sinclair's "Grants of Glenmoriston." The one I am about to submit was inspired by hearing that another local worthy, known by the name of "An Taillear Iain," had gone out by boat on Loch Ness for the purpose of landing some bread from a passing steamer, for Mr Fall, of the Invermoriston Hotel. While on board the steamer the tailor was taken down to the cabin and treated to some refreshments. It appears that he had left his jacket on shore. Whether intentionally or otherwise is not said, but while the tailor was in the cabin of the steamboat, steam was put up, and away they went with the tailor, taking him in due course to Fort-Augustus. The song tells the rest. It is sung to the air of—

"Air fàillirinn, illirinn,
Oichirinn ò;
Air fàillirinn, illirinn,
Uillirinn, o-hu;
Air fàillirinn, illirinn,
Oichirinn ò."

'S iomadh déuchainn a fhuair thu,
'S tu ri taobh bòrd an fhuaridh,
Seachad Rudha na Ruadhaidh,
'S chuir thu cuairt air Cinntir.

Call éile, call o-hu,
'S ann tha 'n odhail 's an tir;
Call éile, call o-hu,
Call iriribh o-hu;
Call éile, call o-hu,
'S ann tha 'n odhail 's an tir.

'S an long 'thug a mach thu,
'S daor a phàigheas i 'pasaid;
Theid a sgiùrsadh gu cladach,
'S a cuid acfhuinn thoirt d' i.
Call éile, call o-hu, etc.

Theid a' meata 's an stiùbhard,
'S an caiptean a sgiùrsadh;
'S gabhaidh Séumas * dhiu cunntas,
Nach do chum iad thu dh' i.
Call éile, call o-hu, etc.

Cha bu lugha e na tàmailt,
Na 'n rachadh do bhàthadh,
'S gu 'm b' e 'n t-aran aig Fàll
A bhiodh aig càch os do chionn.
Call éile, call o-hu, etc.

'S iomadh maighdeann bha cràiteach
Ann an 'Square' MhicPhàdruig,
'N uair a chual iad an Tàillear
A bhi an sàs air an stèam.
Call éile, call o-hu, etc.

'Nuair a chaill thu do chòta,
'S do leabhar bhi d' phòca,
Cha 'n fhaigheadh tu 'n t-òl
Bho nighean òg Thigh-an-Righ.
Call éile, call o-hu, etc.

* Macphàdruig.

Ach o n' thainig tu sàbhailt,
'S nach deachaidh do bhàthadh,
Ni sinn tein' air an Spàrdan,
Daoin' àraid 's mi fhin.
Call éile, call o-hu, etc.

Valentines furnished another occasion for the exercise of bardic wit from time to time, as the following poem will show. The story of it is to the effect that having got hold of the picture of a rather comic-looking old man, with a small bundle of wands beside him, the wits made it represent a thresher looking for work—Brownie-like somewhat—and the picture was sent about from one party to another, with a new story given it on each occasion to tell. It was at last sent up the glen with the following verses, and never again turned up at Invermoriston:—

Thill mi rithisd
Dha na h-ionnsuidh,
'S tha mi 'n dùil
Gu 'm faigh mi tàmh 'uaith;
Cha robh féum ac'
Air fear bualaidh,
Bha na saibhlean
Fuara, fàs ac'.
Ni mi Còinneachan
A chnapadh
Leis na slatan
A tha làmh rium,
Mar seas e ris
A h-uile focal
Tha e 'cleachdadh
A bhi 'g ràdha;
'S mòr a' nàire
Dha 'bhi bréugach
Ris gach té
A th' anns an àite,
'S a bhi ga 'n
Cur as an réusan
'S iad uile gu léir
'An gràdh 's e.
Bi'dh 'cheud stad
Aig Mr Camshroin,

Bho 'n fhuair e ainm
A bhi cho pàirteach,
'S fanaidh mi
'S am buail an t-aog mi,
Mar dean sibh
M' aoireadh as le bàrdachd.

This sort of rhyming by the bards—which was, on a small scale, a species of the "flyting" at one time (as we learn from the tussles between Douglas and Kennedy, the Scotch poets, and Ian Lòm, of Lochaber, and his neighbour, Donald Donn Macdonald, in the Highlands) common among all classes of poets—was indulged in freely a few years ago all over the Highlands. The following is a rather interesting example of how one rhymster deliberately contradicted all that another felt inspired to express as absolute truth. The subject is the comparatively unimportant one of two young girls having made some new shirts for Archibald Grant, the Glenmoriston bard. Grant, in a spirit of proud thankfulness, said:—

Fonn:—Sid an comunn 's suairce leinn,
Luchd a' chuailean chuachaich dhuinn;
Sid an comunn 's suairce leinn.

An dithis a rinn domh na léintean,
Gum a maith a dh' éireas dhoibh.

An uchd 's an ciochan mar eala,
Slios mar chanach anns na glinn.

Gùintean breacanach Rob Ruaidhe
Air na gruagaichean 'tha grinn.

Déud mar chailce, béul is daithte,
Sùil mar dhearcag anns a' choill'.

Troigh shocrach a shiùbhlas éutrom
'S nach dochainneadh am féur fo bhuinn.

Tha 'm falt dualach 'sniomh mu 'n guailleabh,
'Dol gu buailtean a' chrodh laoigh.

Ach na'm faicinn fhin am pòsadh
Bheirinn an còmhlan an tigh-sheinns'.

Bheirinn lach dhoibh air an làraich,
'S chuirinn ginidh slàn na 'n laimh.

Trian de 'n loinn cha dean mi àireamh,
Ged' bu bhàrd mi 'làtha 's a dh' oidhch'.

(See Songs and Poems of Archibald Grant, Glenmoriston, page 105, from which I select the foregoing verses for the necessary comparison).

The other poet, an intelligent man known as "Griogair," a splendid seanachie, and an authority on the traditional history of Glenmoriston, says, against Grant's praises of the maidens, as follows:—

Fonn:—Sid an comunn 's fuathach leinn,
Luchd a' chuailean luaghte, luim;
Sid an comunn 's fuathach leinn.

Mhill iad an da léin' air Archie,
Ged is nàr a bhi ga shéinn.

An uchd 's an ciochan mar thanidh,
Na air dhath an t-siucair dhuinn.

Gùintean sgàileach gun bhi làidir;
'S cha 'n 'eil clàr annt' ach a tri.

Béul gun dath air, déud 's i cabach;
Sùilean prabach a' measg muill.

Troighean fada, 's casan cuagach,
A tha maith gu sluaisneadh puill.

Cha 'n 'eil falt gu ruig an cluais orr';
Cha 'n 'eil buailtean ac' 's cha bi.

A chaoidh cha chluinnear iad a' pòsadh,
Cha 'n fhaic òig-fhear orra loinn.

'S ged a mhol thu iad le chéile
Gu bheil té dhiubh nach 'eil cruinn.

Archie very often paid for any work done to him in a manner which would scarcely pass for remuneration nowadays —by a few verses of song, as the following shows:—

Mo ghaol na fir dhonna sin,
Mo ghràdh na fir ghreannar;
Mo ghaol na fir dhonna sin,
Bu ghrinne throma 'dhannsadh.

Gilleasbuig is da Iain ann,
'S bu chridheil anns an am iad;
'S cha bhiodh àit' am biodh iad
Nach biodh cloinn Iain teann doibh.

'N uair bhiodh iad ris an smioradh dhuinn,
'S ga 'n iarruidh feadh nam beanntan;
Sid na fir a dheanadh e,
'S bu mhiannach leam 'bhi 'cainnt riu.

The following are local words to the air of "Fear Chulchàrn," or "The Maid of Islay": —

Tha mi 'n dùil
Gu 'n tig an clachair,
Tha mi 'n dùil
Gu 'n tig e tràth;
Tha mi 'n dùil
Gu 'n tig an clachair,
Dh' iarraidh nighean
Fhir Phòrt-chlàir.

Bi'dh ac' piob agus fidhioll,
'Chumas cridheil iad gu bràth;
Theid iad sios aig Sroin-a'-Chaisteil,
'S bheir iad caismeachd dha 'n a' Bhlàr.

Here are verses, commonly sung to a beautiful old air, conveying a melancholy sentiment of loneliness and despondency. I cannot get at the history of the lines, and the composition seems to be incomplete: —

Chuir iad mise
Dh' eilean leam fhin,
Chuir iad mise
Dh' eilean leam fhin;
Chuir iad mise
Dh' eilean leam fhin,
Eilean mara
Fada bho thir.

Chuir iad mise
'Dh' eilean mu Thuath,
Chuir iad mise
'Dh' eilean mu Thuath;
Chuir iad mise
'Dh' eilean mu Thuath,
Eilean mara
Fada bho shluagh.

Eh ho ri
  Gur fada leam fhin,
Eh ho ri
  Gur fada leam fhin;
Eh ho ri
  Gur fada leam fhin,
Eilean mara
  Fada bho thir.

Eh ho ri
  Gur fada bhuam tha,
Eh ho ri
  Gur fada bhuam tha;
Eh ho ri
  Gur fada bhuam tha,
Fear a' chinn duibh
  Da 'n d' thug mi mo ghràdh.

Eh ho ri
  Gur fada leam bhuàm,
Eh ho ri
  Gur fada leam bhuam;
Eh ho ri
  Gur fada leam bhuam,
Fear a' chinn duibh
  Da 'n d' thug mi mo luaidh.

Somewhat similar are these, which is sung to a very plaintive air:—

Theid mi dhachaidh
  'Dhùthaich m' athair;
Theid mi dhachaidh
  'Chro Chinntsàile.
Theid mi dhachaidh
  'Dhùthaich m' athair;
Theid mi dhachaidh
  'Chro Chinntsàile.
Theid mi fhin
  Leam fhin, leam fhin;
O! theid mi fhin
  Leam fhin a Gheàrrloch;
Theid mi fhin
  Leam fhin, leam fhin;
O! theid mi dhachaidh
  'Chro Chinntsàile.

The following lines are worthy of a place in our collection: —

Hò-ro tha mi muladach,
Air m' uilinn 's mi gun éirigh.

'S mi 'g amharc suas air tulaichean,
'S air mullaichean Shrath-Eirinn.

Hò-ro tha mi muladach,
'S mi 'cumha na bheil bhuam-sa.

'S e fear na gruaige duibhe
'Chuireadh mulad dhiom 'is gruaimean.

Another simple, pretty lyric, somewhat after the same style, is as follows: —

Air fàill-ill-òro-bhà,
Hùro-bhà, hùro-bhò;
Air fàill-ill-òro-bhà.

'S sealgair féidh air fireach thu,
Air fàill-ill-òro-bhà, etc.

'S a' bhric air an linne leat,
Air fàill-ill-òro-bhà, etc.

'S ann a chunna mi fhein,
Air fàill-ill-òro-bhà, etc.

Thu-sa 'dh' fhalbh bhuam an dé,
Air fàill-ill-òro-bhà, etc.

'S tric a chunna mi fhein,
Air fàill-ill-òro-bhà, etc.

Thu-sa 'sealg air na féidh,
Air fàill-ill-òro-bhà, etc.

The following was given to me as part of a lament composed for one of the chiefs of Grant: —

Cha till, cha till,
Cha till thu tuilleadh;
Cha till gu bràth
Gu là na cruinne.

Bu tu 'n curaidh bha tréun
'N am éirigh 's an iomairt,
'N uair thigeadh Lochiall
Thoirt dhinn nan creachan.

Bu tu ceann-uidhe nan tuath,
'N uair thigeadh fuathchas na 'n curaidh;
'N am tarruing nan lann,
'S i do laimh nach biodh tairis.

I used in my younger days to hear the following sung to a quaint, old-time air:

O! théid mi 'nochd
Dha t-ionnsuidh,
O! théid mi 'nochd
Dha t-ionnsuidh;
O! théid mi 'nochd
'S ann far am bi thu,
Ged bhiodh mile cùis ann.

Ged bhiodh na dorsan dùinte,
Ged bhiodh na dorsan dùinte;
Ged bhiodh na dorsan air an glasadh
Le 'n cuid bannan dùbailt.

It is a thousand pities that nearly all those beautiful old songs are so fragmentary. But this is largely owing to no proper effort having been made to preserve them when circumstances were incomparably more favourable for that being done than now; and I feel that if but even a few lines of those sweet, old-time lyrics are rescued, important service to the cause of Highland song and sentiment is being performed, more particularly if—as it is hoped will some time be the case—such lines were to be accompanied by the charming melodies to which they were sung by the people, whose moods and manners they so vividly and so pleasingly bring before us.

On this occasion the folklore of the district under contribution must be represented by a short tale which I have a recollection of hearing many years ago, and which I have since made numerous efforts to identify, but without success. I fear my version is rather fragmentary, but it is the best that I can make of the story, and I put it forward tentatively, in the hope that it may arrest the attention of some one in a position to complete it. The tale is about "a bonnetless

black-haired lad ''—"Gille Maol Dubh ''—a character that figures rather prominently in Celtic story. One such appears in the remarkable tragedy of "Clan Uisneachan and Deirdre''; while "a bonnetless dark-haired lad'' gets mixed up in some of the more modern legends. I have also heard some interesting traditions regarding "a bonnetless dark-haired lad,'' from Kintail, who, on one occasion at least, overturned not less than nine Lowlanders in a squabble:—

SGEULACHD AIR GILLE MAOL DUBH.

Bha ann air aon uair gille òg ris an canadh an sluagh da 'm b' aithn' e "An Gille Maol Dubh," bho 'n a bha e daonnan gun bhoineid, agus mar bu tric e gun chasbheairt. Chaochail a mhathair mu 'n robh e ach òg, agus phòs athair bean eile. Tha e coltach nach robh a mhuime glé mhath dha 'n a' ghille dhubh. Bha i ga 'chumail a mach a' buachaill-eachd gu siorruidh, agus cha robh i ro-chaoimhneil dha leis a' bhiadh. Latha dhe na làithean, an deigh mòran chruaidh-chàis agus fhulangais, ghabh an gille maol dubh na 'cheann gu 'm fàgadh e a dhachaidh, agus gu 'n d' thoireadh e an saoghal mòr foidhe. Agus a' chéud chothrom a fhuair e thug e na buinn as. Chuir e seachad an oidhche sin còmhla ri ceannaiche paca, air àirigh, ann an comunn dhithis chaileagan òga, agus tha an sgéulachd ag innseadh gu 'n robh an òigridh glé thoilichte, agus glé chridheil 'an cuideachd a' chéile.

Thainig a' mhaduinn 's ghabh an gille dubh 's an ceannuiche ceud de na h-òighean. Ach tha e coltach nach robh an gille dubh leth sgith dhe combanans na 'm boirionnach, oir tha e air innseadh gu 'n do ghabh e, goirid an deigh an àirigh fhàgail, am air dealachadh ris a' cheannuiche, a chum pilltinn a dh' ionnsuidh na 'n caileagan. Coma co-dhiù, cha deach' e fada air a thurus gus an do thachair e ri àireamh dhaoine fiadhaich—robairean a bha daonnan ri mort is meirle feadh na dùthcha. Dh' iarr na robairean air a' ghille mhaol dhubh an leantuinn, ach bho nach bu taitneach idir leis an dol a mach a bh' aca, ghabh e a' chéud chothrom a thainig an rathad air cul a chinn a chur riu.

An uair a dh' ionndrainn na robairean bhuatha fear a' chinn duibh ghabh iad eagal gu 'n innseadh e orra, agus thug iad as air a thòir. Thuig an gille dubh mar a bha; agus bho 'n a chinn aige gu 'm marbhadh iad e na 'm faigheadh iad gréim air, faodar a bhi cinnteach gu 'n d' rinn e 'uile dhichioll air an seachnadh. Chaidh e an toiseach am folach

ann an uaigh creige, ach air dha smaoineachadh nach robh e ro shàbhailt ann an sin, thug e 'chasan as a rithisd. Tha e coltach gur e 'n oidhche a bh' aige, agus na 'chabhaig a' ruith 's a' léum a' teicheadh, tnuit e ann an cruibh-éisg, far 'n do theab e a bhi air a bhàthadh. Cha robh e ach éigneach air faighinn as a' chruibh-éisg an uair a bha a luchd-tòireachd aig laimh. Theich e as a rithisd, agus an deigh dha a dhol troimh mhòran dhòrainnean agus dhoilgheasan, thainig e gu seann sabhall, ann a' monadh ard, fada, fada, bho thighean agus bho shluagh. Chaidh e a stigh, agus dh' fholaich e e féin air lobht a bha anns an t-sabhall.

Cha b' fhada a bha e 'an sin an uair a thainig na robairean a stigh, agus beathach mairt aca a ghlac iad air an cuairt. Dh' fhionn iad am beathach mairt, agus theann iad ri a ròsdadh air teine mòr a bheothaich iad ann an ceann an t-sabhaill. Mar bha cuid dhiù ris a' chòcaireachd bha cuid eile dhiu a' cunntadh airgid agus òir, air an t-seòrsa bùird a bh' aca. Bhuail eagal mòr an gille dubh. Thuig e le beag is beag, gu 'm b' e 'm bothan sabhaill fear de dh' àiteachan còmhnuidh nan robairean, agus gu 'm biodh iad a' tighinn a chodal far an robh e, 's gu 'm faigheadh iad e. Bha e ro-choltach nach robh ann dà ach bàs aithghearra, sgreatail; ach thug e bòid gu 'n deanadh e a h-uile dichioll a b' urra dha air a bheatha fhein a shàbhaladh.

Leis na smuainteanan sin air a bheachd, gu dé da 'n d' thug e an aire mu 'n cuairt da ach mòran bhoicionnan is chraicionnan dhe gach seorsa, 's ag éirigh air a chosan chàraich e mu 'cheann 's mu 'chorp de 'bhoicionnan 's de 'chraicionnan na b' urra dha a ghiulan; agus a' dol gu braighe na staidhre bha eadar an lobht' agus ùrlar an t-sabhaill, ghlaodh e le guth àrd, garg: "Mo chlann, mo chlann ghaolaich fein, is maith a tha sibh a' deanamh mo thoil, agus bithidh sibh n' ur clann domh gu siorruidh. 'S ann a tha mi gu dearbh an dòchas gu 'm bi sibh a nochd fein maille rium-sa far am faigh sibh lan dhuais airson 'ur seirbhis."

Shaoíl le na robairean gu 'm b' e am Fear-millidh fhein gun teagamh a bha a' bruidhinn riu, agus b' i 'chois bu luaithe cois bu dilse leis gach fear 's a' chòmhlan, a' teicheadh le a bheatha. Anns an ùpraid a thachair cha robh cuimhn' air an airgiod na air an òr a bha na robairean a' cunntadh, agus dh' fhàg iad a h-uile bonn diù air a' bhòrd. Thainig an gille maol dubh a mhàn air a sheachd socair, agus cha do chiùrr e

a chogais an t-airgiod agus an t-òr a chur na 'phòca. An deigh sin chaidh e dhachaidh gu dùthaich athair 's a mhuime. Phòs e—cha 'n 'eil e air innseadh co-dhiù nighean righ na nighean duine bochd. Chuir e an còrr de a laithean seachad ann an toil-inntinn agus an greadhnachas; 's mar tha 'n sean-fhocal ag ràite, mar do chaochail e bho sin tha e beò fhathasd.

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*4th DECEMBER, 1903.*

## EARLY MONUMENTS AND ARCHAIC ART OF SCOTLAND.

The members of the Society assembled on this date in the Waverley Hotel to hear a lecture from Professor W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., Aberdeen, on the "Early Monuments and Archaic Art of Scotland." Among those who have given attention to such subjects the lecture excited great interest. It was known that last summer Professor Ramsay had been in the district examining ancient sculptured stones, and there was considerable curiosity to ascertain what opinions had been formed regarding them by a scholar and investigator of his wide experience. During his present visit he was the guest of Mr William J. Watson, M.A., rector of the Royal Academy. At the meeting Mr William Mackay, solicitor, was called to the chair.

Professor Ramsay held the attention of his audience by a masterly lecture which extended over an hour. He was assisted in his exposition by lantern views, skilfully shown by Mr Ogston. There are three classes of ancient monumental art found in the north-east district. The first are incised figures of animals, like the boar-stone at Essich, near Inverness, and the bulls at Burghead; the second are representations of objects, such as the spectacle ornament (so-called) and the floreated rod; the third the beautiful Celtic stones bearing the cross, interlaced work, and scriptural or religious subjects. What is the history of these forms of art, and what relation, if any, do they bear to one another? Professor Ramsay dealt chiefly with the first named as the most ancient and original. He described the boar-stone at Essich as the most important

monument of its kind in Scotland. A view of it having been thrown on the screen, he pointed out the simplicity of the design, and the economy of the means to the end. There was not a single line wasted; there was no line which you could eliminate without losing something of the effect, and yet all the essentials of the boar were indicated with firmness, clearness, and sureness. The work has all the character of an early primitive time, showing neither helpless barbarism nor rude imitation of better work. There lay a long period of training behind it. The draughtsman had learned what he could do, he knew exactly how much he could accomplish, and did not aim beyond that. There was not in his mind any lofty intention which he was struggling only half effectually to bring out. He was content to do what he knew he could do. All this implied cultivation for generations, and a thorough knowledge of what the hand could accomplish in expressing the thoughts of the mind. The most characteristic feature was the lines on the surface of the body, marking off the upper part of the fore and hind legs. The artist had a horror of a line coming to an end abruptly on the surface of the body. This he avoided by the device of turning his line at the end into a curve. A convention like that was in itself the product of a long process of art training. Dr Ramsay had next thrown on the screen specimens of the Burghead bulls, the illustrations being taken from Mr Romilly Allen's recent book. He had to point out that these illustrations, not being photographs, exaggerated the breadth of the lines, and otherwise failed to do justice to the primitive artist's handiwork. They would see, however, that the bulls were of the same type of art as that which was seen in the boar at Inverness. There was the same conventional outline of a leg against the body, the same love for transforming the end of a line into a little curve, the same economy of means and distinctness of intention. In every case the curves above mentioned had a distinct function, a distinct use, from the point of view of the draughtsman. They were intended to bring out the distinction between the upper part of the leg and the body against which the leg was seen. Generally when an art became conventional it ceased to be also natural. But this was not the case with these specimens of early Scottish art. Every animal from the Burghead series had a distinct attitude: each one was studied from the life separately from the rest. The artist drew the actual animal as he saw it in nature; he represented what he

saw, making use no doubt of certain conventions, but in such a way as to bring out the meaning and to give a life-like picture. Among further illustrations were a long-horned ox or cow from Inverness, and the figure of a wolf from the Inverness Museum. There were several other monuments of similar artistic character—a stag, fish, eagle, a horse, two or three kinds of birds—all common animals of the country. These animals were frequently accompanied by figures of a different class—circles, combinations of circles, or combinations of straight lines (spectacle ornaments, etc). He wished to avoid the word "symbols," which was ordinarily used in describing these figures. He did not think they were symbols. He felt no doubt that they represented articles from the artist's ordinary surroundings, many of them personal ornaments, as the hand-mirror and comb. Some might be religious utensils used in sacrifice, but which were put upon the monument not with the view of symbolising religious facts and ideas, but simply because they were a common part of the ordinary life of the time. The artist tried to represent particular objects as well as he could, but he did not express a meaning or tell a story. The dramatic side was entirely wanting. As to the origin of this early art they could do little more than conjecture. It had nothing of that European character of which the highest development was found in the Gaelic art of Ireland; none of its fundamental forms, the elaborate spirals and interlaced work. This primitive Scottish art was something quite unique in Europe. It had a spirit and tone more akin to Eastern than to European art. But while there was a slight suggestion of Oriental character, yet as regards details, method, and execution, he found it extremely difficult to get any analogy. There was one slight resemblance in a silver vase, probably of the second century, which was found in a tumulus in the southern part of Russia. The figure of a lion there showed a similar device for indicating the boundary between the upper part of the leg and the body. But this analogy was slight and imperfect at best. Besides, the Scythian art was an imitation and degeneration of Greek art, whereas the old Scottish work was a true art, working direct from nature, though employing devices that were traditional and of long growth. His conclusion was that the Scottish art was a native growth from the beginning, and of a people of non-Celtic stock. There was nothing in it of a Celtic character. We come to that in the time of the

Columban Church, when Celtic art was introduced from Ireland. There we have art not for itself, but entirely for the sake of the meaning which lay in it. These Gaelic artists lived in a world of imagination, of ideals, of religious contemplation and intellectual interests. Their art was the creation of the Celtic mind elevated by the first experience of Christianity to the loftiest place on which it has ever stood. The fullest results were to be attained by the amalgamation of the two racial characteristics. The one would give a fine sense of form and grace in shape and outline, and truth to nature; the other would contribute the emotion and intellectuality that looks behind nature for the divine and supernatural, that selects, idealises, and becomes dramatic; that seeks meaning in form and through form; that puts the beautiful soul in the beautiful outline.

Mr James Barron, in proposing a vote of thanks to Professor Ramsay, said they had all listened with the greatest pleasure and profit to the lecture which had just been delivered. They felt deeply indebted to Professor Ramsay, a man of so much distinction and world-wide reputation, for coming to Inverness to address the Gaelic Society. They felt also that in his lecture he had shown them a fine example of the scientific spirit and the application of scientific methods. Not only so, but he had given them a great deal of fresh information, and had placed the whole subject in a new light. The lecture was one which they would not readily forget.

Dr Alexander Ross, in seconding the motion, likewise expressed his cordial appreciation of the lecture.

In answer to a question as to the origin of the primitive Scottish art, Professor Ramsay said that he could see no other possible origin except that it was a development from the art of the cave-dwellers.

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